# TAIT'S

# EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

## No. III.——JUNE, 1832.

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SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, LONDON; AND JOHN CUMMING, DUBLIN.

JUNE, 1832.

Impending Revolution has been exchanged for the certainty of obtaining Parliamentary Reform. Other Reforms required for the good of the many, will soon be possible. The Press, that Fourth Estate of the Realm, has hitherto been the only Tribunal to which the unprivileged could appeal with an assurance that the justice of their cause would ensure a verdict in their favour. In a few short months we shall have this Fourth Estate,—to which we have been mainly indebted for the purification of the Third that is about to take place—itself rendered more pure, and its strength prodigiously increased, by the abolition of the Taxes on Knowledge; and, by its extension, even a greater security than we have hitherto had, that its immense power will be ranged on the side of the unprivileged,—of the PEOPLE. With this mighty representative of public opinion, which

> "Knows not how to spare,
> Yet rarely blames unjustly;"

with a House of Commons really chosen by the people,—to what may not our hopes aspire? what blessings may we not with confidence expect? Without giving imagination too much the rein, we may hope, that in a few years there will not be a single great and palpable abuse in the institutions of our beloved country;—that no one class of men, marked by political or religious distinction, shall have any just and evident cause of complaint against another class;—that party rancour shall be unknown;—that the *odium Theologicum*, that worst species of malignity, shall be a thing of the past;—that Tory, Whig, and Radical, shall be no more;—that JUSTICE, that first of virtues, omnipotent justice, shall reign triumphant;—that man shall love his fellow-man;—and the only object of all legislation and government, be the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

At such a time,—with such inspiring prospects, not far in the distance,—who can recollect that he has an enemy? Not we; with much of the blessed world we are in love, and at peace with all of it. O! Christopher! live for ever!

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Of the political articles sent us for this Number, we have not been able to include more than one out of three of those deemed worthy of a place in our pages, and the selection has necessarily been determined by the relation the Articles bear to the occurrences of the time, and not by any inferiority in those postponed. For these a good time is coming.

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## OUR THREE DAYS.

**Man geht aus Nacht in Sonne,**
**Man geht aus Graus in Wonne,**
**Aus Tod ins Leben ein.***

We can think of no appellation so accurately descriptive of the week which intervened between the 9th of May, when the resignation of Lord Grey was officially announced, and the 16th, when that nobleman was again sent for by the King, as that which we have selected for the title of this article. It is affectation to deny that the recall of the Reform Administration, and the consequent salvation of their Bill, has been the work of demonstrations on the part of the people, as intelligible, if not as violent as the warlike operations of the Parisians. The House of Lords continued hostile to Reform, the King had been seduced to falsify his pledges, the country was threatened with a military government; but the people of England rose as one man to vindicate their rights, and the fetters preparing for them melted on the anvil of the forger. Wherever the intelligence of the posture of affairs in the metropolis arrived—and it was circulated through the kingdom with unexampled rapidity—there was not a moment's hesitation, not a solitary instance of indulgence in the aimless and impotent anger expressed by riots. The inhabitants assembled spontaneously *en masse* to petition the House of Commons to stop the supplies, hinting, in no ambiguous language, that this measure was but the initiative of a long campaign which they had sketched out! that did their first blow fall short, they were prepared to follow it up by one heavier and more effective. It was plain that each man had calculated his own powers of exertion and endurance, and assented to a plan of action in which a remedy had been prepared for every repulse, and the position to be occupied after every possible defeat premeditated. Fore-warned and fore-armed, Britain stood ready for the struggle.

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* "Through night we seek the sun,
Through fear to joy we run,
Through death we enter life."

The un-preconcerted unanimity of the people was most cheering in more respects than one. It shewed that they knew their rights, and the legal forms invented to guard them, as well as that they were prepared to move in their defence. Birmingham and London cried at once, "Stop the supplies!" The sound was repeated across the level plains of Lancashire and over the wolds of Yorkshire. Taking its way through canny Cumberland and Northumberland, it was re-echoed by Salisbury Craigs, and on the green of Glasgow, and spread from these central points up every green strath and heathery valley of Scotland. The shout had not yet subsided when an echo, richly tipped with the brogue, came ringing joyous and shrill across the Irish channel. In the black north, Belfast and Newry did their duty. The boys of Tipperary were gathering to the fun. Within the pale was held an honoured meeting. Dublin sent forth her congregated citizens by tens of thousands; and among them one before whom our hearts bow down with devotion—one who, in youth, periled life and fame for liberty, and for her consented to waste his best years in exile,—one whose heart cherished the houseless wanderer when every door seemed closed against her,—Archibald Hamilton Rowan.

> "Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise!
> Hear it, good man, old in days!
> Thou tree of covert and of rest,
> For this young Bird that was distrest;
> Among thy branches safe she lay,
> And she was free to sport and play
> When Falcons were abroad for prey."

It would be vain to attempt a record of all the generous patriots who stood forward—of all the burning words they uttered. Some chanced upon a happier phrase than others: but, in the essentials, all were at one. Birmingham alluded to the provision in the bill of rights, which vindicated the title of the citizen to have arms for his defence; Sheffield reminded the King, in respectful, but manly language, that the stability of the crown, as well as the peace of the country, might be endangered by adherence to the whispers of incendiaries; the Political and Trades' Unions of Edinburgh declared that they trusted in the nation alone, and called upon the reformers of the whole empire simultaneously to petition the House of Commons, to assume the office of their fugleman and central committee.

We are truly proud of the commanding attitude assumed by our countrymen on this occasion. They have proved themselves worthy descendants of the men who resisted and vanquished Charles the First and expelled his son. They have shewn that they possessed the devoted bravery, and more than the knowledge of their ancestors. There has been no wanton destruction, there have been no vain boasting and braggadocio threats. Assembled at every point in multitudes, such as have never before been seen, they have not once allowed themselves to be hurried into undue transport by the contagion of sympathy. Their words were weighed and valued—subdued, not exaggerated. Under the influence of the most intense excitement, they struggled successfully to maintain the ascendancy of reason; by the most violent efforts of self-control, they repressed the instigations of hurrying and blinding passion; they looked round for a spot to plant their foot upon, from which it would be impossible to drive them. Their stern determination, and the energy

with which they submitted themselves to the restraining voice of reason, must have reminded the Duke of Wellington, rather disagreeably, of the intense whispers of his officers whenever the enemy advanced on the British lines,—" Steady men, there ! steady ! down with your muzzles !" and of the irresistible force with which the repressed energy of his soldiers, when the leash was slipped, thundered through the opposing ranks. The aspect of the nation was like an approaching thunderstorm, black, grim, sultry, suffocating, but breathless and silent as death.

A sight of any of the numerous meetings, held at this crisis, would have satisfied the most infuriated Tory that the case of his party was hopeless. We were only present at one, but the features of all were much the same. Standing on the declivity of Salisbury Craigs, we looked down upon the hustings erected in the King's Park. The members of the Committee were ascending the platform at irregular intervals, and already a dense mass was crowding around its base, while dispersed groups were crossing each other over the whole field, buzzing and restless as insects on a summer evening. A low distant murmur was heard in the direction of the palace ; as it drew nearer muffled music was distinguishable—" The Land of the Leal." Passing the corner of Holyrood, a broad black banner rose into sight behind the wall, and glided, flapping onwards until, with its bearers, it emerged into the open field. It was followed by the standard of the Trades' Union, bearing on a sable field a bunch of rods—" United, who can break us." And for upwards of half-an-hour, the procession—five men a-breast—continued to defile into the field, advance towards and encircle the hustings. As one black banner, after another, arose upon the view, and was borne forward, till the inscriptions and devices became legible, it seemed as if the human tide would continue to flow for ever. The cheers with which several favourite mottoes and the tri-color were received, swelled upwards to the spectators of the hill, one dense shattering volume of sound. The heart of a nation, devoting itself through the most perilous emergencies, to persevere in a just cause, was in the sound as it slowly wreathed up the hill-side on its way to approving Heaven. The view from the hustings was yet more striking. On every hand extended a dense semicircle paved with human heads, all shouldering to get near. The outward circle of curious spectators was very thin, every man was anxious to press forward and take part in the business. Fifty thousand faces looked eagerly up at every speaker ; some with their hands at their ears to catch the sound more distinctly, others shading their eyes from the sun, sad determination expressed in every brow. There was not, as on ordinary occasions, a quick, gleesome interchange of remarks on what fell from the speakers—the caustic gibes which a Scotchman can scarcely refrain from, even when most deeply serious ; every man seemed to check his breathing lest it might interrupt the stillness. The movers of the resolutions wore also an aspect of anxious solemnity. While revealing the whole exigency of the case, and exhorting to every sacrifice, they, one and all, felt the necessity of regulating the determined spirit of the people. Their exhortations to preserve order were received with reiterated cries of " We will ;" the names of traitors and oppressors elicited hootings of derision or deep-enduring hatred ; those of the late Ministers hearty applause ; and every bold expression of resolutions to brave the worst, was met with the triumphant rustling and waving of banners, and with a hurrah, which, commencing beneath the

hustings, spread backwards to the outskirts of the assembly; where, after some preliminary questioning, it was taken up and tossed back to the platform, on every side of which it dashed upwards like the waves of the ocean. It was plain that the stern spirit of the Covenanter was again breathing through the land; that in defence of a regulated freedom, the people were ready to dare all extremities.

In the late emergency, the House of Commons did its duty nobly. Even before being called upon, it placed itself at the head of the national movement. Lord Ebrington's motion was simultaneous with the earliest meetings out of doors. This was followed up by Mr. Hume's notice of another and stronger motion; and by the prompt seizure of every occasion which offered to resume the theme night after night. The party in the House opposed to Reform maintained a wise silence, or only spoke to some minor point, for the purpose of relieving their awkward consciousness of insignificance. The liberal members—Ebrington, Hume, Duncombe, O'Connell, Macaulay, Gillon, and others—discharged their duty to their country in a bold and fearless spirit, which entitles them to rank with the Hampdens, Pyms, and Elliots, the fathers of our liberties. The benefit conferred upon the country by the prompt and decided measures of the House of Commons, cannot be over-rated. It gave to the people throughout the country a common centre of discipline and organization; it reared aloft a banner, to which they were to look in every unexpected eddy of the headlong fight; it gave order, purpose, and legality to their movements. The popular phalanx was by this means rendered as united as numerous. The mass of the nation was up, and ranged under their natural self-elected leaders—those members of the Commons who really represented the interests of the community.

Let us now look to the band opposed to this multitudinous army, stronger even in its good cause than in the myriads which swelled its ranks. Up to the date of the memorable division of the 7th of May, the ostensible bar to the passing of the Bill had consisted of a majority of the peers. But these men were only united in their enmity to Reform: in their notions of the best manner of opposing it there were irreconcilable differences. Some daring natures were for maintaining the usurpations of their body with a high hand, while some more timid were for opposing to the torrent the more dangerous barrier of apparent yielding. Again, hardened intriguers were anxious to wrest power from the hands of the popular Ministry at the price of any concession, and weak-minded, well-meaning bigots were prepared to brave all hazards rather than concede. There was confusion in the camp, but of a nature calculated to increase the stubbornness of resistance. Had the object of the gang been to *do* anything, their disputes among themselves must have shackled and thwarted their own projects. But as they stood merely on the defensive, their mutual grudges served to exasperate the savage doggedness with which they stubbornly placed themselves in the way of the advancing force.

While the eye of the nation was upon these open demonstrations of hostility—while every nerve was strained to overcome this palpable obstacle, insidious foes, of whom no man dreamed, were busy at work. The steadfastness and good faith of the throne, of which no one for a moment entertained a doubt, was sapped insidiously. The scholars of Metternich—the husks, the dregs, the refuse of the Castlereagh faction—had betaken themselves to means which had generally been found irre-

sistible in governments where the people had no voice. A soldier, whose youth had been polluted by the debasing example of the vice-regal court in Dublin, whose manly pith had been worn out amid the ruthless scenes of war, whose whole life had taught him to look upon men merely as counters to be hazarded in his reckless and unprincipled gambling—a diplomatist who had sold soul and body to the demon of legitimacy—a lawyer who had run the gamut of every political opinion—a blustering, bullying George Dandin, who inherited a pension earned by his father's perversion of the law—and others, their worthy compeers, seized the opportunity, when the public attention was riveted upon the House of Lords, to attack the King by domestic influence. Two of his royal brothers were avowedly of the fraternity. The Queen was generally understood to have a strong desire to enact the part of Maria Antoinette. Another auxiliary force was found among those rapacious and misbegotten brats, who, encouraged by the acquiescence of Ministers in a doating father's fondness, had begun to nurse the most extravagant ambition, and chafed at finding their avarice and pride restrained within decent limits. With a few honourable exceptions, the whole of his Majesty's confidential relations were gained over to a nefarious conspiracy against the people's rights. The underlings of the Court, whom Lord Grey's mistaken policy had allowed to remain about the King's person, were attached to the faction, which sought, at all hazards, to regain office. The Sovereign was thus beset on every side by reckless intriguers, working at all hours—in the drawing-room, at the table, in the nuptial bed—upon the facility of a mind, naturally none of the strongest, and arrived at that period of life, when most men are willing to sacrifice everything for the attainment of quiet and repose. The affection and confidence of the King were alienated from his constitutional advisers; and the faction, in whose behalf this game was played, had regular intelligence of how the work went on.

Having, in this underhand manner, succeeded in sawing away one of Earl Grey's main supporters, they proceeded to trip him up in the manner which they thought least likely to excite the popular feeling in his behalf. A direct attack upon the principles of the Bill was not hazarded at first. It was proposed to postpone the question of disfranchisement to that of enfranchisement. There was a possibility of the peers not in the secret, seeing the drift of this arrangement, while it escaped the notice of the people. A delicate hint was given their Lordships, that means might be found, not merely of delaying, but of defeating the resumption, by the people of their usurped power of returning Members to the House of Commons. It was hoped that the large towns gratified by the concession of the elective franchise, might grow lukewarm in their desire of the abolition of rotten boroughs. Lord Grey's conciliatory policy encouraged them to expect a similar want of decision in future; and thus a bright prospect was opened up to the conspirators of mutilating the obnoxious Bill—defeating and disgracing the Ministers night after night—rendering them suspicious in the eyes of the nation, as they had rendered them obnoxious in the eyes of the King—and finally expelling them, dishonoured and unregretted, from office.

The web was spun with all the noiseless and cunning artifice of the spider; but its meshes proved as weak. It might have trammelled blue bottles; but the wasps broke through. Earl Grey, with a decision for which the enemy was not prepared, moved an adjournment of the discussion the instant he found himself in the minority. This was more

prompt than his adversaries wished, or were prepared to meet. The King was won, but the people had yet to be conciliated, or divided. No time was to be lost; so a noble Lord rose in his place, and after indulging in a little polite wonderment at the Premier's taking so much to heart an opposition, which was in no way directed against the principle of the Bill, proceeded to state, that his objection to the measure was not because of its extending the elective franchise to £10 renters, but because the privilege was not extended in some places to a yet poorer class of voters. It was his intention to move, as an amendment on this clause, that the old practice of scot and lot voting be retained in some towns. This shallow device excited a grin of contempt over the whole country; but it was all that the dull brains of our oppressors could invent on the spur of the moment.

Lord Grey immediately demanded the fulfilment of the royal pledge to make peers, and being refused, resigned without further delay. The storm was instantly up. The mine had not been completely sprung, and the principal intrenchments of the Bill, the popular affection, were yet undamaged. But the faction had advanced too far to retreat. Lords Wellington and Lyndhurst were sent for by the King, and undertook to attempt to form an administration. But here an unexpected obstacle intervened. The King had yielded much—more than a man of high principle and firm mind would have dared to yield—but he possessed the feelings of a gentleman. He shrunk from the idea of retracting a pledge publicly given before the assembled representatives of the nation. He insisted that the new Ministry should concede a measure of Reform sufficiently ample to satisfy the people. It was much to ask at the hands of men who had denounced all reform as unnecessary and dangerous. Acceptance of office, upon such terms, could not fail to startle the honest fools who acted upon principle—could not fail to expose the intriguers to the nation in the light of men who had contended, not from conviction, but for place. But "the Captain's a bold man;" and he shewed it on this occasion. He undertook the task of collecting coadjutors, and of carrying through the House of Lords *a Bill*—THE BILL. This he has not dared, save by implication, to deny in what he called his explanation in the House of Lords; and this has been virtually asserted by Mr. Baring in the House of Commons.

Such infamous dereliction from even the hypocritical pretence of principle was "too much." The Ultra-Tories stood aghast at his impudence. Peel felt that it was too soon to venture again upon the farce of Catholic concession. Even Croker *(et tu Brute!)* declared, "*that he had too much regard for* HIS *character to accept office under such circumstances.* The exasperation of the people was redoubled on hearing that the national liberties were about to be intrusted to the protection of him who had declared all public meetings farces; who had expressed his regret that the people of Ireland would *not* break the law; and who now, to sum up the overwhelming amount of his iniquities, was ready to carry through a measure which he had himself characterized as uncalled for, revolutionary, and dangerous, in a protest, the ink of which had not yet dried up. In him the outraged feeling of the public found a consummate monster, whose iniquities their utmost loathing and abhorrence were inadequate to do justice to; a man who, for the sake of personal aggrandizement, had driven the nation to the verge of civil war; a fiend willing to goad a nation to madness, and then make its frantic excesses a pretext for punishment to be inflicted by his own "hangman's hands."

Loud and emphatic was the declaration from all quarters, that they would not receive even their rights from such a polluted source; that there was contamination in his very touch. A feverish rage and jealousy burned hotter every hour; public credit was shaken; his own creatures shrunk trembling from the side of the genius of the storm, who still stood, like Satan, unappalled, and untouched with sympathy; the monied incubus, upon whose aid he relied, confessed that it could no longer aid him. Left thus alone, he was obliged to abandon the vain hope of regaining the reins of government, and with his submission fell the last hope of Toryism, never to rise again.

Were we to live to the age of Methuselah, we could not hope to live again such a day as that which brought the news of Earl Grey's restoration to office. The guard of the mail, with that joyous incontinence of information which is always found in the bringer of glad tidings, blabbed the pleasing intelligence to every one who questioned him. The light mail-curricle bounded over the stones, and still, wherever it passed, a joyous acclamation rose from the assembled crowd,

"And ever with it as it moved along."

The houses poured forth their inmates, attracted by a shout which spoke the very soul of joy. Every face beamed with involuntary and irrepressible smiles. Young men threw up their hats; old men danced the Highland fling; multitudes dispersed on all sides, their faces flushed, and their eyes sparkling with joy, to be the first to diffuse the glad intelligence through the town. Every man they encountered, with whom they had the slightest and most casual acquaintance, was addressed—even some whom they knew not, or towards whom they were observing that dignified affectation of irrecognition which follows misunderstanding between former friends, were cordially greeted with the blithe news. In that hour of ecstacy old grudges were forgiven, and new friendships struck up. Nothing was seen but shaking of hands—nothing heard but light-hearted thoughtless laughter. Tories seemed to be annihilated for the moment, lest their sad faces should mar the general flow of happiness. Some of our friends, anxious to be thought more knowing than their fellows, will pretend that they recognized the scowling brows of the gang stealing through the crowd, and disappearing in back lanes and nameless alleys: but we do not believe them. We do not believe that the most anxious search, prompted by the most huge reward, could for the whole of that evening have ferreted out a Tory in Edinburgh,—the thing is impossible. In honour of the nation's jubilee, a kind Providence had decreed that, for the moment, they should cease to exist.*

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* Since the above was written, we have learned the reception of the news of Lord Grey's re-instalment in Birmingham. It was at once dignified and hearty, as became the city in which Priestley struck the first note of the grand overture of Freedom. The bells rung a merry peal; the broad banner of England was sent dancing to the breeze; a deputation of 50,000 men, with music and flags, met Mr. Attwood a mile from Birmingham, to accompany his progress to Newhall-hill. No Roman conqueror ever was honoured with such a triumph, or deserved it half so much. To Mr. Attwood and his Union we owe the first impulse of the national movement; and to his temper and equanimity we owe much of its success. The leading reformers came forward to congratulate the meeting, in language beautifully harmonizing with the truly Christian burst of praise and thanksgiving offered upon the occasion by the Rev. Hughes Hulton. It has been the fashion of the Tories to represent the reform-

And "with the morning sage reflection came," not to damp our merriment, but to substitute a more matured, elevated, and enduring cheerfulness. We felt ourselves free. A BLOODLESS THREE DAYS had been achieved. In our first number we demonstrated that, although in form and theory our constitution devolved the executive function upon a King acting by means of responsible advisers; and the legislative on the King and the Houses of Lords and Commons, each possessing a voice equally potential with the others; yet in reality both the legislative and executive power had, for upwards of a century, been exercised by an oligarchy, dictating their parts to their puppets before the scenes. Lord Grey's resignation brought the question between the people and these its oppressors at once to an issue. The nation mustered and displayed its strength; the boroughmongers strove to array their troops, but found themselves deserted and powerless. Like the arch-fiend, they

> looked up, and knew
> Their mounted scale aloft; nor more; but fled
> Murm'ring, and with them fled the shades of night.

They refused to join battle, not because they wanted the will—we have heard them gleefully anticipate the moment when the question should be put to such an arbitrement—but because they wanted the power. They remain unconvinced; because reason has no voice to the corrupted heart. They have yielded up an unjust and illegal power which they were willing to have upheld by brute violence, simply because they saw an overwhelming force arrayed against them. Within the limits of the law, by the law, and for the law, the people have conquered their own rights. To the original framer of the Reform Bill, whoever he may be—to Earl Grey, who saw at once its fitness, introduced it, and with an undeviating honesty in fine harmony with his long and consistent life of patriotism, clung to it without faltering—to all the members of the Cabinet who so firmly adhered to each other and their measure—all the exuberant gratitude which the nation so spontaneously yields, is most justly due. But for the people themselves we claim a large share of the honour; for the sound sense displayed in their frank acceptance and appreciation of the measure, and for the fearless, unswerving fidelity with which they have supported it. Twice has Earl Grey been defeated; —once by the openly avowed self-will of the Lords, once by the intrigues of a parcel of worthless buzzing flies, gendered within the tainted precincts of a Court;—and twice have the people of England placed him in a situation to renew the combat with advantage. The Commons have earned their freedom as they earn their bread—"in the sweat of their brows."

The nation, now secure of victory, may well look back with complacency and honest pride to its exertions. They were such as do credit to the oldest and best-trained soldiers of freedom. They were the struggles of veterans; deliberate, all with a distinct aim, and without needless waste of strength. The people may, indeed, call themselves free; for, in asserting their own rights, they have shewn themselves morally,

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ers as demoralized and devoid of religion. It is false. They respect freedom of opinion; but among the immense majority of them will be found a stern sense of duty and deep lively religious impressions.

as well as physically, free. No selfish motive—no wish to snatch a larger share of profit than his brethren—no envy of his more fortunate neighbours animated one of the sacred band, but honest regard for "the greatest possible good of the greatest possible number." After the first burst of exultant jubilation had subsided, we looked round upon the spring woods where the green was creeping up towards the summit of the trees—to the orchards where the blossoms were peeping out like blushing girls, alluring the more sedate and manly leaves to follow them—to hill and plain, where every herb seemed to expand to the eye amid the temperate atmosphere—to the rippling sea flashing beneath the declining sun; and while the birds rung out their "sweet jargonings" on every side, it seemed as if universal nature were celebrating the festival of an enfranchised nation. We listened in fancy to the unanimous shout of generous devotion which still pealed in our ears from yesterday—we felt nobler and more hopeful views of the destinies of humanity awakened—and we walked with prouder steps, freemen among a nation who were and deserved to be free. The arduous struggle in which we have been engaged, and the burst of unfeigned sympathetic triumph which has bound us together, have lent a chivalrous and brotherly tinge to our sentiments, have inspired, with a degree of self-respect, all reformers, and breathed into the whole people the breath of a new life. Its workings will be seen and heard of yet.

Nor have we conquered for ourselves alone, but for Europe—for the world. Miguel, William of Holland, the autocrats of Russia and Austria, looked hopefully to the reinstatement of Wellington at the head of affairs, and Lord Aberdeen in the Foreign office. They tremble and turn pale at the downfal of their allies. France sees in our success a guarantee for her well-won freedom; and the Rhone, Garonne, Loire, and Seine sparkle more merrily in the sun. Belgium feels assured of her independence. The freemen of Germany, the noble remnants of the men of 1813, nerve themselves more confidently for their patriotic endeavours; and even the Pole sees a glimpse of hope break through his dungeon gloom. But although all these prospects of futurity should melt like hoar-frost beneath an April sun, the fresh impetus which our spirits, buoyant in their release from thraldom, will give to art, literature, and science, will diffuse its contagious influence. The generous rivalry of France, America, and England, the three nations in which the rights of man have been vindicated, will not remain without effect, even upon those who are yet sighing in bondage.

It is time, however, now that our first transports have somewhat subsided, to regard our exact situation. We are free. A fair promise of ameliorated institutions lies before us. But during our brief struggle, powers once formidable have been exterminated or weakened; new experience of the workings of our institutions have been gained, new questions of vital interest have been suggested to many. The moral earthquake has submerged old mountains, and thrown up new. The events of a week have changed the face of nature. The storm which has been so long gathering, has done in an hour the work of years. We have passed into a new state of things, and new feelings have been awakened during the transition. We propose to indicate a few of the changes which have come over the spirits of men.

Our most gratifying conviction is, that the Tories, as a party, are routed, dispersed, and stricken down for ever. By their late desperate

game, they have removed the curtain which concealed from the irreverent eye of the world their dying agonies. No one, it is said, ever saw a dead crow or a dead jack-ass; and had our old enemies been contented like the honourable house of Milnwood, to "go out like the snuff of a candle," they might have exhaled without any person nosing them. But in the delirium of fever, they insisted upon arming themselves for the fight while the death-rattle was in their throat, and they sunk down from sheer exhaustion before their contemptuously pitying antagonists. The sceptre of power was again held out to them, as if in retributive mockery, but their palsied fingers sought in vain to clutch it. "They rest from their labours, and their works (such as they are) shall follow them." We are too humane to insult a fallen enemy; but there is no harm in pronouncing a funeral oration over departed greatness.

"The Tories as a party, (we begin our harangue after the most approved fashion of the French academicians,) after existing for some time in a state of suspended animation, again presented themselves to public notice about the time that George III. ascended the throne. Their mental conformation bore a strong analogy to the physical structure of the animal termed by naturalists the Sloth, which seems framed for the express purpose of clambering up and clinging to high trees, never quitting them while one green or succulent leaf or twig remains, and even then with reluctance. Their innate propensities soon prompted them to aspire to the green and lofty summits of the state; and so securely did they nestle there, that they have never since been all tumbled down at one time. Once or twice the Whigs did manage to creep up, but only in consequence of a bargain that a certain number of their unclean predecessors should remain; in consequence of which, like the stork among the cranes, they got as bad a name as their companions; and not possessing the same tenacity of place were soon shaken down.

"The actions of the Tories are to be read in the chronicles of Britain during their ascendancy. They kindled up by their oppression the spirit of resistance in America, which led to the emancipation of the colonies. They kindled by their treachery and cruelty the flame of rebellion in Ireland. They precipitated this country into a war which has left us loaded with debt, and Europe exactly where it was. They have been the friends and abettors of every tyranny, spiritual and temporal. They have sought to govern by brute force, bribery; sowing distrust and dissension among friends, and encouraging sedition that they might have the pleasure of punishing it. They sat like an incubus upon the country; and when their hold at last waxed faint, and they were shaken off, Sinbad's joy at getting rid of the old man of the sea, or Christian's, when his bundle fell off, was as a drop of water to the ocean, when compared with the triumphant jollity of the nation, once more stretching itself at ease.

"Their professions and practice have been a jumble of the most revolting incongruities. They have ever professed the most devoted love and loyalty to all kings; but any one who ventured to emancipate himself from their trammels was sure to be assailed with abuse, which Billingsgate could not surpass. As long as the lower orders were contented to remain rude, ignorant, and sensual, they were the darlings of the Tories, reserved as a sort of sleuth-hounds to halloo upon every man who thought for himself; but no sooner did they venture to reflect than they were called "the swinish multitude," cut down and trampled under foot. The Tories were vastly religious; but their religion consisted in

taking off their hats when they passed a church door, and expressing great respect for clergymen, especially such as were wealthy or of good family. A man who was earnest in doctrine, disturbed the equanimity of their minds, and was esteemed a suspicious character. They were huge admirers of every thing established; and this rather confused their notions. In Ireland they were true-blue Protestants, and friends of the Revolution settlement; in England and Scotland they were all for high-church and the Stuarts; and whenever they looked abroad, they were impressed with a prodigious reverence for the Pope, whose adherents they ground to the dust at home. In their private carriage they were particularly fond of imitating the swagger of the old cavaliers: their conversation was a strange medley of gross licentiousness and superstition, of drunken squabble and maudlin reverence for the law. Towards the end of their career, as they began to find themselves going down in the world; and their tempers, already none of the sweetest from the irritability of their outworn constitutions, got gradually more soured, they were, in their ferocious attempts at merriment no unapt representatives of the old persecutor whom Presbyterian tradition represents as alternately blaspheming and roaring out snatches of old bottle songs, while his attendants kept shifting him from one tub of cold water to another, in order to allay the flames already glowing within him. To sum up their character, they were genuine descendants of the Giant Pope, whom old Bunyan saw in his dreams, wanting his Herculean strength, but inheriting his frightful mask and apparel. They lived feared, and died despised."

And so we leave the Tories to their long repose. It is reported that a few scattered individuals of the tribe still survive, like scattered Indian families, or hermit beavers, lingering amid the settlements of the Europeans; and that our natural historians are anxious to procure a few specimens to be stuffed and deposited in our museums, before, like that anomalous bird the Dodo, the genus become altogether extinct. Were it not that the filthy habits, and malicious and treacherous tempers of the creatures might render them disagreeable inmates, we would recommend the attempt to domesticate a few. They are imitative, and amusing as a monkey. We have been told that the Queen held a levee a few days after the return of Earl Grey to office. The Tory "dames of honour," in emulation of the peers who threatened to secede from the House of Lords, refused to recognise their Whig friends. The two factions drew up in long unbroken lines on opposite sides of the state apartments. This petticoat parliament irresistibly reminds us of a procession of children, with branches and handkerchiefs, which we observed parading a neighbouring field with great decorum, the whole time of the last meeting in the King's Park.

From the unhonoured dead we turn to the contemplation of the living; and here a fact of the most serious importance forces itself upon our attention. At the same moment that the alteration in our elective system strengthens the voice of the people in the House of Commons, the conduct of the king, the aristocracy, and the bishops, has led not a few to question the utility of such offices. From the very first moment that the question of Reform was urged, the haughty insolent opposition of a majority of the Temporal and Spiritual Peers excited a strong feeling of enmity among the people. Their pertinacity, and the recklessness with which they have caught at every subterfuge, however mean, and have dared every manœuvre, however pregnant with danger to the State, that promis-

ed to avert Reform, has eaten into the hearts of many like a cancer. Still it was hoped that with a reformed House of Commons, and a patriot king, the remaining legislative body might be kept within its proper sphere of action, and prevented from doing harm. In the enthusiasm of the moment, the nation threw itself with implicit confidence upon the Monarch, and seemed to forget that, after all, kings were but men, and liable to be biassed and turned aside from the right as well as others. The late events have somewhat allayed this over-trusting loyalty. We do not think that they will leave behind them a permanent grudge against our good-natured monarch: they will only restore him to his natural level, beyond which an evanescent enthusiasm had for a time borne him up. He is what he ever was, a frank jovial sailor, with much kindness of disposition, and a large stock of that gossipping knowledge of domestic arrangements for which his father was famous; withal anxious to do what is right, and fond of popularity, but not very clear-headed; and like most elderly gentlemen with young wives, and a large assortment of living reminiscences of early indiscretions, too easily open to solicitation. The nation has had its eyes couched: it sees him in his true light; it appreciates him more justly, but it cannot help liking him. The danger threatens not him but his office. Men to whom a doubt on the subject never before suggested itself, now dare to question the expediency of leaving the appointment to an office, on the firmness, good faith, and comprehensive mind of whose occupant so much depends, to the uncertain determination of birth. And not only has this question been mooted, but by throwing them back upon their former doubts, it has revived the enmity to a hereditary peerage and a political hierarchy.

We know, that by drawing the public attention to this fact, we are incurring the reprobation of all the worshippers of "Wheesht." But it has ever been our creed, that in frank, outspoken discussion, there is safety; that the pent-up thoughts of the heart alone are dangerous. No man in the physical world but the veriest child or idiot, seeks to screen himself from danger by shutting his eyes. In the moral world the case is still stronger; for there we may trace almost every danger to mutual misunderstanding. We repeat therefore, in yet more explicit terms, that late events have led men of the world, practical business men, to look with complacency upon political opinions which have hitherto been maintained in this country, almost exclusively, by a few scattered and recluse scholars. From that week in which a majority of the Lords, by their opposition to a measure restoring to the Commons the right of electing their own representatives, and by their profligate indifference to the means they used to thwart it, placed upon record their belief that the interest of their order was anti-national—from that week in which a king paltered with his plighted word—we date the existence of a republican party in the country. Men of education and refined habits admit that there is some truth in what the supporters of aristocracy say respecting the polish which insensibly emanates from a body of the community living for the amenities of life alone; but they feel that when the existence of such a caste is to be purchased by the surrender of our liberties, and the sacrifice of our moral convictions, this is "paying too dear for our whistle." To this conclusion we conscientiously believe it must have come at last. The power of the English aristocracy was founded on their hold of the nomination burghs and their immense wealth. The former was in a great measure the source of the

latter. The accumulated wealth of the father was transmitted to the eldest son; while the younger branches of the family were provided for by the pension list, the army and navy, or the church. These halcyon days are at an end; provision must henceforth be made for cadets by burdening the heir; and in the natural course of things, the property of the Peers would in less than a century have been brought more upon a level with, or even below that of wealthy commoners. The House of Lords must have died a natural death; and without Peers to support it, a hereditary monarchy could not long endure. But under these circumstances, the transition would have been gradual and tranquil; the diffusion of knowledge, morality, and true religion, acting as its pioneer. The danger lies in the premature urging of the question. The nation at large is not prepared to entertain it, and rash and untamed spirits may seek to force on the discussion. Not with us lies the blame, but with those whose conduct has alienated the affections and the confidence of the people.*

One thing is certain—that much depends upon the conduct of the ministry. They must seek to know the time and to act up to it. It is a fearful prospect for a nation, when "the hour comes but not the man." We repeat what we have already said, that to Earl Grey and his coadjutors for their introduction of a reform so effective, and for their honest adherence to it, the country owes a deep and lasting debt of gratitude. To the noble Earl in particular, who, in the course of a long and active life, has never faltered in his allegiance to the cause, we pay from our hearts the tribute which few statesmen have earned—the declaration that we believe him to be a thoroughly honest man. Yet doth he lack something. We could wish to see him throw himself more frankly into the arms of a people who may be guided like a child by the hand of kindness, but who bristle up at the first shew of coercion or mistrust. He must also act in future with more firmness and decision; he must remember who placed him where he is, and with whose interests he is identified. There must be a clean sweep of the Tories in office. They must "make way for better men." It is no doubt a delicate matter to prescribe to a king, any more than to a private gentleman, what domestics he shall retain; but in cases of emergency, delicacy must be postponed, even upon so tender a point. We have experienced the disastrous effect of having the king surrounded by the refuse of an anti-national faction; and in return for the homage and wealth which he receives from us, we are entitled to demand that he will drive our envenomed enemies from his presence. Lord Grey will not do his duty to his country or himself, if, after the lesson he has got, he leave "so much as a Tory cat to mew in his sovereign's palace." He must also set about in earnest to alleviate the national burdens, to free enterprize and industry from the fetters of monopoly, and to relieve the press from its heavy burdens. He may rest assured that the nation is no overgrown baby that cried its eyes out for reform, and having got it, will sit down contented with the possession of the new toy. Reform was ardently prayed for as a means for an end. Those who will hold power now, must give satisfactory proof that they are honestly and energetically working for the good of the country.

In seeking to press these facts upon the attention of ministers, we

* Of the Church of England we say nothing at present; proposing to invite our readers to an investigation of its utility and efficacy in an early number.

have no wish to insinuate a doubt of their good intentions. But we know, in the first place, that as wealthy men, they do not feel that need of immediate relief which presses like an armed man upon the middle and lower classes; and, in the second place, that accustomed during their whole lives to adopt measures for which they are responsible in opposition, they are timid and hesitating when called upon to act. Herein lies their chief danger. Irresolution is almost as bad as rashness. While the latter plainly shews that a man does not know what he would be at, the former shews that at least he has no distinct conception of it. Let Lord Grey remember how indispensable it is for him to gain by his conduct the confidence of the country. The Tory party is now extinct; and the nation may be viewed as divided into reformers of a thousand different shades. The republicans are as yet but few in number—we should say like the Tories, but that on the one hand, we find the weakness of infancy, on the other that of dotage; and if conciliated by fair evidence, that the Ministry are honestly doing their best, will content themselves with standing by and giving them an occasional jog on the elbow when they seem to flag. They have too much sense to object to a constitution on the pedantic ground of dislike to its form, so long as it works tolerably well. But Earl Grey will act wisely if he remember the nature of the hold which the party, at present ostensibly headed by him, possesses upon the attachment of the Whigs of England. The name Whig has two significations. By some it is affected to express their adherence to a knot of public men who have assumed—perhaps we might say inherited—that appellation. By others it is adopted as expressive of certain political opinions. This independent class form an overwhelming majority of English Whigs; and they, as well as the republicans, must be conciliated by deeds not words. "Measures, not men," is their watchword; "or, if men, because of their measures." Upon the boldness of Lord Grey's financial and economical reform depend the confidence to be reposed in him by the country, and our safety from the violence of faction. Never were a people more completely a nation of brothers than we (with the exception of an insignificant minority) are at this moment; but distress and distrust can break asunder stronger ties than those of sentiment. We wait to see whether the talents of our rulers are adequate to keep these wolves from the door.

On one point we feel no misgiving. Britain is free, and will be happy. No doubt there will be occasional dissensions, and much angry and violent hatreds for a time. A nation of freemen cannot be brought to observe the discipline of a Carthusian cloister. The best of friends get savage and ridiculous over their wine, but without bearing a grudge or feeling unhappy. Come what come may, our creed is, that all things are working for good; and we have held by it in more threatening times than the present. We saw the Bourbons forced upon France by foreign bayonets, yet we looked forward with hope. We saw the allied sovereigns forfeit their promises, and, blaspheming the name of the Most High, trample upon young freedom, still we despaired not. We have seen Spain succumb to a despot, and Portugal to a brute; and clung the faster to our belief, as the mountaineer on the lone hill side grasps the heather the tighter the more fiercely the storm rages. And we will not abandon it now that the sun has at length broken from behind the cloud. We stand, as it were, on the fields drenched but fertilized with rain, gazing at the bow resting one glorious extremity upon the trees glittering with rain-drops, the other upon the blue and waveless ocean,

as it glows upon the black cloud sinking down the horizon, and we admire the power that can lend beauty even to the elements of destruction —that enables the mind to mingle a cup of the richest pleasure out of the remembrance of past misfortunes. Should other storms await us we are prepared to meet them, convinced that, in the discharge of duty, there is happiness under the sternest trials.*

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## CULTIVATION OF THE FANCY.†

For a mixture of broad humour, as broad simplicity, and wild fancy, there is no writer of our age equal to Hogg. He is also a great master of *vraisemblance;* and we have often wondered how some of his tales in prose have escaped the popularity of "Chevy Chace," the "Babes in the Wood," and such universal favourites. Perhaps it is because there are no children in the present century. A real child would now be a prodigy. There are different sizes of human beings, from eighteen inches to six feet six: but there are no children. They are all born like Falstaff, with grey heads and great bellies, and are dandies and fine ladies as soon as they can lisp. We never talk to children as we used to love to be talked to fifty years ago, without coming to shame. The little things draw up, and show their accomplishments or knowledge of the world, in lieu of the *bon-bonnerie* of fancy with which we thought to treat them. They smile with pity at our talk of the Fairy Tales; they are but indifferently informed of Puss in Boots; they have seen Tom Thumb at the Play; they have *forgotten* the Arabian Nights. If we would talk to a child now, we must look out for a person in a wig somewhere near our own years. The last of the Babies will soon be going down to the grave at the age of Old Parr. The only real nursery in the country is the House of Lords; and they are spoiled children, unruly Brobdignags, educated according to the direction of Mr. Long Wellesley "to play h–ll and Tommy" with the nation. With such a generation of old young people, an author like Mr. Hogg is cast out of his time. Had he written a hundred years ago, how immense would have been the popularity of his 'Winter Evening Tales!' They would have been found in every drawing-room, school-room, kitchen, and cottage. The history of *Basil Lee* would have been as familiar to the tongue as Robinson Crusoe, or as was the history of Mrs. Veal when ghosts were in credit. But ghosts have gone out, superstition is not understood, and romance cannot exist without it. To people who know what belongs to ghosts, as we do who were born in the days or rather the nights of ghosts, what a ghost story is that in Basil Lee! How finely the scene is darkened for its appearance! the wild solitary spot; the hideous apparitions so horribly homely and familiar; the dead with the living, and foul with the grave's corruption! Contrast again this scene of superstitious terror with the humour and truth with which Basil's transition from rank cowardice to heroism

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* The early period of the month at which we go to press, obliges us to close this paper before we receive the latest intelligence. If any thing of importance transpires, we will advert to it in an article at the end of the number.

† Hogg's Queer Book. Blackwood.

is described. His acts of poltroonery are misunderstood by the spectators, and pass for exploits of extraordinary bravery; he is praised, and the praise makes him act up to the character erroneously commended in him. The first part of the idea has been followed up in some amusing articles in *Blackwood's Magazine*, The Life of Sir Frizzle Pumpkin. But this is a caricature, Basil is exact to nature. In the same story, with what exquisite truth and beauty, the affection of woman is set off against the ingratitude and sordid selfishness of man. The adventures of Tibby Scott and her mate, in another story, would once have been nearly as much relished by people of all ages and degrees as John Gilpin. But has even John Gilpin his honour now? Do we see him on the walls; do we see "Chevy Chace," or the "Babes in the Wood," or "Death and the Lady," fluttering in the wind as the streamers, the long pennants of fancy, at Hyde Park corner, formerly Poets' Corner, where ballads hung on strings, not of Apollo's Lyre, but such as displayed them for sale at one penny each, the present price of a magazine. No; the ballads are no more. The voice of poetry has ceased to cry in the streets. The stands have disappeared. The little old people of the present day, of all qualities, licentiate and voluptuarize in Tommy Moore, or warble with Bayly. The pot-boys sing "*I'd be a Butterfly;*" the truant errand-lad murmurs "*Fly from the world, oh Bessy, to me.*" Extremes meet,—one half of the world is too wise, and the other too foolish. The young are wise before their time, and the old boobyish behind their time. We were once acquainted with a dog who had a trick of hunting his own tail. He was the type of the latter half of the world. The other half, on the contrary, would run tail on after an elephant. It is very fine to have this forward spirit, and to come to be wise very soon; but there is an excellent old saying, that they who think themselves wise are not so wise as they think themselves; and, accordingly, it is good to cherish a little consciousness of fooling, and, above all, to keep a little corner of the mind for fancy to play in: it needs not be much: in a chamber the size of a hazel nut, she will make a theatre, in which the universe shall be but as a stage property.

To see the necessity for this, look at the young men in our House of Commons. You will find good abilities, solid acquirements; but lumps of lead, in all that pertains to the imagination, and incapable of those flights which, though they seem but as the flutterings of sportiveness, often raise the mind to new views, and to strike on rich quarries which otherwise would have escaped observation. They can go through a lengthy laborious exposition; but for the retort upon the scoff or the awkward irony, the exposure of the fallacy by apt instance, the turning the point of metaphor against the argument of the speaker who has used it; for all such strokes of ready wit and address they are loggish as crocodiles, to whose irregularity of muscles Heaven has given only a right-lined faculty of rapacity. If we examine these men with a view of exploring their defect, we should inquire into their knowledge of "*Goody Two-Shoes;*" ask what conversance they had with the "*Arabian Nights;*" what was their knowledge of "*Fairy Tales;*" how their minds were struck with "*Johnny Gilpin;*" and whether their souls had ever answered, with tears, to the pathos of the "*Children in the Wood.*" This would be an examination into the primer; and hence we should ascend to the Percy Relics, De Foe's novels, and Swift's Gulliver.

Shame for us! we forget in which of the Fairy Tales it is, that a

good genius and an evil genius have a desperate conflict, in which the evil genius takes all sorts of forms, and the good genius metamorphoses herself into antagonist natures; as thus, when the evil one becomes a rat, the good becomes a cat; if the evil one soars as a lark, the good pursues as a hawk. Once, we remember, the evil spirit becomes a pomegranate, and the good as a cock eats up all the seeds. This is the type of what an accomplished orator should be capable. Whatever form error assumes, he should be able to command his genius to take the form of attack appropriate to the destruction of it,—to fly, to dart, to pounce, to grapple, to peck,—in a word, to stoop to conquer, in any shape adapted to the victory. For this purpose, it is not enough that the mind is stored with knowledge, but the fancy must be exercised. Error has its fancy, its skill in escaping under false appearances; and the soldiers of truth should be able to combat and defeat it in all its Protean shifts. But nothing is thought of now but solidity. A man's head must be as grave and substantial as a cannon ball; good for a straight flight at its mark, and no more. This is villanous. We should be fit for more than one thing. It is good to trifle and sport, and show a faculty of buoyancy as well as rectitude of aim, nay, to play the fool occasionally; which Johnson sagely remarked, was the dearest privilege of a man of acknowledged sense.

But how is a man now-a-days, to know how to play the fool?—Where is he to find a master? There were once on a time seven wise men,—it were now a hard matter to find as many fools. The old original British fool is lost; like the capercailzie, it is a thing that was. The world is getting on too fast; it is precocious; it is advancing beyond its strength; it is becoming too wise to last; it has flung away its toys too soon, and is endangering its life with too sedate a manhood ere its twenty-first century. A really wise man will be discovered by this sign, that he chooses to wear some little foible or folly in such sort that his friends and his foes may lay hold of it when they list, and make it a handle for detraction or disparagement. The most dangerous thing in the world is to be *teres et rotundus*, enwrapped in excellence, as some rash folks strive to be. What is the consequence?—that envy or malice cuts bodily into them. They experience the fate of the tortoise, which was carried mid-air, and dashed to pieces against a rock by the eagle, because it was so inaccessible. Now and then a prudent man would commit some small fault or absurdity, on which his acquaintances may fasten and feed their self-complacency. The Spaniards in their bull-fights, when the animal's rage becomes dangerous, hold forth their cloaks to them, and let them carry them off; the bull rages, pushes and stamps against the mantle, and the man escapes. So it should be with the world. He must sometimes let it suppose it is trampling us under foot, when it is only raging against some rag of vanity we have purposely loosened to it as it becomes really formidable. If Solomon were among us, he would occasionally adjudicate like a London alderman. Homer nodded sometimes, no doubt, for very good reasons of his own; and we would advise every author to leave some little blemish or blunder in his work, upon which the critics can fasten, and show their parts, which it is necessary for them to do; for, otherwise, they will be constrained to invent objections and disparagements, which may be far more injurious to his fame. When a critic espies an undoubted fault, in the delight of showing his superior acumen and knowledge, it is wonderful what a benignity possesses his mind; and he feels a charitable and indulgent

spirit towards an author who has laid himself so conveniently open to attack. The same law holds in morals. Let a person be heard of without faults, and all the world will be at his character to ransack the secret vice; but let it be notorious that he is vain, proud, too fond of money, or of power, or what you will, and tribute is paid to detraction, and he may pass on undisturbed.

What has all this to do with "Hogg's Queer Book?" some one asks. We answer,—The most intimate connexion: First, a queer article is proper to a queer book; and, secondly, the moral of all this is, that we should have a care of being too wise for the toys of the world, and the sportive, the fanciful, or even the trifling. It is bad for the mind, and, withal, dangerous to the reputation. A man who finds that he has outgrown his taste for ballads, should put on short coats again and a slobbering bib, and try to restore himself to the wiser state of childhood. We have heard of men of very superior minds, engaged in the profession of the law, so foreign to improvement and adverse to any honest possessions, who have, on reading a profound metaphysical treatise, rejoiced to find that their capacities of higher intelligence remained to them. This was a good experiment as to one faculty; but to try another, they would have done well to revert to some of the old trinkets of fancy, and see whether any delight could be revived in their minds by their curious beauties, or any admiration excited at the art and ingenuity with which they are worked. We declare that we think very much the better of ourselves for the pleasure with which we have read Mr. Hogg's Queer Book, and for finding all his grotesque imaginations and wild fancies, his fairy-land adventures, and his ghostery, familiar and welcome to us as old friends. The stories most to our mind are, "Robin Reid," "Jock Johnstone, the Tinkler," "The Laird of Lun," and the "Origin of the Fairies." Our taste in these things may be summed up in one of the author's lines—

"The wilder 'tis, I love it better."

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## WHAT WILL THE ARMY DO?

We answer at once, that the army will do its duty. But the essence of military duty, as that is understood and defined in the Wellington school, consists in blind, unreflecting, mechanical obedience to orders issued by competent authority; and the best soldier is the most perfect automaton. Conscience, principle, natural feeling, affection, opinion, judgment, reason, intelligence,—all, according to the military martinets of the present day, must be overcome by the force of discipline, and merged in the instinct of obedience. The implied doctrine of the would-be military despotism, is, that if a soldier be commanded to level his firelock at the bosom of his father, his brother, his neighbour, or his friend, he must obey, and pull the trigger when the fugleman gives the signal. In a word, a soldier, according to the class of *doctrinaires* to which we allude, is one whose profession it is to kill, according to rule, and who is himself liable to suffer death if he refuse, or even hesitate to act conformably to this principle when ordered to do so. But the time is gone by when such violent, and we may add, unconstitu-

tional notions can be entertained, far less reduced to practice in this country. We have said that the army will do its duty,—we even believe that it will do more; but with us the citizen can never be altogether merged in the soldier, nor the man in the mere military instrument: and hence, in considering the precise nature and quality of its duty, the army will probably reflect that a man is not emancipated from the eternal obligations under which every human creature lies to God, and to the laws of reason, patriotism, and humanity, by being tricked out in scarlet or blue, and provided with a firelock and accoutrements. We go farther, and say that the soldier has civil rights as well as the citizen, that he is equally, or even more interested in good government, and that nothing can ever justify him in lending his hand or his arms to commit parricide on that country which he is sworn to defend.

Reformers have been threatened by their adversaries with the army; and the menace was not without meaning or force, considering that the chief command of this incomparable body of men continued in the hands of a mere lieutenant of the people's greatest enemy. But the bloodthirsty miscreants who held this language, and who calculated upon the army as the grand engine with which they might crush at will the liberties of the country, did not stop to consider whether our brave defenders, who have so often fought and conquered, even "under the cold shade of aristocracy," would consent to become passive instruments or tools in the hands of the faction, by which the army itself, as well as the country, has been so long domineered over and oppressed. They relied on the natural effects of discipline, and the instinct of obedience which it engenders; but they forgot that the question was no longer about encountering a foreign enemy,—that the power of knowledge has been communicated to the soldier as well as the citizen,—that the ties which bind him to the society of his country can never be dissevered,—that he also has a stake in the hedge; and that, though naturally as fearless as the steel by his side, he could not but be chilled by that "cold shade" which had intercepted from him the genial rays of favour and of hope. They knew not that the army had long ceased to be a brute mass, susceptible of impulsion, at the pleasure of those who were invested with authority to regulate its motions; that although it might be carried, or even forced a certain length, there was a point at which action would cease, and re-action commence. They did not reflect that, between the army and the people, the identity of interests is complete; and that every step in advance made by the latter, must, from the very nature of things, be so much gained by the former. It was as absurd and irrational therefore, as it was insane, to threaten a country like this, struggling to disenthral itself from the fetters of a detestable oligarchy, with military execution. The bloody mandate might indeed have gone forth, but no hands would have been found to execute it. Well do the people know that the army are their friends: well do the army know, that every improvement which has of late years been effected, every abuse which has been cured, every outrage to reason and humanity, which has been suppressed, in the constitution and discipline of the armed force, owes its origin to the generous efforts of the people. There is not a British soldier so ignorant as not to be perfectly aware who are the persons that have all along patronised and supported the infamous punishment of flogging; there is not a British soldier who has forgotten the long-continued and persevering exertions made to put an end to that degrading infliction, or who

does not feel grateful, even for the partial success which has attended these efforts. The army is not so incurious or unobservant as military dandies and despotical captains would have the world to believe.

But this is not all. The army have a deep and immediate interest in the success of that cause which the people have determined to carry at all hazards, and at every sacrifice. If they have fought and conquered "under the cold shade of aristocracy," what would they not achieve, were the oligarchical monopoly broken down, and the avenues to promotion thrown open to the ambition of every private in the ranks? Now, this is one consequence which *must* follow from the success of the Reform Bill; because the victory of the people will never be secure as long as the army continues in the hands of a faction essentially and inveterately adverse to the country. Its constitution *must* therefore be popularised. This is a conservative measure without which all others will, in the end, prove nugatory. We *must* have a national army, in which the national genius will have full scope. The traffic in commissions must be destroyed. The law of seniority, which is the conservative law of mediocrity, must be subjected to due limitations. The career of promotion must be thrown open to all. Some, we know, will be ready to exclaim against all this as terribly levelling and democratical, and to denounce our statements as revolutionary. Our answer, however, is, *first*, that the changes to which we point have now become wholly inevitable; and, *secondly*, that these have already been made in every efficient and well-regulated army on the Continent, particularly in those of Russia and Prussia, where bravery and talent furnish the only coin in which promotion is paid for. How, then, can it ever prove dangerous to a free country, like ours, to adopt improvements, which even despotisms have found practicable and safe, nay, eminently beneficial?

No class of the community, therefore, will gain more by the success of Reform than the army. And, is it possible, that the soldiers can be ignorant of this? On the contrary, they know it well; and, judging from *some* symptoms which have recently manifested themselves, it is not difficult to foresee how they will act upon any emergency that may occur. In one word, they have resolved to be free. Hitherto genius, in the lower ranks of the service has been completely paralyzed; and, although our non-commissioned officers are confessedly the best in the world, seldom, indeed, has one of their number been able to pass that enchanted line which has hitherto separated their order from that of the aristocratical imbeciles placed over them, and whom, in nine cases out of ten, they in reality command. But the time is approaching when soldiers only will command soldiers, and when the bravest and the best, without reference to the accidents of birth or station, will receive that distinction which can never be either honestly or beneficially conferred, except on merit alone. In a few short years, or we should rather say months, the French army threw out from its ranks Massena, Murat, Jourdan, Soult, Lannes, Augereau, Bessieres, Kellerman, Lefebre, Ney, Mortier, Suchet, Brune, Victor, and a multitude of others, little, if at all, inferior to these celebrated commanders; nor can it be doubted, that, were equal scope afforded in the British army, it would furnish, when occasion required, men not less calculated to lead it to honour and to victory.

If, then, it be asked, what the army will do, in the event of an ultimate collision between the faction, which has so long domineered over the country, and the nation at large, we answer, without any hesitation, that IT WILL MAKE COMMON CAUSE WITH THE PEOPLE.

## MISS EDGEWORTH'S WORKS.*

The world is a large debtor to Miss Edgeworth. For the last forty years she has been an eminent instructress in the difficult art of social well-being, in the science of happiness. The grand-children of those whom she informed and benefited are now reaping the fruits of her labours, in improved modes of mental and of moral culture, and in increased knowledge. During nearly the same period she has held the envied place of the most high and popular of the fair preachers of the fashionable world; and, unlike most other great dignitaries, she has been beyond all doubt the most useful and practical. That its improvement has been at all commensurate to the great ability, tact, and earnestness of the lecturer, is to us extremely doubtful, and probably more so to Miss Edgeworth herself. She has thrown away her finest lessons on a class which, like the adder, turns a deaf ear to the voice of the charmer, charm she ever so wisely; and now leaves it, possessed, no doubt, of greatly increased knowledge, and with but little more of that true wisdom of which she is so distinguished a teacher, than when she first dedicated her talents to its improvement. Miss Edgeworth has had to encounter, in full force, the torrent of corrupted manners, and the passions and vanities which belong to a luxurious state of society; and, like every other dispassionate moral teacher, she feels the heady current too strong for her calm resistance, and is doomed to experience that even when intellect advances the most rapidly, the passions remain ever the same, keep the same whirling coil, and create the same illusions; changing their outward signs and their objects of pursuit from the extremes of the decorative shell or feather of the savage, to the ribbon or nick-name of the courtier, but never once abandoning the chase or slackening in the mad pursuit. It is enough that Miss Edgeworth has succeeded, in what she designed, beyond all her compeers, and only failed where success was impossible. She has meanwhile bestowed on the world many admirable and delightful volumes, made her own age somewhat wiser and better, and sown seeds of truth and wisdom which will yet fructify and produce more abundantly. To us, what she has intended is however much less important than what, without intending it, she has accomplished,—and to that we turn.

Miss Edgeworth formally disclaims the name of novelist. Her early writings were didactic treatises happily illustrated; in which, however, we are glad to say that the liveliness and exuberant invention of the writer occasionally ran away with, or fairly for a time overthrew her set first purpose. But this not so frequently as could be wished; for she never long threw the reins to fancy. She aspired to be a teacher and leader in the difficult art of happiness, to which she wished to conduct her disciples by the broad and beaten path, keeping steadily in view the ancient and approved landmarks. Her pole-star is duty—not, however, *her*—

> Stern Daughter of the voice of God!

but *duty*, so easily perceptible, so little involved in the storm and conflict of the passions, and so closely intertwined with immediate interests,

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* Now publishing in monthly volumes, by Baldwin and Cradock, London.

that it scarcely requires stronger motive, than a tolerably enlightened selfishness, to prefer and follow it. Neither Christian martyrdom, nor high-souled heroism, are required in advancing on the secure path, by which Miss Edgeworth leads her pupils onward to all manner of worldly prosperity and happiness. She seldom or never magnanimously leaves her favourites to a self-sustaining, self-rewarding virtue. All her pattern-children are docile and tractable, and are, accordingly, rewarded with hours of rational plays, abundance of cherry-pie, and other good things. Her model young women are well-informed, reasonable, and dutiful; but far too prudent to get into any scrape, or entanglement of the affections. They are thorough mistress of at least one agreeable accomplishment, handsome, and perfectly well-bred, and are sure to be prudently and happily married to some worthy man, rather above their own station in life, and with the approbation of all wise friends. In like manner, her pattern young men uniformly prosper in their respective professions by the orthodox means of industry, integrity, and perseverance, giving energy to moderate abilities; and by a few odd freaks of fortune, (in which Miss Edgeworth likes to indulge,) opportunely, but honourably seized, and turned to advantage. There are other faults of her preconcerted system—her system which she has the merit of often breaking through. If born in Madrid two centuries ago, Miss Edgeworth would certainly have thought it right to believe, that a Queen of Spain could have no legs, however her reason had rejected the absurdity. Even now, she has, or had, some doubts of the virgin purity of young ladies who openly commit waltzery; and will not keep terms, nor allow good husbands, to those who sing *Anacreontic* (Mooreish, we presume,) songs. While labouring to destroy those prejudices which divide nations, and narrow the human heart, she intimates considerable suspicion of what are called "French manners," as if profligacy were not much the same everywhere, and whether veiled or barefaced. She has, moreover, certain stiff conventional notions of caste; and while ridiculing the bulwarks and circumvallations of the fashionable world, sturdily maintains the lines of demarcation which surround the provincial gentry, and divide the kitchen from the hall. Her rigid exclusion of the kitchen division of the human race from the nursery and parlour, shews neither an enlarged philosophy, nor that expansive spirit of humanity which we should have liked to find in Miss Edgeworth. Her notions of vulgarity, too, are often those of latitude and syllables; her standard of the vulgar not being what is mean, low, selfish, or narrow, in modes of thinking and feeling, but a want of the self-possession which is supposed to distinguish persons who have always lived in refined society, or of the indispensable Shibboleth of pure accentuation of certain words. A kindred fault, is bad taste in the style of her jokes, and obtrusiveness and pertness in repartee. Grace Nugent's retort courteous, for example, the sweet, amiable, unconscious, and *proscribed* Grace Nugent, is anything but the retort of a noble or a delicate feminine mind, and wholly unworthy, we shall say impossible, in Lady Clonbrony's "sweet Grace." From this delightful creature, the step is natural to Miss Edgeworth's chapter of moral and social *proscriptions*. It is young men alone her doctrines must influence, if they are to have any power at all; but, it is probable, their only actual effect has been, to cover with deeper shame, to load with more agonizing humiliation, the innocent victims of the follies and crimes of those over whom the proscribed had no control. There are circumstances in the domestic history of Miss Edgeworth's respectable family,

which she can neither consider ungraceful in practice, nor wrong in principle, since she has voluntarily assumed the task of relating them to the world, which yet in the existing social relations of English life, must be, and are, viewed by many with a repugnance and horror that would neither be excited by the unfortunate circumstances of the innocent proscribed young women, nor of their offending mothers. But conceive how her clear understanding and sense of right would be revolted, by the monstrous injustice of making the female offspring of a man (of her father Mr. Edgeworth,) by his two wives, who were sisters, subjects of a new moral proscription, condemned to celibacy, or separation from all men endowed with delicacy of feeling, and a nice sense of honour. Many civil disabilities and penal enactments have been abrogated since Miss Edgeworth's volumes saw the light, and we are tempted to say this much, in the hope that, in this final edition, she may be led to revise some of her former opinions, and re-examine the grounds of her female proscriptions. They are more than cruel; they are unjust. To proceed with faults:—there is a slight tinge of pedantry, as well as of prudery, in many of Miss Edgeworth's works. The governess is obtruded, bridling, and acting as fuglewoman to her pupils, from nine to nineteen, who are somewhat prone to showing their medal of good behaviour and advancement, and to what in Scotland is called *trapping* their less clever contemporaries. This is about the sum total of our faults with Miss Edgeworth; and is set off by a balance which could well afford much greater deduction, and yet leave us enough her debtors. It would be unreasonable to charge this accomplished writer with not doing what she never intended to perform. We can therefore only wish, that her views of her task had been broader and more elevated,—that she had struck boldly at the heart of systems, where she has only skirmished with the outworks; and looked to social evils, in their remote and irresistible causes, as well as in their disastrous but almost necessary results,—that she had done something to shew, that the stream required to be purified at the fountain head, if it is expected to flow in purity through the many little conduits and channels of private life.

The higher moral agencies, religion, poetry, passion, have no place in Miss Edgeworth's system, which she appears to think they would only disturb and counteract; and *romance* has the least possible. Yet the woman will sometimes break out, and push aside the formal instructress. It is then we not only like her best, but sit the most patiently at her feet, delighted and edified disciples, and forgive her a thousand dry documents, while she reads us one "Simple Susan." At such times, we are like her own Rosamond Percy, listening to the unexpected burst of energetic passion, and high-souled enthusiasm in her sage sister Caroline; and, like that charming Rosamond, who by the way is very near cheating Miss Edgeworth into romance, we would try to keep up this high tone a little longer; but she is too wise and sensible, knows too well what is good for us, and so smiles at our childishness, and eludes us. But, is it childishness?—here is the doubt. A heroine or two, cast a little more in the Shakesperian mould, might have her uses, though she did not carry a pair of gold scales in her pocket, scrupulously to weigh the moral and mental qualities of her admirer from day to day, and striking an impartial balance, next consider how far it would be for the interests of her happiness to accept of him, making indulgent allowance as *tare and tret*, and even discounting a trifle for drawback. This rigid proscription of all vehement passion and overwhelming feeling, of reckless generosity in man, and of the all-sacrificing tenderness of woman, of heedless uncalculating enter-

prise, doing and daring, is unwise on Miss Edgeworth's own theory; and is besides, liable to an objection she would at once admit, of overshooting the mark aimed at. Who, for instance, ever felt one particle of care, fear, anxiety, or interest, about her most elaborately perfect heroine, her self-sufficing, prudent Belinda, compared with the expansive sympathy commanded by that most amiable of the erring—most enchanting of the perverse—most fascinating of the capricious,—she who wins hearts in spite of Miss Edgeworth, and of reason—erring, faulty, frank, generous, open-hearted Lady Delacour. Miss Edgeworth ought either to make her pattern ladies somewhat more attractive, a little more feminine —weak we shall not call it—or pardon her readers for lavishing their affections on her more captivating and piquante naughty ones. If zeal for her creed enables her to deal out justice and equity with stern impartiality, so cannot the sensibility of her readers.

It may be from this adherence to the principles of a system, that Miss Edgeworth excludes from all her writings,—along with the strife and tumult of the stronger passions, and the struggles of the high-souled, self-sacrificing virtue, which looks not to earth for its recompense, every sign of sensibility to the beauty of the natural world—that pervading sympathy and ideality, of which even the homeliest narratives are full; which abounds in John Bunyan, and overflows in Robinson Crusoe. Of this, her voluminous works are literally destitute. A clear stage, with a few tables and chairs, and the shew of a book-case, are all that seem necessary to furnish her scene. There is no rich romantic background,—neither foliage nor flowers, birds nor stars,—neither sea nor sky, nor the dear green earth, with all that it inherits of the grand and the beautiful. Such adventitious matters, she appears to consider impertinences in her pages, however brilliantly they may sparkle with all manner of the artificial objects which engross polite society. This is a melancholy blank, and a defect also, in one who refers so constantly to the true and lasting sources of human enjoyment, as contrasted with the factitious and fleeting. One more observation, and all that we have further to say, is unalloyed praise. It may have been the Edinburgh Review, with which Miss Edgeworth has been for so many years a prodigious, and almost the exclusive female favourite, which has conferred on her a reputation, to which she is not now at any rate entitled, of being the best, if not the only national painter of Irish characters and manners. Neither her feelings, mind, nor imagination, however, are Irish. She is a shrewd Englishwoman, of enlarged understanding and rare talent, who cleverly, but sometimes not very correctly, sketches Irish character and manners, as any other well-informed person long resident in Ireland might do; with many cool, minute touches, which would infallibly have escaped one, whose heart and imagination had warmed and expanded among the Irish people, and who, from childhood to womanhood, had grown up, nursed in their traditions, usages, habitudes, and feelings. In writing of the Irish, she has neither dived to the depths of the author of the "O'Hara Tales," nor soared to the altitudes of Lady Morgan. She has shewn nothing of the troubled tumultuous passion, and dark vehemence of the former, nor of the vividness and *abandon* of the latter. There is little about her that proves the true raciness of the sod. Though her heart, and good wishes, and excellent understanding, may have been in Ireland, her imagination and fancy are, so far as is seen in her works, clearly absentees:—they are essentially English. An Irish popular writer, who disclaims regard or knowledge of Brian Boru, the Milesians,

Carolan, the Irish jig, and all manner of *schanoas*, can no more be called national, than a Scottish author who should know and reck nothing of Bruce and Wallace, the Covenanters, and the old ballads. Now this is not meant to detract one whit from Miss Edgeworth. It is only setting our readers right on what she never arrogated, though it has been so lavishly, and, as we think, erroneously ascribed to her.

Laying aside Miss Edgeworth's objects, we come next to her actual achievements, and her individual merits as one of the most copious and popular of English female writers. She belongs to no school, though a slight affectation of the *Genlis* was perceptible in her earlier writings. She has had no imitators, save a few individuals in Ireland who have never emerged from local obscurity. Good sense is her characteristic, and entire and dextrous command of all her talents; great liveliness, with the power of bridling in her fancy, and, within a certain and limited range, fertile and copious invention, which, in details and fillings up, enables her to finish her sketches with a thousand little incidental strokes, every one of which tells. Along with certain other arts of the novelist, she generally disclaims an involuted fable, but has discovered less judgment or forbearance in sundry little complications and unravellings forced into the service in developing the characters of her personages, which are often impossible, and which though probable, would nevertheless be puerile. Her narratives present few striking incidents or situations of any kind, and almost no extravagances. Those vagaries that do occur, like the follies of all very wise people, are absurd enough.

In female character Miss Edgeworth is among novelists what Pope is among the poets. Her gallery of female portraits, of the ordinary women who walk about the work-day world in silks and satins, whether in their fresh lustre or faded, is by far the richest we possess. Their petty selfishnesses, ambitions, rivalships, pretensions, vanities, strategies, and the follies of all kinds by which, without daring on deeper enormities, they fritter away their own happiness and injure society, are seized with the finest *tact*, and delineated with matured study. Miss Edgeworth takes a fault of character as Miss Baillie does a passion, and expands and illustrates it with a sagacity and subtilty of observation, and a penetration into the springs of petty action, in which she is altogether unrivalled. Take a few instances,—as the vice of bad temper, displayed in Mrs. Somers in the Tale of "Emilie de Coulanges," or vulgar ambition, and the love of a despicable sort of notoriety and acceptance in fashionable society, which is so often the besetting sin of women, as pictured to the life in Lady Clonbrony with her Hibernian super-refinements—the Manœvurer, the frozen Tory court lady, the fair Whig aristocrat, the scheming mother Mrs. Commissioner Falconer—the endless variety of those "Machiavels, the waiting maids," and a hundred other female characters, each individualized by her little peculiar fault, or her small vice, which breaks no commandment, and yet proves the bane and plague of domestic and social life, and the underminer of all personal worth and dignity of mind. She is also eminently skilful in apposition. How finely is that divinest quality of the female character, sweetness of temper, contrasted in the ingenuous and affectionate Emilie de Coulanges with the tormenting irascibility of Mrs. Somers; and the full-blown purse-proud ostentation of the vulgar Lady Stocks with the aristocratic *hauteur*, only kept by politeness from insolence, in Lady Bradstone. Lady Geraldine is a charming, and natural, and what is more, a really Irish character, the frank grace of which may

well set off the blemish of a bad style of practical joking. Lady Dashfort, too, who is so clever and amusing that we own a sneaking regard for her, and would be glad to put in a demurrer against judgment. Habit and circumstance are all-powerful, but there surely is a strong self-correcting power in an understanding like that of Lady Dashfort. With her it might be too late for happiness, but not for virtue. Miss Edgeworth's conclusion is no doubt true to general nature and to her own wise mind; and in mending her book to our taste, we would spoil her moral. But we must resist the temptation of roaming through Miss Edgeworth's gallery of female beauties.

We have scarce space to dwell separately on the various names in the rich catalogue of Miss Edgeworth's works. *Belinda*, her first novel, still remains one of her most brilliant literary efforts, though less fortunate in its subject than *Ennui*, the *Absentees*, and some of those later stories, which first opened up the *terra incognita* of Ireland to English readers. *Belinda* is an admirable picture of the London fashionable world, as it existed when Charles James Fox was a macaroni, as the dandy of his young days was called,—Sheridan, a wit, and *the* Duchess of Devonshire, sole empress of fashion, literature, and taste,—when the men drank more wine, and the ladies affected greater *dash* and *brusquerie* of manners than would take, after their fifteen years Frenchifying. The charm of Belinda is our beloved Lady Delacour, and with her repentance and amendment of life its interest flags, if it does not terminate. Yet she is only reformed—not tamed. She repents, not in sackcloth and ashes, but with a free conscience, fresh spirits, and that keener perception and relish of enjoyment which buoys up vol. III. This novel is otherwise full of ordinary fashionable characters, rich in brilliant, pointed dialogue and easy wit. Such specimens as Sir Philip Stukely, and his Fides Achates, the other Siamese twin, could scarcely be matched now in the clubs of the metropolis, at least in ignorance, though we cannot be so sure of what a crack regiment of Hussars might still produce. Sunday schools have been instituted since then, and have reacted on the aristocracy. Sir Philip's declaration of love is one of Miss Edgeworth's best scenes; nor is it a whit exaggerated. There is more pure romance in Belinda than in most of the works of this writer; but it is not of an attractive kind, nor in any way intimately blended with the characters. Clarence Harvey, with his universal genius, his extravagant theories, and wild achievements, is, however, a true man of that chaotic period, when the force of a tremendous shock had drifted old opinions from their moorings; when Rousseau had eloquently painted social beatitudes, which Mr. Day, the friend of Mr. Edgeworth, attempted to realize, and which Miss Edgeworth amplified and showed to be fallacious. Clarence Harvey and his adventures become, at last, a little tedious,—a fault with which his creator is more rarely chargeable than any other three volumer whatever, Sir Walter himself not excepted; for among her numerous merits, she deserves especial praise for the time and pains she has bestowed in winnowing the wheat from the chaff, which she, indeed, never gives us in the ordinary way, mixed with more or less of the superior commodity, but alone, and by bushels; which is the honester method, as people may be on their guard, and decline it.

The "Tales of Fashionable Life" is the work on which Miss Edgeworth's reputation for brilliant talent must permanently rest. They are also those which best establish her superiority in the more solid and

commanding qualities of mind and intellect. They do not require to be commemorated; they live pleasingly in the memory of every one who has once perused them, not with the literary recollections which agitate and excite, but among those which mingle with the daily thoughts, business, and affections of ordinary men and women, furnishing them with examples, allusions, precepts of conduct, and the most improving of all amusements. Who can have forgotten *Ennui*, which Sir Walter Scott has happily complimented as the antidote of the misery it paints,—or the *Absentees*, which, taken all in all, is probably the most delightful of Miss Edgeworth's stories, and the one above all others calculated to produce most good in the circle for which these Tales are intended; with all, at least, in that circle who have hearts to feel, and minds to be convinced and enlightened. Would the Irish gentry only listen to arguments so eloquently put, appeals so patriotic, O'Connell need no longer agitate for the repeal of the Union. Let us modify our opinion, and confess that, in the tale of the *Absentee*, the immediate results are wiser and better than those evolved by the writers of bolder and more poetical fictions, whom we consider more purely national and Irish, and whose warmth and vehemence, we are sorry to say, often impress far more than Miss Edgeworth's considerate wisdom and calm benevolence.

Before taking leave of this accomplished writer, we would return her thanks for the generous estimate she has always made, of the influences and moral value of literature. From her works of the size of Tom Thumb to her most elaborate treatises, she has never *shirked* her profession. Literature has formed the business, the enjoyment, and the glory of her own life, and in season and out of season she exalts it; and to its pure and untroubled springs constantly directs every degree and age of her readers. Literature is one of her main agents in accomplishing all her best ends. Knowledge and study are, together with the cultivation of the benevolent affections, her corrective for false ambition, her cure for *ennui*, her substitute for dissipating destructive pleasures, the means of independent and honourable success in life, and a sure guide to the happiness which is alone worthy of the highest human intelligence.

It is now time we were come to "Castle Rackrent"—the first volume of the series, which forms so handsome a monument to Miss Edgeworth's genuis. "Castle Rackrent," a lively, and we are sorry to say too faithful Irish portraiture, is yet hard, and over-coloured, and, though true, yet confoundedly to one side. Nor can we allow "Castle Rackrent" to establish Miss Edgeworth's title of a national writer. The delineator of Hamilton Bawn, and the beauties and comforts of Quilca, could have painted the successive baronets of Rackrent with the same truth and humour. It is indeed quite in Swift's style of mingled satire and burlesque; but who thinks the Dean of St. Patrick's a national Irish writer? Yet poor old Thady is an exquisite fellow in his way, and Irish exceedingly—we dare not deny it. Of the other part of this volume—"the Essay on Irish Bulls"—the most satisfactory thing we ever learned was, that, on publication, it was ordered for the Bath Agricultural Society by their secretary. That learned body may have milked the bull to some purpose. To most other persons the Essay appears heavy, trite, and pedantic. The foundations of Castle Rackrent will totter under its weight. This *brochure*, save a few chapters, perhaps the ninth and tenth, is, in all likelihood, the composition of Mr. Edgeworth. It bears few marks of the free, lively, and graceful pen of his daughter.

## THE BOTHERATION OF THE "PERSONNEL."

NOTHING is more common than to hear complaints as to the cruelty and negligence of former ages, in suffering men of genius to languish in poverty during their lives, and only appreciating them after they are alike beyond flattery and censure. Each age seems to have some dreadful cases of neglect wherewith to charge its predecessor; while, as if to show how very different *it* is, it takes the greatest pains to heap posthumous honours upon the individuals neglected, in the way of erecting monuments to their memories, patronising their children at anniversary feasts, and ranting a great deal of their poetry. Now, the fact is, that each present age, all the time it is seeking to atone for the faults of that which is past, is committing exactly the same errors, in respect of existing men of genius; and is destined to be equally railed against accordingly by that which is to succeed it. What is the cause of this? I think I can show. It is The Botheration of the "PERSONNEL!"

The bodies of men are, in general, of considerable use. A ploughman, for instance, without a body, would make but a poor appearance between the shafts of his plough. A disembodied spirit would have little effect, I should suppose, at the bar. And in the case of an army in the field, I could conceive nothing more awkward than for the men to come in an impersonal form. Granted, the bodies of men are, in general, of very considerable use—in some cases, quite indispensable; to literary men, however, the body is only a botheration. It will be acknowledged that, if a man has a body, it must be, at all hazards, clothed, fed, and provided with a natural share of all physical enjoyments. The bodies of literary men are as fond of a house to live in, a bed to lie in, and food to eat, and liquor to drink, as any bodies whatever: nay, it is said, that of some of the particulars of human enjoyment, they are more fond than any other class of men. Well, it must be seen that these necessities, on the part of the literary man, must lead him into a great many circumstances and relations of a grossly real, and not at all romantic kind. The appeal of Shylock in favour of his tribe—

> "Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands; organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?"

—brought forward by the man of genius,* instead of obtaining the sym-

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* This phrase is by no means a satisfactory description of the creature of inspiration and feeling, which is generally meant by it. However, there is no other phrase that could be adopted in preference. Indeed, it is somewhat remarkable that the English language is totally deficient in a proper epithet to express a high order of intellectual power. *Genius* signifies only a bent towards some particular pursuit. The terms *an able man*, and *a man of ability*, are vague, and may signify only physical power. *Wit* was the old word for every kind of mental efficacy; but it is now applied exclusively to one. *Ingene* (ingenium) was another word in use among our ancestors, but devoted expressly to poetical power; though obsolete, it is perhaps

pathies of his kind, has no effect but that of degrading him in their estimation. It makes him out a clod, instead of a god, as they were partly disposed to think him. He is detected in being only one of themselves. Hence they never can fully or thoroughly appreciate him, till death shall have sphered his spirit in the skies, and left nothing of him behind to meet their sight, but the empty trophy of his title-pages, and the green sod upon his grave.

An individual of that class of private persons who run crazed after literary men and other notorious creatures, was once invited, along with a number of kindred spirits, and also of native literati, to breakfast at a gentleman's house, where a lion of the first water, from England, was that morning to be exhibited. The individual I speak of was a lady; one who doted upon "hot-pressed darlings," collected autographs, and thought Byron the most *interesting* person of the age. She looked forward to this breakfast with expectations of the most sanguine kind, for the illustrious stranger was really a being of high intellectual superiority, and one who might be expected to speak nothing but oracular wisdom. She went;—the breakfast began; the feast of reason was for a while postponed to the feast of the body. Tea and coffee flowed; but of soul, "not a pouring." A preternatural quiet reigned. Men ate and drank beneath their breath. Of words there were scarcely any, and those entirely in aspirations; for no one could venture to hazard a remark, even upon that least disputable of all subjects, the weather, in the presence of such a great man. Time flew on, and still nothing had been said by either the worshipped or the worshippers. The whole object of the meeting seemed as if it were to be nought. At length, the open and greedy ears of our friend were regaled with one distinct sentence from the mouth of the illustrissimo. It was,—ye gods!—"I'll thank ye for some ham." Heaven and earth! *I'll thank ye for some ham!* Did ever divine lips condescend to pronounce such gross and earthy words, *I'll thank ye for some ham!*—let the words, the breakfast, the day, the year, be blotted for ever out of the book of past things.

This anecdote tends to shew, in a striking way, the disadvantage under which intellectual greatness labours in its connexion with a bodily frame. It shews that a great author would attain much more consideration in the world, if, like the bird of spring, according to the beautiful idea of Wordsworth, he were "but a wandering voice." The light seen far above the billows by night *might be a star*, till we arrive at the spot, and find it only a *lamp*, sustained by whale oil, at the top of a tall building. So, judging of those who have delighted the world by their writings, we might suppose them sparks shed from the bright mind of Divinity itself; till some day we learn that they are not only beings of

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the best word we know of to supply the deficiency. "A *clever man*" is a vulgarism, or, at the best, can only express alacrity of mind. *Talent* is a word perverted from its proper sense, in consequence of being used figuratively in the well known parable; it will scarcely be found in the sense of intellectual power in any work of more than thirty years standing. As for *talented*, it is an abominable piece of vulgarity, which, being found in any manuscript communication to Tait's Magazine, ought to mark at once the propriety of its exclusion. The phrase of the last century was a *a man of parts*; but how such a series of words could be seriously used to express mental superiority, I cannot conceive.

mere flesh and blood, but, perhaps, characterized by even an unusual share of the failings incident to humanity.

Of all the disadvantages alluded to, those afforded by personal aspect are, perhaps, the most deeply felt by men of letters. Genius enshrines itself sometimes in strange tabernacles; and there is not wanting a theory, that, in proportion to the approach to perfection in the mental, is the departure from beauty in the external configuration. One minute part of this theory may almost be considered as proved, and, if so, it would certainly give feasibility to the whole. It is, that the depth of the upper lip, which, in beauty, ought to be very little, is found, by a tolerably extensive observation, to be in genius very great. I am not disposed, however, to assign to the generality of men of genius more than a fair proportion of ugliness. They have their share, and that is enough for the present purpose. To be in the least degree inferior in looks to what they are in mental accomplishment; to be at all liable to a scrutiny in respect of exterior, is enough to embitter the feelings of many literary men. The whole person is an awkward *sinus* or *outshot* from the central point of the intellect; and, however useful, as before remarked, to many men, is to them only a trouble and a coil. Suppose his failing lies in diminutiveness of stature, what incessant mortification is he doomed to feel in having himself measured day by day against every gawky to whom nature has been more kind. Suppose an extreme case. Imagine a mere *ort* of humanity, a creature more like a toad than a man; suppose this individual has been gifted with a mind of the purest brightness, with feelings of the most exquisite sensibility. No such wretch, though his life were as pure as new-driven snow, could set up his face as a lionizable author. Could *he*, fit only to be shuddered at by woman, write passionate sonnets, expressing the emotions of his literally crushed bosom respecting disappointments in love? No: the mind in such a case, however brilliant, however magnanimous, would be utterly destroyed by the *personnel*. We can all trace the effect which even a slight lameness had upon one of the greatest of modern intellects—Byron. In his name, in his parentage, in his position in society, in all the varied relations of life, the literary man is subject to grievous annoyances, arising from the disproportion which always, more or less, exists between his mental and personal status. His name may be so wretchedly commonplace, that Fame can never mouth it. A Byronic intellect attached to any one of many hundreds of our British sirnames, is inconceivable. I verily believe that if a second Shakespeare were born with the name of Mr. Lamb's hero, (Hogsflesh) he would make not the least way in the world. Nor is this a new idea. An ancient writer, whose name I have forgot, asserts that no man could be a great poet who had not been born at a place which was calculated to make a respectable sound in verse. On the same principle, I would contend that, to attain a decent share of distinction, either in this life or after it, a man must possess a name not altogether wanting in euphony. As at least a negative proof of this position, it may be pointed out that there is not one great name in the circle of British glories, literary or military, which has a mean sound. How many men, then, must have been born, with every power to delight and benefit their kind, but whom the unhappy circumstances of a paltry cognomen, or an ungainly form, have prevented from being great!

Then, again, as to the position of a man of genius in the world. We all

know that wonders in this way have sprung from the classes of ploughmen, and shepherds, and shopkeepers; and have enjoyed, to appearance, some share of general patronage. These men, however, are, after all, looked upon without real respect by the more wealthy people around them. In this country, where almost every pretension is reckoned up under the magical letters L.L.D., a miracle of genius, who does not assume a bearing of equality with the better orders of society, is looked upon as a *quiz*. He may be endured for a night at some lionizing party, but next day, and in all further time, he is cut dead. The individuals guilty of these unworthy feelings will be ready, I have no doubt, to weep with those who weep over the sorrows of this child of genius, when he shall have been purged by death from all the dross of worldly circumstance, and can put them to no more risk of having to recognise him as a rather humble acquaintance. But till then who, except the small class already alluded to as running crazed after live lions, will be troubled with him? I can hardly blame society for this, because, after all, the ultimate posthumous character of the individual is a consideration too vague to be of any avail against the immediate and common principles by which the mass of men are actuated. It would be more than could be expected from flesh and blood, to take up a plain-looking man into one's phaeton in Prince's Street, and endure the curious remarks of one's fellows thereanent, for the reason that this individual is likely to be spoken of with admiration, by persons who are to ride along Prince's Street in the twentieth century. To hold a burning coal in the hand, by thinking on the frosty Caucasus, were not a more severe trial to the nerves. But, though I exempt society from blame, I do not the less deplore the anomalous situation which literary men hold in relation to it—in respect of their reputation, so much exalted above ordinary men—in worldly circumstances, generally so much below them. It appears to me, that this contrariety of relations is a perplexity too much for even great intellects to bear with philosophy. The most able and the most modest men, wanting in the external recommendations of life, and yet possessing about them that which gives them importance in distant lands, and will carry their names down into futurity, may hardly comport themselves with discretion, under such strange circumstances; but run, I may say, a perpetual risk of shipwreck upon some point or other; or must at least get into such a state of irritability, from offended *amour propre*, and a constant brooding over the discrepancies of their personal and mental status, as to produce the most fatal effects.

To bring this strange discrepancy, as clearly as possible, before the mind of the reader, I shall adduce a living illustration in the person of James Hogg, the well-known Ettrick Shepherd. I hold it to be indisputable, that Mr. Hogg is endowed, by nature, with poetical gifts of a very high order. He has, beyond all doubt, written verses which will never be forgotten while any other English poetical compositions, as yet before the public, shall remain. I say nothing for his somewhat coarse prose, nor for certain whole bushels of his verse. But I assert, that, at least, one poetical volume is among the most beautiful, and likely to be one of the most permanent, of the versified works of the present age. It is granted, then, that this is a man destined to be remembered, while the mass of the contemporary generation is gone by, as if it had never been. But, after assigning to him this intellectual rank, I would ask how it suits with his station in society? Are there not thousands—

thousands fully capable of admiring his works, both while he is living, and after he shall be dead, and who would think it scorn to be suspected of not sympathizing with the fate of Burns, of Kirke White, and of Chatterton,—who, to recall the Shepherd's own touching language, look strange upon his untutored manners and simple attire? Do not thousands, who only fill a respectable place in society, which ninety-nine out of every hundred men could fill as well, and who must, by and by, go from their place of temporary importancé and authority, and be no more heard of, *think coldly* of this poor poet, whose use in this world has already been ten thousand times more extensively beneficial than their own, and who, after his death, will scarcely ever cease to be a creature, or, at least a *name*, of some interest? The cause of this is the *personnel*, and the *personnel* alone.

Altogether, considering the immense abstract importance of the literary class in the state, and the blessings which they are every day employed in diffusing amongst their kind, it seems wonderful, in the highest degree, that their situation in society should still be, in general, attended with so many disadvantages, and that their honours in life should be so disproportionate to their consequence in the grave. This is more especially remarkable in the case of the Newspaper Press. The influence of a few of the London editors over public affairs is so great, that they must now enter into every question of Government. Yet, even "the private gentleman" of Printing-house Square has only a salary of a thousand a-year, while the rest have, in hardly any case, more than five hundred. This humility of fortune, with their want of *name* as individuals, renders their condition in the world the most anomalous that anywhere exists. It is still a generally accepted maxim, that no man ought to trust altogether to his pen for bread; which fixes the fact, that that which may produce no less glittering a prize than immortality, is insufficient to ensure a crust at the instant. The very greatest of our modern *litterateurs* have found it necessary to depend, for the daily necessaries of life, upon some trade, though it be one which everybody can practise; and limit their exertions in behalf of the race, and for posterity, to leisure hours spared by labour! The greater part of the golden mind must be devoted to the most commonplace purposes, in order that its owner may obtain the gross objects of appetite which he perhaps despises; while only a fraction can be spared to a business, every moment spent in which will, perhaps, be so much appreciated hereafter, that posterity will curse the necessity which could spare no more; at the same time, taking no note of the like circumstances happening under its own eyes every day.

## TO A CERTAIN EX-MINISTER.†

Lo! at the bar—for black offences tried—
Base Empson stands, with Dudley by his side;
Once injured England's lords, poor prisoners, now,
Dismissed by Henry, as by William—Thou.
Pale trembling culprits!—when each plea is o'er,
And fine-spun sophistries avail no more,
"One boon," they cry, "one little boon we claim:
Tell not our fate—O, publish not our shame
Forth unto England! England may foredoom
Her ancient laws are laid in Empson's tomb——
To foreign lands—the nations will surmise
Our institutions die—when Dudley dies."

They spoke in vain. They perished on the tree;
And their prophetic mantle falls on Thee.
Scorned for their crimes—the land's relentless foes—
'Twas theirs to state ill-omened pleas like those.
And Thou, when Freedom's star begins to shine,
Bark'st at its rays, and mak'st such pleadings thine.

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## THE BANK CHARTER.

"We reform the constitution of England, and we do right; but let us also reform the constitution of the Bank of England, for most assuredly as long as it shall continue in its present state, it is the greatest nuisance that ever disgraced this or any other country.—*Times*, Sept. 19, 1831.

"It seems pretty generally to obtain belief in the city, that the question of the Bank Charter will come under the consideration of Parliament in the course of the present session; and we believe also, that an eager desire exists among all classes of the monied interest that this may be the case, and a remedy, as they trust, applied to the evils connected with the whole London system of banking. All these are more or less to be traced to the exclusive privileges of the Bank Charter. By preventing the formation of private banks in or near the metropolis with a greater number of partners than six, some of those establishments got into weak hands, and the failures which ensued during the panic drove the best portion of the business to the Bank of England. Hence the extent of the private accommodation which the bankers, through their knowledge of the parties, were able with safety to themselves to diffuse among their connexions, has almost wholly stopped, for in the large scale of the Bank transactions all such discrimination is out of the question. Almost all the banking business is now in the hands either of the great corporation and two or three discount houses on a large scale, who chiefly employ money placed at their disposal by country connexions. It is a remarkable fact, that Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, and some others of the chief towns of England, enjoy a far better and more steady system of banking than the metropolis is able to boast of. The banking companies lately formed there are all said to be conducting useful and profitable business, without any issues of their notes, confining themselves to the circulation of commercial bills and notes of the Bank of England. During some late periods when specie was extremely scarce in London, nothing of the sort occurred in the places above referred to, but the rate of interest was equable and moderate, and in all respects in the state most favourable to steady commercial operations. London, from its position and other advantages, is fitted to be the great banking emporium to the whole of Europe. To cramp and destroy these advantages by a monopoly in favour of one corporation, is an evil to the whole country, of the magnitude of which we shall hardly be quite sensible until it is removed."—*Times*, 10th February, 1832.

The question of the renewal of the Charter of the Bank of England involves the whole case of paper money, as it affects all the interests of the community; because the management of the currency of London regulates the banking business, as to issuing bank notes, throughout the whole kingdom, and thus comes home to every individual who deals with a banker.

In this way it is that the landed interest is particularly concerned in the decision which the legislature may come to upon the question of the renewal of the Charter; because, if a sound system of banking shall be established throughout the country, English farmers will then

† Empson and Dudley, the profligate ministers of Henry VII., when brought to their trial, had the merit of inventing the plea of the Constitution being in danger, *to save themselves from the gibbet.*

derive the same benefits from the accommodation of banks that Scotch farmers derive from it, and they will thus be better able to employ their capital to advantage and pay rent to landlords. All persons also in trade or engaged in manufactures, will obtain similar benefits from a sound system of banking: so that the whole public is most deeply interested in full advantage being taken by the legislature of the expiration of the Charter of the Bank of England, to substitute a more secure and more useful plan of banking in the place of the present one.

The Bank of England was established in 1694, in consequence of having made an advance to Government of £1,200,000, which sum constituted its capital. The term of the Charter granted to the Company was from the 1st of August, 1694, to the 1st August, 1705, when it was terminable on the re-payment of the sum of £1,200,000. No such re-payment has been effected, renewals of the Charter having, at various periods, been made; and at present it is in force until the expiration of twelve months notice to be given after the 1st of August, 1833, and until payment by the public to the Bank of the debt due to it.(1) This debt amounts to £14,686,800.

Some writers seem to be of opinion that the only use of the issuing of paper money by banks is the substitution of a paper currency for a metallic one. "The use of paper, instead of gold, substitutes the cheapest in place of the most expensive medium, and enables the country, without loss to any individual, to exchange all the gold which it before used for this purpose, for raw materials, utensils, and food; by the use of which both its wealth and its enjoyments are increased."(2) Mr. Ricardo, after giving this description of the use of paper money, proceeds to say, "The whole business which the whole community can carry on, depends on the quantity of its capital, that is of its raw material, machinery, food, vessels, &c. employed in production. After a well-regulated paper money is established, these can neither be increased nor diminished by the operation of banking." He further says, "Adam Smith speaks of the advantages derived by merchants from the superiority of the Scotch mode of affording accommodation to trade over the English mode, by means of cash accounts. These cash accounts are credits given by the Scotch banker to his customers in addition to the bills which he discounts for them; but as the banker, in proportion as he advances money and sends it into circulation in one way, is debarred from issuing so much in the other, it is difficult to perceive in what the advantage consists."(3) These remarks show that Mr. Ricardo was somewhat disposed to deny that trade and industry could derive any advantage from the accommodation which banks are in the habit of affording in discounts, and loans, or cash credits; and this opinion has been adopted by other writers on the subject of banking. On the other hand, there are authors of the highest authority, who maintain an opposite opinion and which is that which, to common observation, appears to be correct; namely, that banks do greatly assist trade and industry by the various modes of accommodation and assistance which they adopt in carrying on their business.

Mr. M'Culloch, in describing the Scotch system of cash-credits, says, "It is an exceedingly convenient mode of accommodating the public.—

(1) 40 Geo. iii. c. 201.
(2) Ricardo's Principles of Political Economy, p. 432.
(3) Ricardo's Principles, &c. p. 438.

This plan of making advances and giving of interest on deposits constitutes the peculiar excellence of the Scotch system, and has certainly been productive of great public advantage." The same author further says, "A banker who issues notes, coins, as it were, his credit. He derives the same revenue from the loan of his written promise to pay a certain sum, that he would derive from the loan of the sum itself, or of an equivalent amount of produce; and while he thus increases his own income, he, at the same time, contributes to increase the wealth of the public."(4)

Adam Smith, in the second chapter of his "Second Book of the Wealth of Nations," explains, at great length, the whole subject of banking. He says, "It is not by augmenting the capital of the country, but by rendering a greater part of that capital active and productive, than would otherwise be so, that the most judicious operations of banking can increase the industry of the country. That part of his capital, which a dealer is obliged to keep by him unemployed, and in ready money for answering occasional demands, is so much dead stock, which, so long as it remains in this situation, produces nothing either to him or to his country. The judicious operations of banking enable him to convert this dead stock into active and productive stock; into materials to work upon, into tools to work with, and into provisions and subsistence to work for: into stock, which produces something both to himself and to his country."(5)

The effect of the operations of banking in rendering capital more active and more productive, as here explained by Adam Smith, is not a matter which admits of much doubt, because it is seen and felt in all directions, in all the concerns of trade; and, therefore, it may with safety be said, that paper-money is useful, not only as a substitute for metallic money, but also as a means of increasing trade and industry through the operations of banking.

The great object now to be inquired into, and decided upon by the legislature, is, how these two uses of paper money can be extensively conferred on the public with security. If the history of banking in England, America, France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, is referred to, it will shew that immense losses have, up almost to the present moment, accompanied the paper money system; and were it not for the example of the successful plan of banking in Scotland, it would be nearly impossible to avoid coming to a conclusion, that there was something in the nature of paper money, which rendered it impossible that it could ever be employed with safety in any country.

The Scotch system of banking contributes more than that of any other nation, to render capital active and productive; and possesses, at the same time, the prodigious advantage of almost perfect security against loss from bank failures. The whole capital of the country is made active and productive by the practice the banks act upon, of paying interest on money deposited with them, even on very small sums, and of advancing money on what are called cash-credits, to all persons of good character, occupied in industrious employments, who can find securities. In this way, the banks act as agents, or brokers, between all who want to lend, and all who want to borrow; and, by their interposition, benefit both parties. It appears from the evidence given before the Select Committee

(4) Principles of Political Economy, p. 135.

(5) Wealth of Nations. Mr. M'Culloch's edition, vol. ii. p. 77.

of the House of Commons in 1826, on Scotch Banking, that the amount of deposits in the banks may be taken at twenty millions ;(6) and it is stated by Mr. J. G. Craig, that " It is rarely known that the banks have lost on cash-credits."(7)

The great benefit that Scotland has derived from this system of banking, is acknowledged by several authors of great authority. Adam Smith says that the trade and industry of Scotland, in his time, had increased very considerably, and that it could not be doubted that the banks had contributed a good deal to that increase. Sir James Stewart observes, in his " Principles of Political Economy," that it is " To the banks of Scotland the improvement of the country is entirely owing ;" and " That all commercial countries, by imitating them, will reap advantages of which they are at present deprived."(8) The late Sir William Pulteney, than whom there was no one more capable of forming an accurate opinion on such a subject, said, in his speech in 1797, on the Bank Restriction-Bill, that the remarkable progress which Scotland had made in her commerce, manufactures, and fisheries, was to be attributed to her banking system. Mr. Kirkman Finlay said, in his evidence before the Committee on Scotch Banking, he thought the facilities afforded by the banks of Scotland were the principal ingredient of the prosperity of the country. All the witnesses examined by the Committee described the effects of the practice of paying interest on deposits, as particularly beneficial, by establishing habits of prudence and parsimony, and by leading to the rapid accumulation of capital. They represented it as giving to every one the advantage of a saving bank ; and, with respect to the cash-credits plan, they shewed that it led to promote industry and improve husbandry, and to introduce good moral habits among the lower classes of tradesmen and farmers.

When, in addition to what has now been said in favour of Scotch banking, it remains to be stated, that no gold has been in circulation in Scotland for the last fifty-five years ; that there have not been any panics or runs on the banks ; and that the whole loss suffered by the public from bank failures, from the first introduction of paper-money, is no more than £36,344,—it will appear that this system of banking deserves to be well examined in all its parts, in order that full advantage may be taken of so much experience, by those whose duty it is to direct the course of the legislature in the measures to be taken, in consequence of the expiration of the Charter of the Bank of England.

The immense losses which the people of England have suffered by the failures of banks, make it a matter of great importance to shew in what the difference consists between the Scotch and English systems of banking ; but this may easily be done, because this difference consists in the laws for regulating this trade. The only law on the subject in Scotland is one for making bank notes payable on demand, and for preventing bank notes from being issued for a smaller sum than twenty shillings. So that the trade may be said to be nearly free ; and it will be found to be quite correct, from what will be stated in the sequel, to consider this freedom of the trade as the characteristic of the Scotch system and the cause of its prosperity.

By the law of England, the principle of free trade has been wholly departed from, by prohibiting any banking company, except the Bank of

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(6) P. 124. (7) P. 263. (8) Vol. i. p. 358.

England, from issuing bank notes, which consists of more than six partners, and by incorporating the Bank of England into a Company with a capital of nearly fifteen millions.

In Scotland the banking trade has grown up and become established under the control of active competition and rivalship; while in England, the restriction on the number of partners in banking companies has given unlimited power to the Bank of England over the currency. Nothing can be more dissimilar in point of fact than Scotch banking and English banking; and it will be found that the more carefully the workings of the two systems are examined, the more evident it will appear that the cause of the success of the Scotch system is, that it was founded on the principle of free competition and rivalship, and that the cause of the failure of the English system is, that it was founded on the principle of monopoly.

The following accurate observations have been made on this point in a recent number of the Quarterly Review. (9) "An impression prevails very generally on this side the Tweed, that the superior stability of the Scottish banking system rests upon the proverbial sagacity and wariness of the inhabitants of Scotland, and not upon any peculiarity inherent in the system itself. From this it is inferred that a circulating medium which has been found safe among our northern neighbours, would be attended with danger and insecurity if adopted here. This, however, appears to us to be a mistake. The security of Scottish banking arises from the general principles on which the system is organized, and not from any thing which is peculiar either to the character or habits of those by whom its operations are conducted. If adopted elsewhere, these principles would, we feel persuaded, be attended with similar results." With respect to the English banking system the article proceeds as follows:—"No reasonable man can doubt that the imperfection of the system of banking as practised in this kingdom, has been occasioned by the impolitic monopoly conferred on the Bank of England. Under the original provisions of the Charter granted to the Company, no bank could be formed in this country which consisted of more than six partners. This restriction is perfectly indefensible in point of principle; and in practice, it has proved, in a high degree, detrimental to the interests of the public, while it has not probably been productive of any real advantage to the proprietors of Bank Stock."

"The inferior banking system of England," says Sir Henry Parnell, "has been altogether created by the very impolitic regulations of the English law. In the first place, by increasing the capital of the Bank from L.1,200,000, its original amount, to L.14,686,800, its present amount, and thus investing the Bank Directors with the power of greatly increasing or suddenly contracting the currency as they think proper; and in the second place, by imposing a restriction, by which no more than six partners can form a banking company for the issuing of bank notes. In regard to the effect of the law which has prevented more than six partners from joining in a company for issuing bank notes, it is obvious that it has taken away, as to the Bank of England, the great check over abuses in issuing paper money, namely, the competition of rival banks; and that it has led to the establishing of weak banks in the country. If no such law had existed, according as the trade of the

(9) No. 84. p. 478.

country increased, large Joint Stock Companies would have been formed for opening banks both in London and the country, by collecting a number of shareholders. These banks would have issued paper of substantial value; they would have controlled each other, and they would have found it their interest to prevent the establishing of weak banks. But in consequence of strong banks of this description having been prohibited, the demand for paper money which rose up with the increase of trade, necessarily set on foot the establishing of that inferior description of banks which have so much abused the power of issuing paper money. This regulation, therefore, of the law, for limiting the number of partners in a bank, should be considered as the true cause of that ruinous system of banking which has occasioned such great embarrassments to trade, and such an immense loss of property." (10)

An accurate acquaintance with the principal circumstances belonging to a system of banking, such as that of Scotland, which from its complete success and security forms so striking an exception to all other places, is so essential in order to form a correct opinion upon the best scheme for enabling a country to derive with safety the full advantage of a paper currency, that a short description of these circumstances cannot fail at the present moment to be interesting and useful.

The first bank in Scotland was called "the National Bank of Scotland," and was established in 1695, with an exclusive privilege of banking for twenty-one years. This privilege was not renewed, and in 1727 the Royal Bank was established; and since that time other banks have been opened, making, at present, the total number of banks 32, having belonging to them 133 branch banks. (11)

By an act passed in 1765, all notes of the nature of a bank note, and circulating like specie, are to be paid on demand; and the issue of any promissory note for a sum less than twenty shillings is prohibited. This is the only law relating to the trade of banking in Scotland; so that, with the exception of the restrictions imposed by it, the trade is free.

It has already been stated that the whole loss which the public has sustained by failures of banks in Scotland, since they were first established, amounts to no more than L.36,344. The cause of this loss being so small in a country where paper money has driven all gold coin out of circulation, and that during a period exceeding fifty years, would seem to be a matter of difficulty to explain. But it is only necessary to examine carefully the evidence given before the Committee of the House of Commons on Scotch banking in 1826, to discover that this cause consists in the competition and rivalship with which the banks have conducted their business; and which have been the results of the almost perfect freedom from legislative interference, with which the trade of banking has most wisely been suffered to be carried on in Scotland.

As it was obviously the interest of the first, and every new bank, when established, to prevent loss of business by any addition being made to the number of banks, this principle of self-interest led, on every attempt to establish a new bank, to every kind of resistance and hostility on the part of the old banks. They always combined together to

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(10) Observations on Paper Money and Banking, p. 32—36.

(11) See the Reports of the Committees of both Houses of Parliament, in 1826, on Scotch Banking. These should be attentively read, as containing a great deal of valuable information, bearing on the question of English Banking, particularly the evidence given before them.

stop or put down the new bank. This they did, by refusing to receive its paper, and sometimes by collecting together a large quantity of its paper, and, unexpectedly and simultaneously presenting it, and demanding payment for it; and, unless the new bank was possessed of sufficient capital, and was managed with great skill, it could not establish itself against such efforts to stop it; so that it was impossible a weak bank could come into existence; or that bank notes could be issued in Scotland, as in England, by every adventurer who chose to turn banker. In this way, only a short time ago, when the Commercial Bank was first opened, the most hostile steps were taken by the old banks against it; and it did not succeed in becoming a perfectly well established bank, until after having successfully resisted this hostility for upwards of two years; and thus proved the extent of its capital, and its fitness to be a bank. By this working of the private interest of the established banks, the public have been fully protected from the evil of banking carried on by persons wholly unworthy of confidence, either from their want of experience in the trade, or from an insufficiency of capital. It has been impossible that a weak bank could exist; and the consequence of none but strong banks having been established with sufficient capital, all conforming to the established regulations for carrying on the trade, has been the very little loss from failures, which has already been mentioned.

The great fundamental evil of banking, namely, over-issues of paper, can scarcely take place in Scotland, under the several customs and practices belonging to the Scotch system of banking. The paying of interest on deposits is a most efficient check upon over-issues; because it creates an interest throughout the whole public to send back daily to the banks all notes which are not wanted for immediate use. As also every individual who borrows money on a cash-credit, is interested in reducing his debt, by daily paying to his banker all the notes he can spare, in order to reduce the charge on it for interest, the practice of giving cash-credits is a most efficient check on over-issues. But the operation of the daily returning to the banks of all notes, for the sake of getting or reducing interest, leads to the constant accumulation in each bank of notes belonging to other banks; and this has introduced the practice of the banks making exchanges twice-a-week of each other's notes, and to the payment of the balances of exchanges, by bills at par on London at ten days' date.

Under this system of managing the business of banking in Scotland, it appears, by the evidence given before the committees, that all the notes of a bank come back to it very soon after they are issued, sometimes as soon as in one month(12); so that the inevitable consequence of a bank issuing more than it ought to do, is to have a large balance against it on the weekly exchanges, and consequently large sums to draw for on London. As, however, funds cannot be provided in London, on which to draw, without incurring considerable expense, the over-issuing of paper by a bank is necessarily attended with loss; and, therefore, no bank can adopt a course of regular over-issuing of its paper, as a scheme for making profit: on the contrary, every bank is interested in avoiding it; and thus the public is protected from this great evil, which is the cause of all those other evils of panics, runs, and failures, which have so often been experienced in England.

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(12.) Evidence of Mr. Roger Aytoun. Report—House of Commons, p. 194.

The great importance of fully understanding the causes of the prosperity of banking in Scotland, just at the present time, is a sufficient excuse for making the following extracts from the evidence given before the Committee of the House of Commons, in 1826. These most clearly explain, and fully support, what has now been stated respecting the principal circumstances connected with Scotch banking.

*Evidence of Mr. J. G. Craig, W.S.*—"What is the ordinary check which subsists against an over-issue?"——"All the banks of Scotland have agents at Edinburgh, who exchange their notes twice a-week, Monday and Friday. There is a sort of general calling in of the notes on these days, and the balances are paid by short-dated bills on London. I know that the state of these balances is looked at by the banks with the utmost jealousy and attention; and I cannot doubt, that, if anything in any degree wrong, were to appear in the course of these exchanges, the banks themselves would instantly correct it, and force a bank acting improperly to alter its mode of conduct."

"Do you mean, that if the other banks discoveredan at tempt at an over-issuing of notes on the part of one of the banks, they would endeavour to correct that?"——"They certainly would, for their own safety, as well as for the public good."

"Do you think that this is a sufficient check against the possibility of an over-issue by any particular bank?"——"I think no particular bank can over-issue."

"Do you think that, if all the banks were to combine, they could, by any means, force more notes permanently into circulation than the transactions of the country required?"——"I think it quite impossible; the notes which are not required for the use of the country would instantly be returned to the banks." (p. 269.)

*Mr. Alexander Blair* says:—"I conceive it impossible there could be an over-issue of our notes under the system of exchanges." * * * "If the notes issued by a bank are over and above the amount the country could absorb in circulation, they would necessarily be paid into one of the other banks, and they would bring them against the banker who issued them, and he would be obliged to pay them by a bill on London, which would be equivalent to his having paid gold to the person to whom he advanced the notes." (p. 481.)

*Evidence of Mr. Thomas Kinnear.*—"Is not the active check on an over-issue the established practice of drawing at par on London?"——"Virtually, the active check; or, I should say, the actual check. What prevents, in the notes issued by the bankers in Scotland, any excess over the circulation fairly demanded by the country, is, that twice-a-week a banker must pay the notes presented to him at the exchanges in the currency of London; and the cash credit system throws into the exchanges all the spare currency of the few last days preceding." (p. 130.)

But this system of exchanges not only prevents over-issues, but the possibility of a bank being opened and established which does not possess ample funds to guarantee the public from loss by its failure.

*Evidence of Mr. Roger Aytoun.*—"What security do you feel exists in Scotland against the establishing of a weaker description of banks, and thereby destroying the character of the present system, with regard to its solvency and security?"——"If weak banks were to be established, our exchanges are so powerful and so frequent, they could not stand it; in every six weeks, and sometimes in a month, we return the whole amount of our notes in circulation."

"Would there be a disposition on the part of the existing banks to combine against an attempt to introduce weaker banks?"——"If we found there was a weak bank, we would not receive its notes." p. 194.

All that is stated in these extracts, serves to establish this fact, namely, that it is the private interest of the bankers, working under, and with the force of competition and rivalship, which makes their trade profitable to themselves, and, at the same time, useful and safe to the public. This is a most important point to settle; because it is this successful working of the principle of private interest when left free to produce competition and rivalship in the trade of banking in Scotland, which indicates the course which ought now to be pursued in England, on the occasion of the expiration of the Charter of the Bank.

On quitting the subject of Scotch banking, and turning to English

banking, a very different state of things is found to exist. The failure of the latter has been almost as complete as the success of the former. Instead of a system of paper money, carried to its utmost extent, with the greatest benefit, and perfect security to the public, the use of paper money in England has been accompanied with great evil; mitigated, however, it must be admitted, in some degree, by the assistance it has given to industry.

It has already been mentioned, that the Bank of England was established in 1694. But the Act of the Legislature, which gave to English banking its peculiar character, and which may be considered as the foundation of all the misfortunes which have marked its progress, is the law passed in 1708, which declared, that during the continuance of the corporation of the Bank of England, "It should not be lawful for any body politic, erected, or to be erected, other than the said Governor and Company of the Bank of England, or for any other persons whatsoever united, or to be united, in covenants or partnerships, *exceeding the number of six persons*, in that part of Great Britain called England, to borrow, owe, or take up any sum, or sums of money, on their bills or notes, payable on demand, or in any less time than six months from the borrowing thereof." This enactment virtually established the monopoly of the Bank of England of issuing bank notes in London; for though a banking company of six partners might have issued them, such a project has never been attempted, and could not have been successful with a chartered body like the Bank of England for its rival and competitor.

The following statement will be sufficient to shew, in a general manner, that the monopoly system has not worked well.

In 1696, during the great recoinage, the Bank of England was involved in considerable difficulties, and was even compelled to suspend payment of its notes, which were at a heavy discount. In 1745, the alarm occasioned by the advance of the Highlanders under the Pretender, led to a run upon the Bank; and, in order to gain time, the Directors adopted the device of paying in shillings and sixpences.

The year 1797 is, however, the most important epoch in the history of the Bank. Demands for cash, in the month of February of that year, poured in upon the Bank from all quarters; and on the 26th of that month, an Order in Council was issued, prohibiting the Directors from paying their notes in cash.

Although it is quite accurate to say, that the Bank did not stop payment, but ceased to pay its notes in cash, in obedience to this Order in Council, the transaction, in its true character, was nothing else but a stopping of payment by the Bank, and of the same nature exactly as the stopping of payment by any other bank that broke in the regular way, and could no longer fulfil its engagements to the public.

Whatever difference of opinion may have prevailed, and may still exist, as to the proximate cause of this stoppage of payment, whether a panic in the country, or the great amount of advances made by the bank to government, the original and real cause of it, upon an extended inquiry into the whole question, will be found to consist in the legislative regulations, by which one great bank only was established in the metropolis, and by which weak banks were suffered to be established throughout the whole country. In the sequel it will be shewn, that the working of these two elements of the English system could not fail to produce such sudden and immense drains for coin by the weak country banks on the one great metropolis bank, as to render, from time to time, the

suspension of cash payments altogether unavoidable; so, as in fact, to establish this dernier expedient for getting out of an extreme difficulty, a part and parcel of the system of English banking.

The next and last memorable event, which strongly demonstrates the evil of the bank monopoly, is what happened at the latter end of 1825, and the beginning of 1826; namely, so sudden a drain on the Bank for gold, and to so large an extent, as to have placed the Bank on the very point of a second suspension and failure. Mr. Huskison said, on this occasion, in the House of Commons, that "We had been within a few hours of a state of barter." Nothing, in point of fact, saved the Bank from another stoppage of payment, but a supply of sovereigns, most liberally afforded by the Bank of France. In this instance, although it may be true that the proximate cause of the drain was distress of trade, and panic creating runs on private banks, the original cause in 1826, as in 1797, was the vicious legislation for regulating the banking trade.(13)

The principal evils of the existing system of English banking seem to be three:—1. The vesting of the uncontrolled government of the currency of the nation in the hands of twenty-four Bank Directors. 2. The misapplication of the capital of the Bank in advances to Government, and in other ways. 3. The Bank being at all times exposed to such a drain of gold on the part of the country banks, whenever a panic occurs, as to render it next to impossible to avoid stopping payment, and having recourse to Government to interpose with an Order of Council to suspend cash payments.

It is stated, in a work already quoted, namely, "Observations on Paper Money and Banking,"—"While trade was carried on upon a small scale, in comparison with what it is now; while the paper of the Bank of England did not exceed a few millions, as was the case prior to the year 1780, and while but few country banks existed, the Bank of England did not possess the power of inundating the country with its paper. But it is now an admitted fact, that the Bank Directors have the means in their hands, without being subject to any control whatever, of increasing or reducing the circulation, in such a degree as to produce the greatest embarrassments to trade."(14) "Though," says Mr. Ricardo, "I am fully assured that it is both against the interest and the

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(13) The convulsion of 1825-6 has been accounted for in the following manner: The panic of 1825-6 was entirely produced by the operations between the Bank and the Government. In 1823, the Bank bought the (dead weight) annuity of £585,740. In 1824, the Government reduced the 4 per cents., and to pay off the dissentients it borrowed £6,000,000 of the Bank. Here, then, and as arising from these two transactions, was a vast creation of artificial money; this gave rise to all the wild extravagant speculations of 1824-5; then followed a decline in the foreign exchanges, and the exportation of gold; and to check this, and to prevent a second restriction act, the Bank was obliged to call in its excessive circulation; and then came the panic. And therefore the spring, the cause, the active principle which produced the mad operations of 1824-5, and the subsequent panic of 1825-6, is to be found in the transactions between the Bank and the Government; and the final result was, that the country lost at least £30,000,000 of capital: not that this loss was occasioned by the panic, but in the operations which produced and laid the foundation of this panic; and had the panic not interposed to check us in our mad career, the loss would have been still more considerable. Here, then, is a loss of £30,000,000, the cause of which we have clearly traced to the operations between the Bank and the Government; and after this, let those who will, speak in favour of the Bank of England and a paper currency.

(14) Page 94.

wish of the Bank to exercise this power to the detriment of the public, yet, when I contemplate the evil consequences which might ensue from a sudden and great reduction of the circulation, as well as from a great addition to it, I cannot but deprecate the facility with which the State has armed the Bank with so formidable a prerogative.(15) Mr. Tooke says, with great force and truth,—"Next to the administration of the State, there is no administration of any office so immediately and extensively affecting the interests of the community as that which is intrusted to the persons (the Bank Directors) who are invested with the privilege of issuing paper money; and who, by the manner in which they exercise that privilege, have it in their power to produce great changes in the property and condition of every individual in the kingdom. No man or set of men ought, in my opinion, to be intrusted with that privilege."(16) Mr. Henry Drummond says, in his pamphlet on Currency,—"The Bank of England possesses a formidable power over the properties of its fellow-subjects, which has been and can be productive of the most ruinous effects, without the possibility of conferring one redeeming benefit."(17) Sir Henry Parnell says,—"The Bank of England, in point of fact, as it has been well described, in place of being what it was originally intended to be, namely, a Bank for commercial purposes, is become a great engine of State; receiving the revenue, paying the interest due to the public creditor; circulating exchequer bills; accommodating government with immediate advances, on the credit of distant funds; and assisting generally in all the great operations of finance. It not only influences, by the superior magnitude of its capital, the state of commercial transactions; but now, that paper has so far supplanted coin, it possesses some of the functions of sovereignty, in addition to those which belong to its trading character; so that, while we call to mind that it possesses the means of assisting commerce and financial affairs, it should not be forgotten that, in the same degree, it has the power of controlling and disturbing them."(18) (19)

No impartial and reasoning mind can now hesitate to allow, that the ruinous consequences of the depreciation of paper money, subsequent to the suspension of cash payments in 1797, and of the restoration of the value of the currency to its old standard, the necessary result of this depreciation, ought wholly to be laid at the door of the Directors of the Bank of England. It was their ignorance of the causes of depreciation, and fluctuations of exchanges, that led them to act upon the rule which they told the Bullion Committee, in 1810, was their guide in making their issues, namely, to continue to increase their issues, as long as good bills were offered for discount; a rule the worthlessness of which has been exposed by the entire abandonment of it by succeeding directors.

Again, a very great share of the loss sustained by the public, in 1825

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(15) Principles of Political Economy, p. 431.

(16) On Currency, p. 124.

(17) Par. 64.

(18) Observations on Paper Money and Banking, p. 96.

(19) Daniel Hardcastle says, in his pamphlet on Currency, (p. 62,) "That no greater evil can be imagined, than that an establishment should have the power (not by means of its capital, but by the expansion and contraction of its issues of mere paper) either to raise or lower the money-value of all property, both real and personal, to influence and regulate the transactions of every member of the community."

and 1826, is to be set down to the account of the Bank Directors. Mr. Tooke says, that the Bank of England, precisely at that time, (1824,) when there ought to have been a contraction, increased its issues three millions; and that "this increased issue gave a fresh and powerful stimulant to the spirit of speculation, and assisted in converting the incipient delirium into absolute insanity."(20) Mr. Mushet says, in his pamphlet on Currency, that it is to the increased issues of the Bank of England, in 1824, he is disposed to attribute the whole of the distress in 1825. It is stated in an able article of the Edinburgh Review,(21) that the Bank Directors fell into a double error; first, in attempting to force the issue of their notes, when they ought to have foreseen a redundancy; and, secondly, in increasing their notes in circulation, for upwards of a twelvemonth after the drain for bullion had begun to operate on their coffers. Mr. M'Culloch says, in his edition of the "Wealth of Nations:"—"It is not certainly meant, by anything which has now been stated, to insinuate that great loss and inconvenience has not frequently been occasioned by erroneous proceedings on the part of the Directors of the Bank of England. Their conduct in 1824 and 1825, for example, was directly opposed to every sound principle."(22)

II.—With respect to the second principal evil before mentioned, of the constant misapplication of the capital of the Bank of England, in advances to Government, and in other ways; whoever wishes to see this subject discussed in a very able manner, should read a pamphlet published in 1828, entitled, "An Address to the Proprietors of Bank Stock."(23) It is stated in this pamphlet, that the departure of the Company from the principles of banking business, in making advances to Government, and locking up its resources, has been the fatal cause of the chief pecuniary distresses of the nation; and that, in reviewing the transactions of the Bank of England, the most prominent features of deformity on the face of their affairs, is their connexion with Government; which has caused, —1st, Over-issues of Money; 2d, Locks-up of their Resources; 3d, Suspension of Cash Payments. The following estimate is given in this pamphlet of the outstanding demands on the Bank, and of the funds for discharging the same, (in 1828) formed from different detached returns made to Parliament.

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(20) On Currency, p. 60.

(21) Vol. 43, p. 275.

(22) Vol. 4, p. 306.

(23) Published by Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street. The following is taken from the Preface of this work. "The great powers possessed by the Bank of England, and the abuse in the exercise of these powers, have led to consequences of fatal injury to the country. As few persons are aware to what extent these wrongs have been inflicted, and how deeply, directly or indirectly, every individual in the state is affected by them, it is desirable that plain information of what has already occurred should be supplied; and as these powers, with their inherent liabilities to abuse, so far from being diminished, are constantly increased, either by new concessions yielded, or fresh advantages usurped or aimed at, it is of the highest importance that PUBLIC OPINION should exert its influence to arrest, in some measure, if possible, the fatal progression for the present; and to prevent the renewal of the exclusive privileges of the Bank of England, at their expiration on the termination of the Bank Charter in 1833."

*Demands for which the Bank is liable.*

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|---|---|
| Bank-notes in circulation, | 20½ millions,(24) |
| Balances on account of bankers and other individuals, | 5½ do. |
| | 26 millions, due, on demand, to the public. |
| Balance of public money, | 4 do., due, on demand, to Government. |
| | 30 millions due on demand. |
| Probable surplus profit due to the proprietors of Bank Stock, | 3 millions. |
| Total, | 33 millions. |

*Funds for discharging the same—appropriated as follows* :—

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|---|---|
| Advances on dead-weight annuity, | 11½ millions. |
| ——— on Exchequer bills, | 9½ do. |
| ——— on account of dividends, | 1 do. |
| ——— on mortgages, | 2 do. |
| ——— on buildings, | 1 do. |
| Dead locks-up, | 25 millions. |
| Bills discounted, | 1 do. |
| Probable balance in hand, | 7 do. |
| Total, | 33 millions, as above.(25) |

(24) The amount of notes now (1832) in circulation, is £19.150,000.

(25) The following statement appeared in the Times of Sept. 19, 1831. "However necessary it may be that an establishment which has the entire direction and control of the currency of the country, should publish regularly and periodically the state of its affairs, yet, strange to say, this has never been required either by Parliament or the Bank Proprietors; and since the year 1819, we know nothing officially of the affairs of the Bank. This defect we will now endeavour to supply. We have very diligently considered the subject; we have been assisted in our researches by men of great and extensive information; and having carefully put things together, the following, we believe, will be found to be a pretty accurate account of the present position of the Bank of England :—

| Dr. Debts,—viz. | | Cr. Credits,—viz. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bank-notes in circulation | £18,000,000 | Exchequer bills | £4,000,000 |
| Private balances | 5,000,000 | Deficiency bills | 1,500,000 |
| Due to public offices | 1,200,000 | City bonds | 1,000,000 |
| | | Mortgages | 1,300,000 |
| | | Public companies | 300,000 |
| | | Dead weight annuity | 11,100,000 |
| | | Bills of exchange, advances on Exchequer bills, &c. | 1,700,000 |
| | | Cash and bullion | 3,000,000 |
| | £24,200,000 | | £23,900,000 |
| | | Balance | 300,000 |
| | | | £24,200,000 |

N. B. This account, it will be seen, leaves out the value of the Bank premises, and which in the former account delivered to Parliament, was put down at L.1,000,000.

"From this statement it therefore appears, that so excellently have the affairs of the Bank of England been conducted, that in the period from 1819 to the present

The pamphlet goes on to state,—"It is dreadful to contemplate the consequences to be apprehended, should another panic arise; for *the same causes to which that of* 1825 *was owing, are in existence;* and the same effects may result, with the additional evils which may arise from war producing loans and foreign expeditions, when the exchanges would turn against us. With only seven millions at their disposal, how are they (the Bank) to answer liabilities for thirty millions, payable on demand? They cannot call in mortgages and advances on buildings, when their customer's drafts and their own bank notes are presented at their counters. They cannot dispose of their dead-weight annuity, or Exchequer bills, at a moment when they would become unsaleable, from the very cause that would occasion a run on them for cash."(26)

These quotations are made, not so much for the sake of imputing blame to the Directors, as to lay the grounds for the inference that such consequences are an inherent part of the existing system of English banking. For, seeing, on the one hand, how great the influence necessarily is, and must be, of Government over the Bank, and of what great urgency the wants of Government may, and often will be; and, on the other hand, seeing who the Directors are, and how incapable of resisting that influence and the claims this urgency creates, it is morally impossible that the Government will ever cease to require advances, or the Directors to refuse them, so long as the Bank monopoly is continued. The misappropriation, therefore, by the Bank of its funds in other ways than such as the principles of banking require, is a necessary evil of an immense magnitude belonging to this monopoly.

III.—With respect to the third principal evil of the system, it is evident that the Bank is placed in a situation of great difficulty and hazard by the liability imposed on it to provide a supply of coin, not only for its own exigencies, but for those of all the country banks, which keep but a small supply of coin in their coffers. They are all, however, holders to a greater or less extent of Government securities; and whenever any circumstance occurs to occasion a demand upon them for coin, they immediately sell or pledge the whole, or a portion of this stock, carry the notes they receive to the bank to be exchanged, and then carry the specie to the country. Hence, when any suspicions are entertained of the credit of the country banks, or when a panic originates among the holders of their notes, as was the case in 1797 and 1825, the whole of them retreat on the Bank of England; and 700 or 800 conduits are opened to draw off the specie of that establishment; which may thus, it is obvious, incur the risk of stoppage, without having done any thing wrong.

As the panic in 1797 led to the suspension of cash payments, and as only a few years elapsed after getting rid of the suspension before another panic placed the Bank within a few hours of being in such a state as to be again under the necessity of calling upon Government to have recourse to the same expedient; the evil of a suspension of cash payments is now proved by experience to belong to that system of bank-

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day, the Directors have worked a diminution in the actual disposable capital of the establishment of L.4,531,190; for in 1819 this capital stood at L.4,231,190, and now it is L.300,000 worse than nothing; and when a few circumstances which we shall proceed to relate are taken into consideration, there is in all this nothing very marvellous."

(26) Page 22.

ing which allows to one Company only in London, the privilege of issuing bank notes.

As yet, only the losses of the public, proceeding directly from the errors of the Bank Directors, have been mentioned. It is now proper to notice those which have been produced by the country banks. They cannot be stated in figures, but some notion may be formed of their vast amount by referring to the failures which have taken place.

The number of commissions of bankruptcy which were issued against country banks from 1792 to the month of February, 1826, is two hundred and ninety-four. The loss, therefore, which the public has sustained by this branch of our banking system, must have been enormous. Although, however, this number of bankruptcies is indisputable evidence of what injury may arise from the substitution of paper money for metallic; if all the facts connected with the system of country banks were duly examined, it would be found they do not establish a conclusion unfavourable to the employing of paper money. The real evil has not been any pestilential quality in the piece of paper itself, but the law for regulating the system under which banking has been carried on. It is impossible to imagine how a more unwise law could have been passed than that of 1708, for limiting the number of partners in a banking company to six. Of all trades, the trade of banking is that particular trade which requires an abundance of capital; such a capital as can scarcely be got together except by a large number of partners forming themselves into a Joint-Stock Company. This law, therefore, made it impossible that country banks could be established on a proper foundation; and thus led to the establishing, over the whole country, those weak banks which have produced so much ruin.(27) Lord Liverpool, in a speech delivered in the House of Lords on the 17th February, 1826, thus truly described the system of banking which grew up under this law:—

"The present system of law, as to banks, must now be altered, in one way or other. It was the most absurd, the most inefficient; it had not one recommendation to stand upon. The present system was one of the fullest liberty as to what was rotten and bad, but of the most complete restriction as to all that was good. By it, a cobbler or a cheesemonger, without any proof of his ability to meet them, might issue his notes, unrestricted by any check whatever; while, on the other hand, more than six persons, however respectable, were not permitted to become partners in a bank with whose notes the whole business of the country might be transacted. Altogether this system was so absurd both in theory and practice, that it would not appear to deserve the slightest support, if it was attentively considered, even for a single moment."

Although Lord Liverpool did make some changes in the law in 1826, it is rather astonishing, after having made this speech, that he left the cobbler and the cheesemonger the power still to issue his notes without any check

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(27) Mr. M'Culloch says in his late new work, "The Dictionary of Commerce," which cannot be referred to without passing the highest eulogium on the industry and talent which it displays, that, "in 1793 and 1825, when so many of the English provincial banks were swept off, there was not a single establishment in Scotland that gave way. Their superior stability seems to be ascribable partly to the formation of so many banks with numerous bodies of partners, which tends to prevent any company with a few partners, unless they are known to possess considerable fortune, from getting their notes into circulation."—See head, Banks. (Scotland.)

whatever. The changes he made, consisted in repealing the restriction of the number of partners, except in London and within a distance of sixty-five miles, in allowing the Bank of England to establish branch banks, and in abolishing in England one pound notes. But these measures, it is quite obvious, fell vastly short of what was requisite to be done to correct the evils of the system. At best they were but meagre palliatives; for they left in full vigour the main vices of the system—one privileged bank in the metropolis, and the power of opening branch country banks. No one who is conversant with the subject can doubt that, whenever trade shall again become very prosperous (a circumstance that has not occurred since 1826,) the same ruinous results will flow from our banking system as those which occurred during the commercial prosperity of 1824 and 1825. A general and extravagant spirit of speculation and over-trading will spread itself; the Bank of England will increase its issues, the country banks will follow the example. The spirit of speculation and over-trading will thus be encouraged; a re-action will ensue; then a panic, and a run on the country banks; and then a simultaneous drain of specie on the Bank of England, followed either by a suspension of cash payments, or a hair-breadth escape from this standing remedy, as was the case in 1826.

If the merits of the English system of banking be weighed by the standard furnished by the ablest writers, nothing can be said in favour of it. The goodness or badness of every system of legislation, we are instructed by them, is to be measured by inquiring whether it answers the end for which it was designed,—*wisdom* itself being but another term for "the skilful adaptation of means to ends." Now, surely, sufficient has been stated in these pages to show that the English system of banking has not answered its only legitimate end, namely, that of enabling the public to employ paper money in a way both useful and safe; and, therefore, the conclusion to be come to is, that some other means ought to be tried to secure this end. Hitherto the derangements of our currency and banking system have too commonly been allowed to arise and continue without due examination and consideration whence they have originated, and without proper efforts to arrest their progress; and this may have happened, because mankind generally submit to sufferings without much complaint, when they are conceived to arise from causes too intricate to be traced, or too independent of human power to be controlled. But the vast importance of a proper settlement of the question of the Bank Charter should lead to other courses, and excite the most active and assiduous attention to the subject, and encourage every one to search for some sound principle on which to form his judgment.

We shall now proceed to examine and explain what that principle should be; and in order to clear the way for this undertaking, we conceive it proper to state summarily (although somewhat of a repetition) what are at this moment the provisions of the law under which the trade of banking in England is carried on.

1. The Bank of England is incorporated with a capital amounting to nearly fifteen millions, by a Charter of the Legislature, with the power of issuing bank notes; and it is also enabled by a special act to establish branch banks in the country for the same purpose.

2. The law prohibits more than six partners from forming a Banking Company, for issuing notes, in London, and within a distance of 65 miles.

3. All bank notes must be paid, on demand, in specie.
4. No note can be issued for a smaller sum than £5.
5. Every note must be stamped.

To use the language of Lord Liverpool, this "the present system of law as to banks, must now be altered in one way or other." There seems to be no second opinion as to the necessity of a considerable change; and modern publications have already prepared the way for the examination of the following plans:—1st. To continue the exclusive privileges of the Bank of England, and introduce new restrictions upon the country banks. 2d. to form a Government Bank from which all paper money should issue. 3d. To give only to the Bank of England the power of issuing bank notes throughout all England. 4th. To repeal the law restricting the number of partners in a Banking Company in London, and to make the trade in London as free as it is in the country.

1. With respect to the first plan, ample testimony is afforded in what has been stated in the preceding pages, of the inexpediency of continuing to the Bank of England the exclusive privilege it now has, upon any terms, and thus placing in its hand the absolute power of doing what it pleases with the currency of the nation.

2. With respect to the second plan, of placing the issuing of paper money in the hands of Government; as the experiment of banking in this way has been amply tried in many countries, and during a considerable period, and as it has completely failed in every instance, it seems to be one which cannot be adopted. The object which the advocates of this plan have in view, is to secure to the public the profit to be made by issuing paper money. But it is clear that if this business were performed by a government establishment of commissioners, clerks, &c. &c. there would be incurred so large an expense in salaries, superannuations, incidents, buildings, &c. &c. that a great deal of the profit which would be made by private management would be wasted by Government. Besides it is not likely that whatever might be the profit, any saving would be the consequence; the profit would more probably be applied to some new expenditure, rather than to provide for an old one. The advocates of this plan overlook the fact, that if the profit of issuing paper be left with the bankers, it fructifies for the ultimate benefit of the public. It is the fair return of a large capital most usefully employed; it produces a considerable and immediate accumulation of capital; and thus in the end renders to the State all the advantages belonging to increased national wealth.

3. As to the third plan, of appointing the Bank of England to supply the whole country with paper, this is virtually the same plan as the last; for the Government would unquestionably govern the Directors, and do what they pleased with respect to advances or extraordinary issues for extraordinary purposes. As this plan would abolish all existing banks, the derangement would be so immense and so injurious to all commercial and pecuniary transactions, that it would be impossible to carry it into effect.

4. The fourth plan, therefore, of repealing the restriction on establishing Joint-Stock Companies in London with an unlimited number of partners, is that which is peculiarly deserving of attentive consideration.

If this plan were acted upon, the trade of banking would be made free, subject to the conditions of bank notes being payable on demand in specie, and of none being issued under the value of £5. The following argument will show that this plan of a free trade will contain and

establish that principle of security which is the end a proper plan ought to reach. The way in which this plan will operate to produce this principle, is by introducing into the trade of banking the same competition which is the cause of the prosperity of all other trades when left quite free.

It may be stated as a general proposition, which admits of proof according to the strictest rules of reasoning, that as the motives for embarking in the trade of banking, and the objects of those who undertake it, are the same as those which guide the carrying on of other trades, the same rule of policy which lays down the principle of freedom as the best for them, should also lay it down as the best for the banking trade.

The reason on which the freedom of trade is founded, is, "That the greatest freedom of competition may be allowed in them, because every individual may be supposed to be a better judge of what is advantageous for himself than any one else; and because whatever tends most to advance the interests of individuals, tends most to advance those of the public:" or in other words, "The private interest of individual traders in seeking to realize profit on their capital, is identified with the public interest; and therefore may be left free to take its own course without danger to the public interest."

Now the private interest of a banker, when exposed to free competition, and conducting his affairs on sound trading principles, will always lead him, in applying his efforts to realize profit by his business, to avoid doing exactly all those things in carrying on his trade which would be injurious to the public, and to do all those things which would be useful to it; for it is quite impossible that he can do any thing which would injure the public, which would not in the first instance inflict an injury on himself.

As an over-issue of paper is the source of all the evils which arise from banking, namely, derangement of foreign exchanges, overtrading, sudden fluctuations in the quantity and value of money, commercial revulsions, panics, runs, and failures, let us see how the case stands as to the way bankers in London would manage their issues under a system of free trade.

In the first place it is clear that no evil can arise to the public from an over-issue without the bankers suffering first, and much beyond what all other persons suffer. Profit must be at an end, loss must take its place, and this to an immense amount, whenever a panic takes place in making efforts to avoid failure and bankruptcy.

If for example the trade of banking in London were free, and six, eight, ten, or twelve banks issued notes; as an over-issue of paper would depreciate the whole currency; as this would produce a fall in the exchanges; as this would lead to the returning of the notes to the banks for specie; and as this would be attended with certain loss, and great risk to the banks; the interest of the banks, or in other words, their only chance of making a certain profit by their trade, would always guide them so to manage their respective issues, that the aggregate average issue should never amount to an over-issue. In this way it is, that as profit is the vital object of the trade of banking, the avoiding of an over-issue must necessarily be a vital principle among bankers in the management of their trade. (27)

(27) Mr. Mushet says in his pamphlet on Currency, "When the monopoly of the Bank expires, and the trade in money is free, a better order of things may arise, and

There seems to be no reason to doubt, that freedom in the trade of banking would afford the public that precise quantity of bank notes which it would stand in need of, just as effectually as it affords the necessary supply of the productions of other trades. No one can suppose that Mark Lane, Smithfield, and Billingsgate, would be more precisely supplied with the exact quantity of corn, meat, and fish, which the twelve hundred thousand inhabitants of London daily consume, if the supply was placed under the government of twenty-four directors of a corporation, than it is at present supplied under the influence of a perfectly free trade in these commodities. Nothing, at the first view of the subject, could strike the mind of a person unaccustomed to consider it, as so highly dangerous, as leaving twelve hundred thousand people to depend on free trade for their daily means of subsistence. Yet, however, we all see that the simple motive of self-interest, regulated by free competition, brings daily to London the precise number of quarters of corn, bullocks, and sheep, and the precise quantities of fish, potatoes, cabbages, and even of parsley and horse-radish, that twelve hundred thousand people have occasion for.

The reasoning here made use of, will be rendered more clear and forcible, by examining what would happen, if one London bank, after several had been established, in direct defiance of its own interest, should force more of its paper into circulation than its fair and regular business required. The circumstance of each bank, in the course of its transactions, receiving, in payments, the notes of other banks, would necessarily in London, as it has in Scotland, lead to regular exchanges of notes at short intervals. These would shew what each bank was doing, with respect to issuing notes; for it is quite certain, that if any one bank should over-issue, that circumstance would immediately appear in the increase of the balances due by it on making the exchanges. The consequence of the other banks discovering, through the means of the exchanges and balances, that a bank was forcing its paper improperly into circulation, would be, in London, what it is, in Scotland, namely, the taking of measures by the other banks, prompted by looking to their own security, to make the offending bank desist from pursuing its improper course of proceeding. These measures would consist, in their refusing to take the notes of the offending bank in payment; or in collecting together a large quantity of its notes, and making a sudden demand for the payment of them in specie; or acting in other ways, which would be attended with great inconvenience and loss to the offending banker, much greater than any profit on a forced over-issue could compensate.

It cannot be said that the reasons here given, to shew that if several Joint-Stock Companies were allowed to issue notes in London, there would be introduced efficient checks on over-issues by their mutual rivalship and competition, are not well founded; because there is all the experience derived from the Scotch system of banking, to prove that they

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more paper and less coin may be employed with perfect security to the public; for there is no reason why the competition of capital employed in banking should not produce a steady and uniform result, alike beneficial to the public and to the capitalist. The circulation would be always full, but it would never be in excess. Any attempt at excess would be instantaneously returned upon the bank that made the experiment; neither would there be any deficiency, as it would be the interest of every banker to keep the circulation to the level of the value of money in other countries," p. 206.

are sound reasons. The principle of private interest there, working under the control of a fair and free competition, has established a perfectly safe plan of banking; and the same cause would produce the same effect, if set to work in England.

If the power of forming Joint-Stock Banking Companies in London were granted by the legislature, it is quite certain that at least from four to five banks, each with a capital of from four to five millions, probably more, would be immediately established. Under such circumstances, can any one for a moment doubt, that the system of English banking would be immensely improved? Instead of the management of the whole currency of the country being in the hands of the twenty-four Directors of the Bank of England; and instead of its being contracted and extended, by selling and buying Exchequer bills; the combined skill, trading experience, and forethought of all the directors of the new companies, would be incessantly applied in keeping the currency in a sound state, by diminishing or increasing discounts and other means of accommodation, according as the state of foreign exchanges and other circumstances indicated the necessity of contracting or extending the currency, and of assisting or checking commercial speculation.

One most decided advantage, which would be obtained by having several great banking companies in London, would be the dividing of the business and responsibility of supplying the country banks with specie. The London banks, when so exposed, would find it their interest to connect themselves with the country banks, so as to acquire a control, by advice or other means, over their proceedings, in order to obviate drains for specie. The country banks, on the other hand, from the assistance they would derive from the use of the paper of the London banks, would be greatly relieved from having recourse to the Capital for specie, and would be less liable to runs from the increased confidence they would acquire from being connected with the London banks.

The London banks, like the Edinburgh banks, would find it their interest to open branch banks in the country; these would be extended to all parts of the kingdom, so that the whole, or nearly the whole, of the paper money would in the end be under the management of the London bankers, and of those Joint-Stock Country banks, which were supported with a sufficiency of capital. In this way, all the cobblers' and cheesemongers' banks would be rooted out, and something like a sound and wise system would at length be established in England.

Whoever contemplates what the future state of banking would be, with several banks established in London, possessing millions of capital, and having the whole of the country circulation under their immediate control, in comparison with what it is now, with one London Bank, and hundreds of country banks issuing their notes, unchecked by any control whatever, must be willing to allow, that the opening of the banking trade of London is a vast national object. To have the combined skill, experience, and forethought of the directors of all the new companies to govern the circulation of the kingdom, in the stead of whatever may be the skill, experience, and forethought, which those respectable individuals may possess, who may happen to be, for the time being, the Directors of the Bank of England, will be an effective guarantee against future derangements. Banking in England will thus be fixed on such solid supports, that suspicion and panic will disappear; and, with confidence once established, the banks will be able to do what they dare not

now do in England, namely, introduce universally the Scotch practice of paying interest on deposits, and giving cash credits.

We shall now proceed to examine some of the objections that are commonly made to allowing Joint-Stock Banking Companies in London. It is not unusual to hear persons arguing against increasing the freedom of the trade of banking in this way, by referring to the losses which have been sustained under the existing system of banking in England, as decisive against giving more liberty to the trade. But these persons commit the error of overlooking the fact, that the existing system is one of monopoly and regulation; and they omit to take into consideration, that if the system had been of an opposite kind, it is not only possible, but highly probable, that no such losses would have happened.

Another way of opposing the opening of the trade of banking in London, is, referring to the banking operations of the United States of America. But it is only necessary to read the recent pamphlet of Mr. Gallatin, on "The Currency and Banking System of America," to see that nothing like free trade in banking has been allowed and tried there. No paper money was issued before 1783, in America, except by the Government; and, therefore, the immense depreciation of it that took place, cannot be charged at the door of free trade. Since 1783, laws upon laws have been passed, by Congress and by the several States, for regulating the trade of banking; so that nothing can be more illogical than to produce the results which have followed from these regulations, in argument against a plan for getting rid of regulation. The true logical conclusion to come to is, that, if free banking had existed in America, instead of regulated banking, the ruinous failures which have happened in America would not have occurred. Mr. Gallatin says, that, "from the 1st of January, 1811, to the 1st January, 1815, not less than one hundred and twenty new banks were chartered, and went into operation." Now, this single fact is sufficient to account for all the mischief; for, if the States' Legislatures and Governments, have taken upon themselves to create new banks after this fashion, it is only in the course of nature that numerous failures and immense loss should happen.

The authority of Adam Smith has been often cited, as being against making the trade of banking more free. But, on examining what he says on the subject, it will appear, that the restrictions he proposed were far from fettering the general freedom of the trade. He says, "Those exertions of the natural liberty of a few individuals, which might endanger the security of the whole society, are, and ought to be, restrained by the laws of all governments, of the most free as well as of the most despotical. The obligation of building party walls, in order to prevent the communication of fire, is a violation of natural liberty, exactly of the same kind with the regulations of banking which are proposed." A few pages following, A. Smith specifies what these regulations should be in this sentence:—"If bankers are restrained from issuing any circulating bank-notes, or notes payable to the bearer, for less than a certain sum; and, if they are subjected to the obligation of an immediate and unconditional payment of such notes as soon as presented, their trade may, with safety to the public, be rendered in all other respects perfectly free." (28) Now, as it is not proposed to alter the law,

(28) Book II. ch. ii. vol. ii. p. 92.

which requires all bank-notes to be paid on demand in specie, or the law which prohibits the issuing of notes under £5 in value; according to this opinion of A. Smith, the trade of banking in London may be rendered perfectly free, in all other respects, with safety to the public.

Recourse is had to the writings of Mr. Ricardo, to try to shew that he was an advocate for restrictions in the banking trade. But he, like A. Smith, proposed only moderate regulations, and certainly was no friend to the monopoly of the Bank of England. "He says," as before mentioned, when speaking of the power of the Bank Directors, "When I contemplate the evil consequences which might ensue from a sudden and great reduction of the circulation, as well as from a great addition to it, I cannot but deprecate the facility with which the State has armed the Bank with so formidable a prerogative."(29). The chief restriction proposed by Mr. Ricardo was, the requiring of all banks to give security. He says, in his pamphlet "On an Economical and Secure Currency"—"In the case of the Bank of England notes, a guarantee is taken by the Government for the notes which the Bank issues; and the whole capital of the Bank amounting (then) to more than eleven and a half millions, must be lost before the holders of their notes can be sufferers from any imprudence they may commit. Why is not the same principle followed with respect to the country banks? What objection can there be against requiring those who take upon themselves the office of furnishing the public with a circulating medium, to deposit with Government an adequate security for the due performance of their engagements?"(30) There cannot be found, in the writings of Mr. Ricardo, any opinion which justifies a belief, that, if he was living, he would be an advocate for continuing the monopoly of the Bank of England. Those private friends who had an opportunity of conversing with him on the subject, know he was strongly opposed to a renewal of the Charter on any thing like the existing conditions. He would, in strict consistency with his long-established principles, no doubt, if now living, be an advocate for opening the trade of banking in London, subject, however, to the regulation of giving security for the amount of the notes issued by the new banks.

In proposing to open the banking trade of London, it is not necessary to require that the Bank of England should cease to act as the bank of the State. The functions the Bank discharges in this way are of the greatest public utility; and every praise is due to the Directors for the manner in which they have at all times performed them. It will, however, be the duty of Government and of Parliament to make a new and proper arrangement with respect to the remuneration to be paid.

Before coming to a conclusion, it is of some importance to say a few words to the advocates of the repeal of Mr. Peel's Bill, and to landlords in general. Let those who say so much good may be done through a change in the currency, consider whether or not a great portion of that good may not be secured by a good system of banking; that is to say, such a system as the establishing of opulent banks in London would produce, by carrying their opulence into all the counties, by means of their branch banks; and thus affording assistance to industry in all

(29) Principles, &c. p. 431. (30) P. 34.

shapes, to farmers as well as manufacturers, by paying interest on deposits, and giving cash-credits.

It is also of importance to say something to the tradesmen and shopkeepers of London. Let them consider how much their situation would be improved, by having the opportunity of being accommodated with cash-credit accounts at their bankers, on the Scotch plan.

With respect to what course Government will take, it may be said, that there is no reason for supposing that ministers will wholly depend, in forming a decision on the question, on their own stores of science, as deeply read and profoundly thinking philosophical statesmen. They will probably take a shorter course, of not entering upon a very elaborate investigation of general principles, such as the magnitude of the subject really requires, but let their opinions be governed by the opinions of others. Hence it is most important, that what is generally known to be the opinion of the public, namely, an opinion altogether opposed to the renewal of the exclusive privileges of the Bank of England, should be laid, without the least delay, before Parliament. The Government are entitled to have full confidence placed in them for entertaining the best intentions; and, therefore, the public will be greatly to blame, if, by their silence now, they throw away the opportunity of protecting and promoting their own interest.

In one point of view, it would appear to be impossible that the present Ministers can be a party in favour of renewing the restrictions on the banking trade; they, who, for so many years, have not only been the supporters, when in opposition to government, of the principles of free trade, but who also have assumed, and rightly so, the credit of being the authors of most of those excellent measures of opening trade, that were passed by preceding administrations. On this particular occasion, they should recollect, it was the administration of Lord Liverpool, that, when bringing under the consideration of the Bank of England, in 1826, the nature of their exclusive privileges, told the Bank, "SUCH PRIVILEGES ARE OUT OF FASHION; AND WHAT EXPECTATION CAN THE BANK, UNDER PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES, ENTERTAIN, THAT THEIRS WILL BE RENEWED?"(31)

A new plea has lately been set forth by the Directors of the Bank of England in favour of the renewal of their exclusive privileges, which is, that a great commercial crisis would have taken place, but for the way in which they have managed the currency since 1826. They say that nothing but the peculiar sagacity, knowledge, and judgment, with which they have acted during the last eighteen months, has saved the country from as great a commercial revulsion as that which occurred in 1825. This intelligence, at the least, has much of novelty about it; but it is impossible that it can be true. The revulsion of 1825 arose from excessive overtrading, glut, and a total stagnation in the markets. But, since 1825, trade has constantly been in so indifferent a state, that there has not been any overtrading. It has been conducted more on real funds than at any former period. The issues of paper by the Bank of England and the country banks, have been moderate; so that there is not the slightest grounds for the assertion of the Directors, that a commercial crisis was at hand. It is, no doubt, true, that the foreign ex-

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(31) Letter from Lord Liverpool and Lord Goderich to the Governor of the Bank of England. July 13, 1826.

changes fell some months ago, and showed a tendency to be lower; but this may happen without indicating any serious commercial embarrassment; what it really does indicate, is a redundant currency, and a currency may be redundant without trade being at all the cause of it, or very much affected by it. The proper correction of the late fall in the exchanges, was doing that which was done by the Directors of the Bank of England, namely, contracting their paper. It might have been a matter of difficulty to accomplish this without producing some disturbance to trade: but such occasional derangements cannot wholly be avoided, and nothing can be said to show that they would be more frequent or greater, if the banking trade in London was under the management of several banks.

As to the boast of the Directors, that there would have been a great commercial revulsion, without their sagacious proceedings, founded on the peculiar opportunities which they possess of knowing better than it is possible for any others to know, how to manage the foreign exchanges; this is of a piece with the cant of all monopolists. The India Company say, "without our peculiar means of knowing how to manage the Chinese, not a cup of tea could be drunk in the United Kingdom." There is always a solemn assumption of some occult qualifications, when a monopoly is attacked, most gravely set up to terrify weak minds from trusting what is managed by it to be managed by the talent, industry, skill, and capital, of the public at large. But, of all monopolists, the Directors of the Bank of England should be the last to put themselves forward as the protectors of the public against fluctuations of currency, commercial revulsions, panics, and stoppages of payment; for, during the last forty years, the series of evils of this kind which has befallen this country, and in no very slow succession, if not wholly brought about by the Bank of England, has, most unquestionably, been in a great part occasioned, and, to a vast degree increased, by the great errors it has committed.

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## GÖTHE.

"Encore une autre étoile qui file,
Qui file, file et disparait!"

BERANGER.

GÖTHE, the literary patriarch of Europe, has at last been gathered to his home. We had designed the preparation of a notice of the life and labours of this remarkable man, drawn up with a riper care than can be afforded to a sketch so hasty as the present; and would willingly have deferred all remark until it might be clothed in a form corresponding with the dignity of the subject. But we have been compelled to depart from this resolution. Other voices have been uttering dispraise and insulting remark over the grave of this great genius; and we feel it a duty to delay not for an instant the testimony of our strong dissent from such invidious, and, as we are persuaded, unjust strictures. We have indeed felt humiliated to discover these evidences of a narrow and jealous spirit, which, we trusted, had been scourged from the precincts of our literature, to defile them no more; and are ashamed at the betrayal

to the derision of other nations, of such impotent attempts to annul the nearly unanimous decision of educated Europe. In order, therefore, to disclaim all participation in such censures, and to assert what we believe will be sustained by those who are best qualified to pronounce a judgment, we shall now attempt a rapid sketch of Göthe's literary features, although fully conscious that, from his amazing versatility, he is, perhaps, of all others, the writer whom it is most difficult to describe with even tolerable fairness, in a few sentences.

Were we required to compress into a few words the "characteristic" of this great author, we should place it in the union of an active and almost prodigal imagination, with an intellect, clear, subtle, and commanding. Or we might, perhaps, describe him more figuratively as a great type of the peculiar genius of his country, in its fullest native strength, and developed by a cultivation almost unexampled. For he did not rest contented with the power of shedding forth his ideas in all their wild and bright profusion; it was his faith, on the contrary, that Poetry, as the loftiest and most embracing of all noble arts, requires from its disciples no light or perfunctory labour; and to the demands of this belief he moulded the entire form of his literary life.* In the study of the human heart and intellect, in the discoveries of science, in the wealth of nature, in the miracles of the pencil and the chisel, he sought materials to extend or illustrate the principles of his art—a rare and truly noble vocation! In an age when, even in Germany, such men are few, he continued throughout life, in spite of temptations of no common importunity, the man of letters, or, as he loved to phrase it, "the artist," *par excellence*. And to the constant variety of his labours, to the decision with which he grasped, and made his own every great interest of the human mind, no less than to the power and beauty of his chief works, must be ascribed the influence, unparalleled since the days of Voltaire, which he exercised over the thoughts and literature of his country. His continued purpose was to raise and ennoble the mental energies of his time; and the mode in which he proceeded, if not successful, was surely worthy of a large and commanding intellect. He maintained that the dissociation of mind from mind in separate courses of exertion or production, was false and empirical; that the various developments of science, art, and genius, when properly understood, composed, and were intimately interwoven into one great and beautiful whole, of which the highest, because the most universal, type is poetry; and to the evolution of this philosophy did he dedicate the incessant industry of a long life, and the creations of his imperishable genius. All his pursuits, dissimilar and encyclopædic as they seemed, had thus, in his mind, a harmony with his great object, and were followed as progressive steps towards the full education of his powers; which he thus alternately exercised as the poet, the naturalist, the critic, or the philosopher. It is our belief that this diffusion of his energies, over a space too wide for human life to compass, has injured his success in the highest provinces of his art. We have moreover strong doubts

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* See the lately published "Correspondence between Schiller and Göthe." Cotta: Stuttgart. 1830. A work of rare and invaluable merit and instruction, as displaying the advances of these great minds in the course of assiduous culture, which they deemed indispensable to any deserving achievement in letters. What a lesson for our *scriptores omni genæ*.

whether the establishment of a true faith in the minds of his countrymen, and the education of their tastes, had not been better furthered by a more frequent concentration of his poetical talents, and the production of more examples in place of rules, than by any criticism or philosophy of the belles lettres or art, how good and just soever. On this point we have always in humility conceived that Göthe was in error. A full discussion of the question, to which we may one day return, for it is replete with high interest, would exact more space than we can here afford. For the present, we can do no more than thus imperfectly allude to the subject. But some acquaintance with this feature of Göthe's literary purpose is indispensable to those who would fairly judge his writings.

We have already said that Göthe was a *savant*, a critic, a philosopher, a novelist, a poet. It is as the latter, alone, that we shall now proceed to commemorate him, being persuaded that in this character is he most justly assured of immortality. Even here, alas! we can render him but spare justice, on account of his "infinite variety."

> "He ran
> Through the moods of the lyre, and was master of all."

The task of describing him thus becomes almost impossible; an analysis of his separate works alone could demonstrate the difficulty of applying to his muse any epithet but "Protean." There is not more difference between Spenser and Pope, than exists between "Faust" and "Torquato Tasso;" or, again, between either or both of these, and the "Iphigenia," or the "Herman and Dorothea." One great characteristic, however, cannot fail to be observed in all; (a characteristic the enumeration of which will startle those intelligent and learned critics who judge of all Göthe's writings by a French-English Travestie of his boyish production, "Werther.") We allude to the almost passionless calmness of the author. He appears as one who has sounded the depths of human feeling and sorrow, but who has long ceased to struggle in their vortex. You cannot, for a moment, conceive of him, as afflicted or agitated by the emotions which he describes so truthfully. And the power which he neverthelss wields over the hearts of his readers, either disproves or forms an exception to the Horatian precept. He is not an alien, but a compassionate or reproving spectator. The battle is raging in the valley, and he sings its progress and events from the crest of an eminence to which the smoke and hurry of the conflict cannot ascend. It is surely this property,—the only cast of mind from which we may expect a modern epic, (if that form of poetry, indeed, is destined to be ever revived) which adds such a preternatural tone to the "Faust," while it clothes with severe beauty his tragedy of Iphigenia. The same peculiarity, though operating through a wholly different medium, imparts to his domestic epic, "Herman and Dorothea," much of its singular and exquisite attraction, its beautiful repose, and its simplicity, approaching to the sublime.

The latter, which is the longest of Göthe's purely poetical works, is considered, by many in Germany, as the most perfect thing in their language; although we are doubtful whether, in the present feverish state of taste, it would be much admired in England. The whole incident is confined to the progress and completion of a rustic love-affair, in the depicting of which, Göthe has had recourse to a pencil which few

hands but his could have used without failure. The unadorned freshness of his scenes, absolutely breathing the truth of nature, and replete with the frank, manly, right-heartedness of the German character; the exquisite flow of language, and the harmonious purity of colouring which distinguish this poem, more than compensate the absence of striking incident or strong passion; and we are persuaded that it is destined to outlive many of its tumultuous and be-lauded rivals. Our next mention must be of "Torquato Tasso," which, although cast in a dramatic form, claims principally to be viewed in its poetical character. It is, indeed, far from being adapted to the stage, where its long-drawn and pathetic melody would lose half of its effect. The subject need not be described; it is suggested by the title. If we were to select one from amongst Göthe's works, in support of our appeal from the senseless cry against "German extravagance," "mysticism," &c. by which his memory has been already insulted, we should certainly fix upon this;—a production, in itself, worthy to immortalize the author, and written with a purity of style, and a profound, dignified sweetness, which the subject of the song would have been proud to imitate or to own. The moody, yet affectionate character of the young poet, the impatience of his fine nature, under the coarse advances of his aristocratical patron, the depth of his love, the desolation and heart-sinking of his despair, yet tempered with almost feminine meekness;—these are pourtrayed with touching, and even solemn fidelity, in language that glows with beaming thought, or warbles a very swan-song of despair. It is a noble poem, full of delicate and significant traits, and imbued with a deep knowledge of the human heart.

Of the "Faust," his other great work,—his greatest work,—the greatest work, beyond all contest, that the present age has produced, we cannot here speak. To bestow due examination, or even an approach towards an analysis of this extraordinary creation of genius, would itself demand an entire essay. With great reluctance, therefore, we abandon the subject for the present; though we cannot do so without first uttering a strong cry against the "Travestie," which Lord Leveson Gower has thought fit to term his "Translation" of this poem. It is no more Göthe's "Faust" than is Sternhold's doggrel the poetry of King David. It is false, feeble, and utterly worthless. The task, indeed, was no enterprise for a literary lordling. There is, perhaps, in all England, but one man, Coleridge, who is worthy to attempt it. Some parts of the poem, and these containing rare beauties, we venture to pronounce untranslateable; at least, as to an entire transfusion of thought and expression combined with the lyrical form and harmony of the original. It is, nevertheless, a matter of deep regret, that Shelley, whose translation of the "Walpurgis-Night's Dream" is excellent, had not endeavoured to render the whole poem; much would have been lost, and yet enough been preserved, to awaken the English mind to its wonders. It is worth learning German, to enjoy it in its native language; and we can promise to all who make the attempt, that they will confess themselves rewarded for the labour, by this acquisition alone. What would we not give to recall the intense, absorbing delight with which we devoured its pages, as scene after scene first displayed alternate visions of beauty and wonder before us. The high, mournful reflection, the poignant satire, the inimitable simplicity (like the speech of the children in Paradise), the profound tenderness, the harrowing pathos, interspersed with the wild, grotesque, or terrible, which form an exqui-

site combination, the sum of this unequalled creation, enchain all the faculties of the soul; and the impression left on the mind is felt to be one of those which, once planted, become a part of its being.

As a lyrical poet, Göthe strikes by the copiousness and elegance of his fancy, and that power which imparts grace and interest to "trifles light as air." This is, indeed, the prevailing character of his minor poems, although in some of these, his ballads especially, the strain assumes energy and boldness, and at times, when the subject is supernatural, his language puts on a stern concise coldness, the effect of which is absolutely thrilling. The rudeness of these, as well as the simple, warbling sweetness of the former, is the product of consummate, though concealed skill; and it is not, until the attempt is made to translate them, that the observation becomes thoroughly alive to the exquisite art with which they have been created. The subjects of this branch of Göthe's writings are myriads; some descriptive, others colloquial, several amatory, satirical, apophthegmatic (the last is a favourite way of conveying dry truths among the Germans), in fine, *de todas las cosas y otras muchas mas.* In such a collection, where everything that fell, by carelessness or design, from the author, has been preserved, much is of course but little worth; but let not the reader of the merest (seeming) trifle, decide upon its merit, (particularly if he feel doubtful), until a second or a third perusal. For there are a thousand little unpretending lays and distichs scattered amongst his writings, which, on mature examination, are found to be pregnant with a deep or original thought, such as others would have enshrined in as many pages as Göthe has employed words. His mind was a river, the very sands of which are golden.

We have not yet spoken of his "Elegies," which were chiefly composed, or at least conceived, during his travels in Italy, and not published until many years afterwards, so that they may be supposed to rank amongst the most complete of his works. They are principally descriptive or erratic, and contain much lively and passionate poetry, but with us they are far from being such favourites as many of his other productions. As specimens of the harmony with which the classical metres can be reproduced in the German language, they are almost unequalled. In hexameters also, is his translation, or rather modernization of that rare old German or Batavian apologue, "Reinecke-der Fuchs;" than which nothing has ever appeared more genial, racy, or replete with sly, humourous wisdom; to all which the version does more than justice, having added no little to the riches of the original.

A few words must be given to his dramatic works; they are of various, but unequal merit. "Egmont," the hero of which is the nobleman of that name, who, together with Hoorn and others, were victims of Alva's ferocity, in the days of the great Prince of Orange, is truly a noble performance, yet far from a perfect one. The interest lingers, and the close is attended with certain visionary spectacles, which we think ill-placed. But it has one rare and redeeming beauty—the character of Clärchen, Egmont's mistress—a creation such as few writers, save Shakspeare, have equalled; a lovely and timid girl, whom the depth of her passionate devotion fills with a wondrous energy to speak and to suffer, in the moments of her lover's danger; and when the despairing effort is past, and in vain, she closes her fair eyes to a world that is become hateful to their sight, and shrinks trustfully into the grave, as to a refuge and a hiding place.

"Götz von Berlichingen," an early work, the scene of which is laid

during the transition from the sway of the "strong hand" to the dominion of law and order,—though here and there *trainant*, and needlessly prolonged, breathes the strong spirit of the wild old times; and the scenes of rude manners and stern conflict are relieved by touches of pure and beautiful feeling, which show like violets springing from the knotty roots of the oak. "Clavigo," "Iphigenia," and a host of minor dramas we must dismiss with a bare mention; the two above-named alone claim much notice; the Iphigenia, indeed, we would fain analyze, in order to display the kindred, though not slavish spirit with which Göthe has reproduced the classical form of tragedy; different, how different, from the frigid caricature of French *classicisme!* Nor can we more particularly allude to the rhythmical pageant, allegories, operettas, prologues, &c., composed for the theatre of Weimar, during Göthe's reign as director. Thus far, though briefly, of his poetical works;—of his prose writings we have forborne, and must forbear to speak; and yet what indications have we not already given of the mental activity and versatile powers of this extraordinary man!

There are few literary lives which afford materials for such pleasant reflection, as Göthe's; few have there been who have been favoured to attain so much of their ambition,—almost none whose ambition was equally high and extended. The history of authors is, in general, little more than a dark chronicle of genius misapplied or unrewarded; of effort choked by disappointment; of talent defrauded of its harvest, until the hand that should have reaped, is grown cold! Not such was the happier fortune of Göthe. He lived to witness the recompense of his labours, in the love of his countrymen, in the tribute of rank, the deference of his literary compeers, and a reputation truly European. Not without the endurance of toil and opposition, and obloquy, was this high station won; yet the surrender of the reward did not abate his energies. To the last moment of his existence, his mind was ever present to influence and elevate the literature of his country; and the seed that his hand has scattered, will, we are fully assured, produce a fair and abundant harvest. The husbandman who sowed, is now no more: having prepared the field, and overshadowed it with broad and stately trees of his planting, he has gracefully retired from the task, and bequeathed the great work to be perfected by his successors.—But where are they?

On the right hand of the ducal coffin in the Chapel at Weimar, lies Schiller; the left is now occupied by his former friend, and long-time survivor:—a monument more noble than potentate ever before raised to his ashes, surrounds the departed sovereign and patron of these German worthies;—for the sanctity of genius is there, and will hallow that burial group for evermore!

Some words we must add in conclusion, respecting the treatment of which, even in the present day, German literature may justly accuse the English as a nation. The number of those who are qualified to sit as its judges is still limited, though daily increasing; but it is of the strictures passed by parties owing all their knowledge of this rich and various literature to the few meagre and ill-chosen English versions which we possess, or ignorant even of these, that we loudly complain. These individuals, who have never taken the pains to learn before they condemn, who judge by hearsay, and accuse on the faith of others, are they who talk so glibly of "German obscurity," "false taste," "humbug," and a variety of other slang epithets, wherewith they offend good

taste and good feeling whenever the name of a German author is mentioned. It is really time that this folly should have an end, disgraceful as it is to the utterers, and opposed to the candid and Catholic spirit which all true men of letters should cultivate and inculcate. But if these heedless scribes are incorrigible, and will persist in slandering what they have never even attempted to comprehend, their readers should be strongly warned to rate such censure at its true value; to go themselves and judge, and not to suffer the *dicta* of a hasty or jealous critic to fright them back. Of all whom we have ever known, who could *read* the German language, we have not found one to whom its literature was not precious. Need more be said in favour of an excellence, than that it converts all who approach, and that its maligners are those alone who behold it at a distance, or through the vapours of a distorting prejudice? The time is past, when a little superficial sarcasm could put the claims of a strong and beautiful literature to rest. We may shut our eyes, but we cannot obscure the vision of our neighbours:—they are rejoicing in its light, and learning from its wisdom, and loving its prophets and its bards. Shall we expose to their mirth the laughable spectacle of an ignorance refusing to learn and yet claiming to dictate; of censures repeated by rote, and received with stolid acquiescence? We hope not; at least the utterance of our voice shall not be wanting against tendencies so silly and pitiable; and in so doing, we feel assured of the approval and encouragement of most of the bright names that dignify English literature, and of no small number of our readers.

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## TO A TAMED DEER.

Why art thou here? the breeze yet thrills
All sweetly on thy Highland hills,
Still radiant is the mimic wave
  That ripples o'er the silver pool,
Where thou wert often wont to lave
  Thy form so bright and beautiful.
The trees yet rear their branches high,
That shaded thee from summer's sky;
The little dancing murmuring rill
Is murmuring and dancing still,
With fairest wild flowers by its brink,
That seemed to woo thee there to drink;
The plains with daisies o'er them set,
How green and fragrant are they yet!
The earth is fair—the water clear,
Then why, thou Bright One, art thou here?

Is it no pleasure, then, to be,
Like the wild breezes, fast and free;
Like them, all uncontrolled, to roam,
On every hill to find a home,
One moment on the mountain rise,
And dip thine antlers in the skies,
The next, more swift than thought, to sweep
Down to the valley, lone and deep,
And on its greenest spot to rest
With sunshine on thy glowing breast!

Away!—and lo! thy form hath passed
As a bright cloud before the blast;
And now from some stupendous height
Thy joyous eyes are beaming bright
O'er sunny mount and flowery plain,
Like monarch in his own domain.
Now leaping fearful crags among,
Where shade might scarcely glide along.
Now plunging in the sweeping tide,
Now spurning earth with step of pride,
All glorious in thy past career;
Then why, thou Bright One, art thou here?

Why art thou here? those bonds reply
Scarce better than thy rayless eye,
Whose look of broken heart can tell
The miseries of thy prison cell.
Is it for heart so free as thine
Within these narrow walls to pine?
Is it for thee, whose home hath been
Where'er a mountain stood,
Or nature spread a spot of green,
Within such bounds to brood?
No, no! thou Bright One, to be free
Was meant for none—if not for thee!

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## IRISH EDUCATION.

THERE is no method by which an idle and misdirected opposition to a useful measure can be so effectually put down as by a plain description of the measure itself. If the opposition to the ministerial plan of Irish Education had been confined to Orangemen, whether they declaimed in Dublin, or exhibited their imported vagaries in Exeter-hall, it would have been unworthy of public notice. It would be a waste of time and reason to argue with those who will not see the right, nor do they require any statement of a case of which they are already fully aware. Their misrepresentations are not misconceptions, and, however anxious to deceive others, they are not themselves in the slightest degree deceived. But when the opposition to the plan has extended to Scotland; where, notably as it has been defeated in one instance, by the good sense of the people of Glasgow, there is a possibility, or rather, from what we have observed in our own good town, a probability, that it may spread among a pious and well-meaning population, it is highly expedient to let that population know the precise nature and tendency of the plan they are opposing. If, when instructed on these points, men won't see, or can't see the truth, and will still persist in getting up meetings and petitions against a measure, which reason and policy, and, not less than either, religion, recommend; on their wrong heads and foolish hearts be the blame! *Nostram liberavimus animam.*

It is not our purpose to enter upon the history of the Kildare-Street Society's labours; we have nothing to do with the Society's plans or

their value, but in so far as a description of them is necessary to a correct understanding of the scheme by which that society is about to be superseded. We would merely premise, that those who look upon the differences that exist between the two great divisions of the Irish people—the Protestant and Catholic—as differences arising out of religious considerations merely, take a narrow and imperfect view of the question. It may appear strange to our countrymen, among whom religious controversy, though occasionally urged with great keenness, yet offers no interruption to friendly intercourse, to find Catholics and Protestants stickling with so much pertinacity for their peculiar opinions, not on the subject of education only but on every subject, where ingenuity can point out an occasion of dispute. The key to this general spirit of contention is not to be found in the differing creeds of the parties, neither is it referable to the influence of their priesthood, or their leaders, whether Orange or Green. It is only to be found in the fact, that Protestantism in Ireland is but another name for the party in power, and Romanism but another name for the party out of power. The struggle is one of domination between those who have long, almost as of right, exercised it, and those who are no longer disposed to submit to its exercise. The determination on the one side to retain command, and the determination on the other to deny obedience, give magnitude and interest to the most minute and trifling circumstance, and make both sides contend for the smallest advantage equally with the greatest, lest the voluntary abandonment of the smallest should bring the greatest into hazard. The real objection of the Catholics to the Kildare-Street Schools is, not that, by their attendance there, the religion of Catholic children would be put in danger, but that, by their recognition of a plan conducted by Protestants, the dominant party in Ireland would be more or less recognised. The real objection of the Protestants to the ministerial schools is not that, by their attendance there, the religion of Protestant children would be exposed to danger, but that, by their recognition of the plan, the right of the Catholics to a share in the management of Ireland would be more or less recognised.

Now for the Kildare-Street plan of education. One condition on which any grant of money by that society is made, is this, that the Bible, meaning of course the ordinary version, without note or comment, shall be taught in the school to which the grant is made. In the first place this plan is opposed to the principles of the more zealous portion of the Protestants. The exclusion of note and comment from the Kildare-Street Schools has led to the separation of numerous Protestant schools from the society. It is the more necessary to note this fact, because the imputation of bigotry has hitherto been made against the Catholics solely. Take the following evidence of the Rev. Hans Hamilton, one of the witnesses examined before the Irish tithe committee, now sitting.

Q. When did the falling off of the Roman Catholic children from your schools commence?

A. Some years since, when the priests began to be afraid of their reading the Scriptures. I suppose for the last fifteen or twenty years.

Q. Were your schools connected with the Kildare-Street Society?

A. No, not latterly.

Q. Were they connected with any society?

A. No, they are under my own direction; they were brought under the Kildare Street Society for a time; but we had at that time a Roman Catholic schoolmaster, and it occasioned a great deal of interference on the

part of the priest. We could only hear the children read the Scriptures, *and we could not explain them* under the regulation of the Kildare-Street Society.

Q. Then it was subsequent to your connexion ceasing with the Kildare-Street Society, that the withdrawal of the Roman Catholic children took place?

A. Yes.

Mr. Hamilton's it not a solitary case; but we notice his testimony in particular, because it clearly explains the real nature of the struggle to which we have already adverted. He describes, it will be seen, the opposition of the priests as commencing some fifteen or twenty years ago. Now it is a matter of historical fact, fully proved by the evidence before the Irish Education Committee, that the real and substantial opposition to the Kildare-Street Schools, dates no farther back than 1825. Though the priests, therefore, had objected to them on religious grounds for fifteen years before, it was not until the people came to consider them in a political light, it was not until the agitation which issued in the return of Mr. Stewart for Waterford, and Mr. O'Connell for Clare; and ultimately, and by necessary consequence, in the passing of the Emancipation Bill, that it came to be considered as a subject, in the decision of which, the antagonist principles of the two great parties were at stake.

Let us consider the religious argument urged by the Catholics against the Kildare-Street system. In the first place, they object to the version of the Bible proposed to be read either by Catholic priests or Catholic laymen. Into schools conducted on the principle of admitting only such portions of scripture Catholics were prepared to enter not with content merely but with joy. Such schools they now have. Now, what is there in all this to offend the most strictly religious in a Protestant community? In boarding schools where the master is *in loco parentis*, we allow that any thing like a compromise between the doctrines of the two opposing religions would hardly fail to diminish, if not to eradicate, in the children, a due respect for either. But in a mere day-school, where the sole, or at least the principal object is to instruct the poor of the community in the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic, what possible chance is there that the religious sentiments of a child will be in the slightest degree changed or modified were he never to see the Bible at all? The teaching of systems of religion is given up, be it observed, even by the Protestant party, as wholly out of the question; printed note or comment is not more strictly prohibited than is every thing approaching to oral note or comment. Are the peculiar doctrines of Protestantism so few or so easily understood, that they may be collected from Scripture by the unaided investigations of a boy or girl from six to ten or twelve years of age, who is scarcely acquainted with the mere sounds in which they are communicated? If the instructions of the parent and of the clergyman be at present required to direct the child in the right path; and if these continue to be supplied, what reason is there for concluding that he will take the wrong one because he reads in school not the whole Bible, which he cannot understand, but a few of those parts only respecting whose interpretation there is no dispute among any of the various denominations of Christians? It is said that the Government plan takes from the Protestant that Bible which every Christian has a right to possess in its integrity. It is a natural inference from the fact, that the truths of Christianity

having been recorded, that mankind are bound to peruse them; and as in no part of Scripture is there any limitation to this perusal, it seems equally to follow that all mankind ought to be enjoined that duty. But can any misrepresentation be more monstrous of a plain matter-of-fact, than to say, that the Bible is denied to any Protestant man, woman, or child, or the slightest restriction imposed on the reading or interpretation of it, by an arrangement which merely provides, that during a few hours of the day, and in a certain place, and for certain definite purposes, extracts instead of the whole Bible shall be employed? Would any man in his senses say that Milton and Addison are denied to the reading community because it has been found most conducive to the pupil's progress that extracts only from the poetry of the one and from the prose of the other should be used in our schools; most conducive not merely to his progress in the art of reading, but to his accurate perception of the beauties of style, and the pure morality that those masters exhibit? We have employed the terms Protestant and Protestantism, and there is no danger that we should be mistaken by Irishmen when we make use of these terms; but to Scotchmen it is necessary to explain that Protestant in Ireland means Episcopalian. The sympathy of Church of England men may have carried them farther than strict justice authorised in respect to the dispute between Irish churchmen and Irish Catholics, but they have their excuse; they are not merely of the same faith, but of the same household of faith. But what excuse have the Presbyterians of Scotland for thrusting themselves forward in a contest between Episcopacy and Catholicity? We had thought that most men who were read in the history of the Kirk of Scotland, were ready to admit that if its infancy was somewhat endangered by the persecutions of the Catholics, much more was its manhood trampled upon by the persecutions of the Episcopalians; that if the ancient religion whipped us with rods, the modern whipped us with scorpions; that the little finger of Sharpe was thicker than the loins of Beatoun. Little love is, indeed, due from Scotland to the one party more than to the other; or rather, if there be a straw to draw between them, Episcopacy has even less claim to our regard than Romanism. Whence then that new-born affection to the former that inflames the learned Doctors of our native land? The reverend successors of the great apostle of Presbyterianism, who, in his zeal for simplicity of worship, turned away with not more disguised detestation from the shreds, than he did from the entire garment of the scarlet woman, whose sworn enemy he was. Our established clergymen have been represented as, for the most part, indisposed towards political reform, and as only restrained from expressing their hostility to it from the sentiments so universally felt and expressed by their parishioners. We confess that this statement, which appeared to us, when we first heard it, to be an unfounded calumny, has received strong confirmation from their conduct respecting the Irish schools. For, disguise it how they will to themselves or to others, it is a matter of notoriety, that the ministerial plan has been actively opposed in Parliament, and out of Parliament, by one party only; the party which, in Ireland, is yet more decidedly hostile to the late Bill of Lord John Russell, than to the circular of Mr. Stanley. This consideration, were there no other, might well give pain to any honest, well-meaning man. But this is only one reason of many. The children at the Irish government schools will be taught to read; in the course of their reading they will have put into their hands a series of extracts from Scripture, sufficiently copious

to acquaint them with the style and sentiments of the sacred volume; with all, in a word, that school-boys ever can learn in Ireland, *or any where else.* They will have their parents to instruct them in the catechisms of their respective churches; and where the capacity of their parents falls short, the clergyman of that community to which their parents belong. What more is done in Scotland? What more can be done any where? *What more is required?*

That version, we need not observe, was made by Protestant clergymen, which, perhaps, with an honest Catholic, would be sufficient cause of objection; but there is a much better one. It is not a version from that text which the Catholic Church recognises as authentic. The question of which side is right, in such cases, is of small importance. The real question for a plain man to answer, is, how can he blame his brother for rejecting a book which he conscientiously considers to be erroneous? Here is hitch the first. The next objection is still more important. The Catholics object not merely to our version, but to any version of the Scriptures, which, in the disputed passages, is unaccompanied by the notes and comments of the Church. Now, before we condemn this as illiberal, before we speak over-confidently of the contrast which it presents to our own practice, let us just for one moment consider what that practice is. It is quite true, that the Bible, as read in our schools, is unaccompanied by note or comment; but it is forgotten that the Bible is accompanied by a small, but exceedingly comprehensive comment, in which all the doctrines of Protestantism are set forth. We give the Bible without note; and well we may, when we give the Shorter Catechism along with it. The Catholics, therefore, demand nothing that is not strictly conformable to the practice of the Protestants. This is hitch the second. As we have already observed, this is not a purely religious dispute. There are enow of religious considerations mixed up with it; but that, so long as there were no others, the question was one of, comparatively speaking, minor importance is evident from the fact, to which we have already adverted, namely, that, until the year 1825, there was no serious falling off in the attendance of the Roman Catholic children, at the Kildare-Street Schools. When, however, we find, as we now do, not only religious but political causes interfering with the Kildare-Street system of education, we can no longer determine its value on religious principles solely. There is then another element, the element of political expediency, let in, and the question must be tried in reference to that expediency. Let us consider the Ministerial scheme in this point of view. It will be allowed by the sturdiest stickler for Protestantism, that the object of a national education ought to be the education of the nation, or, at least, of a majority of the nation. There will always be a few that go wandering about the highways and bye-ways of human society, whom no compulsion of reason will induce to join their fellows. But it will hardly be denied that a scheme must be strangely constructed, and the wisdom of its planners must be fairly open to question, which, on set purpose, excludes the majority of the community from what ought to be, and pretends to be, a common benefit. That the Catholics of Ireland are the majority no one in his senses presumes to deny. We may estimate them, according to their opponents, at three-fourths, or, according to their friends, at seven-eighths, of the population; by neither party is their predominance in number disputed. What, then, must be the wisdom of a plan of national education for Ireland, from which the Catholics are excluded? It may

be an exceedingly desirable thing that they should become Protestants—that they should cease to be the majority; we don't at all question that. But it is also exceedingly desirable, that, whether they are converted or remain in error, they should be so instructed as clearly to understand those duties that are required of all subjects, to what form of religion soever they may adhere. There are three ways in which this might have been attempted. In the first place, Government, taking into consideration, that three are better than one, might have said to the Catholics.—"Use the Douay Bible, and what notes you think fit. It is true you will exclude from your schools the Protestants as effectually as they now exclude you from theirs; but the greatest possible good of the greatest possible number is the only intelligible aim of an upright and enlightened legislature; and, if we continue to support the Protestant schools, we have the least possible number, instead of the greatest. We would please you both if we could; but, since that cannot be, it is right that we please those whom it is most our duty to please." To whatever clamour such a resolution on the part of Government might have subjected them, we are not aware of one solid objection to such an appropriation of the public revenue. A free state has no other rule, and can have no other rule, than the will of the majority, nor any other object than their advantage. On no principle, save that the majority must command and the minority obey, can a free state be maintained. The contrary is of the very essence of tyranny, by which we mean nothing else but the subjection of the many to the few.

In the second place, Government might have cut the knot which they could not untie. They might have said to the Kildare-Street people,—"Your plans are narrow and exclusive; you are but a handful of the community; it is unjust to levy taxes on the whole of the public for your peculiar benefit. We will withdraw the grant from you." They might have said to the Catholics,—"You have not hitherto been participator in the bounty of the State; you will not be placed in future in a worse situation than you have hitherto occupied; and, to enable you to bear it with more patience, the Protestants will be no better off than you are." That this method would have been more agreeable to the Orangemen than that which has been adopted, we know from the tenor of their speeches. But surely we need not say that to Scotchmen, who have long enjoyed the benefit of a national education, no conduct could have appeared more absurd, as well as unjust, than—because of the religious bigotry, or political differences of two parties—to take from both the only instrument that promised, in time, to liberalize and reconcile them to one another. There remained for adoption a third plan, which, neither exclusively Catholic, nor exclusively Protestant, was calculated to embrace the whole of those, whether of the one faith or of the other, whose narrow minds did not receive much more gratification by shutting out a rival than by admitting himself. There was not between the two parties, seldom as they agree upon anything, the slightest dispute touching the mode of instruction—the subjects on which instruction was to be given, the discipline of the schools—in no one point was there the smallest difference, but one, the admission of which, by the Catholics, implied a submission to the ascendancy of the Protestants. The presence of the Protestant Bible in the schools, was incompatible with the presence there of the Catholic children; but the presence of any portion of the Bible which the unassisted understandings of children were capable of comprehending, was not objected to.

## ON THE POWER AND PROSPECTS OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

Amid the many changes which the political aspect of Europe has undergone during the last century, nothing strikes the historical student with such astonishment as the present position and supremacy of Russia. Of all the great European family, she was the last on whom the light of knowledge fell: her people thinly scattered over vast forests and trackless wastes, were sunk in the grossest barbarism. Ignorant of the advantages of social union, she was necessarily powerless, and became the ready prey of every invader. For many centuries her territory was merely a hunting field for the Khans of the Crimea, and the Swedish and Polish kings. In all the struggles, moral or military, that have convulsed Europe, from the time of Charlemagne to that of Peter the Great, Russia had no share; the statesman, in forming his subtle combinations, whether of the School of Machiavel or Oxenstiern, deemed her no more than a cipher,—her friendship or hostility being valued as lightly as that of the wandering tribes of the Tartars. But Peter the Great, like Epaminondas, had the glory of lifting up his country from contempt; though, with a happier fortune than Thebes, it fell not by his death. So beneficial have been the changes he made in the internal administration of the empire, and so perennial the seeds of improvement he planted, that, despite the imbecility of some of his successors, and the questionable policy of others, Russia has advanced to a pitch of power and aggrandisement, unparalleled, in rapidity and importance, in the history of modern states. From a petty barbarian she has become the acknowledged head of despot power. Not a cabinet in Europe is without her political agents, and throughout the great majority not a freeborn thought can burst into expression without withering beneath her scowl. The nations feel that, on her fiat, their destinies are suspended, and blush that the sons of the civilized should be the victims of savage caprice.

In the present troubled aspect of the world, when moral power is asserting its supremacy over brute force, and when the war of opinion, which sprang from the Polish Revolution of 1772, and still ravages Europe, is drawing to a crisis,—that awful crisis that shall speedily determine whether man is for ever to be the sport of tyrants and trampled in the dust; or, the thrones of kings and the colossal fabric of feudality are to be crushed beneath the chariot wheels of triumphant millions,—a survey of the power and prospects of Russia is alike attractive to the politician and the philanthropist.

As might have been expected, Russia has engaged much of the attention of public men, and no subject has called forth a greater diversity of opinion than the estimate of her power. Surrounded by overwhelming armies, possessed of every materiel of war but money, directing her whole energies towards the increase of her might, and lowering upon Europe from her throne of eternal snow, she has dazzled the eyes of the timid, and withdrawn their observation from her points of imbecility. Others, however, of steadier gaze, have analyzed her constituent elements; have discovered that weakness is perceptible in the midst of apparent strength; that her strength is centred in her barbarism; and that the waves of knowledge have dashed across the Niemen and the Dnieper, and are slowly but resistlessly approaching the very base of the Ural chain.

In following out this inquiry, it will be necessary to examine the separate sources of Russia's power, and then to consider the internal or other disadvantages which diminish or partially neutralize their efficiency.

I. One great element of strength is her population. Russia Proper, with her broad belt of conquered provinces, contains upwards of 50,000,000 inhabitants. They are constantly on the increase, to which many causes conduce. The anxiety displayed by the Government ever since the reign of Catherine II. to create an efficient marine, has tripled the population of Petersburg, Riga, and Revel, in the Baltic, and Cherson and Odessa in the Euxine. The encouragement given to agriculture by Alexander, chiefly in the province of Moscow and the departments of the south, has bettered the condition of the peasantry; and the magnitude of the demand for military supplies has given such a stimulus to the arm-factories of Tula, and the other establishments for furnishing the materiel of the army, as powerfully to have promoted native industry. And now when the Gate of the Dardanelles has been thrown open by Turkey, and the Black Sea, from a mere inland lake, has become the right arm of the Mediterranean, the attention of Russia will be more steadily directed to commercial enterprise, and the same solicitude and capital that were bestowed upon Odessa by Catherine and Potemkin will be expended on every port from the mouths of the Danube to Trebizond. As the tide of population is rolling southward, as the departments of the south are by far the most fertile, and as all the great rivers of Russia disembogue themselves into the Caspian and Black Seas, these circumstances, taken in connexion with the increased importance of the Black Sea, render it highly probable that Cherson or Odessa may become the seat of Government, and cause a tremendous accession of population in the wide range of provinces bordering on those seas.

II. Another mighty engine of power is the army, consisting, before the late campaigns in Turkey and Poland, of nearly a million of men. The loss sustained in these sanguinary struggles has considerably diminished its numbers; but in a country so populous, and under a government whose object is the possession of military power, its deficiencies will speedily be supplied. To the improvement of the army almost the whole time of the last three Emperors has been devoted The Russians make excellent soldiers; for hardy frames, brutal ignorance and blind obedience to command, according to the principles of modern tactics, constitute the essentials of soldiership; independent thought in the soldier is a crime, and the point of perfection seems to consist in his mind's approximation to inert matter. But, however suitable these qualities may be in the soldier, others are desiderated in the leader. The autocrats, therefore, in accordance with the invariably seductive policy of their court, threw open their ranks for the reception of foreign talent; and so successful has the scheme proved, that the Russian army is at this moment one of the best officered in Europe. Diebitsch, the Balkan-passer, was a Silesian—Paskewitch, the conqueror of Erivan and destroyer of Warsaw, is a Pole of Lithuania; and Counts de Witt, Pahlen, and Sacken, and General Toll, who figured in the Polish massacre, are all Germans. The introduction of foreigners has had the effect of elevating the professional character of the officers, and of assimilating them with those of the other armies of Europe.

The recent establishment of military colonies in several of the southern provinces has excited much alarm in Europe. As the principles of the

system have been repeatedly explained to the public, it would be superfluous to descant on them here. The embarrassment of the government, arising from the expense of supporting a regular force, induced them to attempt the creation of a soldier-agricultural army—an expedient which will cost the crown little else than their arms and accoutrements. An experience of ten years has proved its adaptation to the state of the country: it now comprises from 60 to 100,000 soldiers—its numbers are rapidly increasing; and, like another Maelstrom, it is daily absorbing new districts and villages. Many writers assert that it will career onwards till it embraces the whole empire, and calculate that in thirty years it will place at the disposal of the autocrat 6,000,000 soldiers. What stronger proof can there be of the barbarism of the Russian people, than that arms may thus with impunity be put into their hands? Where is there another continental sovereign, save the kings of Denmark and Sweden, who durst hazard such an attempt? It would be but the signal for his dethronement.

In calmly reflecting on the formidable power of the Russian army, Europe has ground for apprehension. Such a mighty mass can never be an instrument of good. A thirst for dominion and a spirit of aggression have marked the policy of Russia ever since the death of Peter III. From that time till the present hour, her eye has been alternately fixed on the south and the west. No struggle of rival factions in her cabinet, no rebellion in her provinces, could arrest her untiring gaze on the sunny vales of Thessaly, or the rougher but not less enticing fields of Sweden and Poland. In this respect Russia resembles Ancient Rome.—England, Venice and Holland generally seized upon distant possessions, which entailed on them a vast expense of blood and treasure without adding materially to their aggregate strength; but Rome threw down the gauntlet to neither Carthage nor Macedon, until she had mastered all her Tuscan and Samnite neighbours. Russia, in like manner, disregarding remote triumphs, has employed her energies in extending her limits—and their enlargement from the Dwina to the Vistula can attest with what success. Her appetite for conquest is unsated—the spirit of her policy is unchanged; and her army, like an avalanche, still overhangs her frontier, ready to precipitate its terrific masses on the plains of the south.

III. But the chief strength of Russia lies in her inaccessibility. Her bulwarks are frosts and storms—mountains and mighty rivers; not her own native power, but Nature's, prostrates the foe before her. While every other land in Europe is vulnerable on all sides, she is unattackable, except on her southern frontier; she is backed by deserts and icy mountains, and all the horrors of the frozen zone. The acquisition of Finland has protected her western flank, and the commanding influence she exercises in the cabinets of Berlin and Vienna, and among the boyars and hospodars of the trans-Danubian provinces seems to render her impregnable along their wide territories.

Independently of these and some other inferior sources of power peculiar to her climate and condition, Russia, as has already been slightly adverted to, has acquired an adventitious influence of so transcendent a nature, as to enable her, in a great measure, to subject to her will the political movements of Europe. Whether from cowardice or indifference, the central powers have stood idly by for the last fifty years, and beheld Russia aggrandize herself at the expense of their neighbours. Her perpetual wars with Turkey were dictated by mere lust of power, and

her pretext for dismembering Poland was equally defenceless. And now, when Turkey is prostrate at her feet, and Poland still lies bleeding from her talons, these powers feel that the hour to bestir themselves has passed for the present. Prussia and Austria are locked in the coils of her policy; partly from their common interest in a withering despotism, and partly from a dread of her power. The others, panic-struck by the frightful failure of Buonaparte in 1812, tremble to enter the lists with her. Sweden and Denmark are too weak to baffle her,—the once free and fearless Hanse Towns quail beneath her glance,—and Germany, the "Heart of Europe," strong in intellect, and stronger in numbers, is powerless from disunion. While cut up into petty palatinates, the limbs of her giant frame can never act in concert—they yet quiver from the injuries inflicted by the late wars,—and the thought of proud daring in the bosom of a German is chilled by the remembrance that his loved fatherland has been Europe's slaughter-house in nearly every conflict, from the times of the first Cæsar to those of Napoleon. To the uprisen spirit of the times, and to France—lofty and regenerated France—not that of Perier, but that of Lafayette, the Continental nations must look for deliverance!

After this rapid survey of the sources, real or accessary, of Russia's strength, it falls now to be considered in the first place, what causes exist in her internal condition to neutralize them as instruments of evil to other nations; and next, what will be the probable effect of recent events in Europe, and the consequent tremendous propulsion of the public mind, on the power, and even existence itself, of the present Russian empire.

I. Many powerful causes of weakness abound, and amongst the foremost it cannot fail to be remarked that Russia contains within herself the seeds of dissolution. She possesses not, like France or England, a homogeneous people, identified in blood, literature, and recollections, and ever ready to merge into one mass when their common safety is imperilled. Her best provinces have been the fruits of fraud or conquest, and they are nearly all of such recent acquisition, that supposing her policy had been much more conciliatory, sufficient time has not elapsed even to cicatrize the wounded feelings of the people and amalgamate them with Russia Proper. Finland, Courland, Samogitia, the Polish provinces, the Ukraine, Crimea, Astrachan, the Kuban and Georgia, form a vast girdle around her of smothered, but unextinguished hostility, ready to explode at her first embarrassment. To gratify her rapacity, the Allied Powers in 1815 cleft Sweden in twain, and threw the eastern half, or Finland, to the Russian vulture. But nations' sympathies cannot thus be rent asunder! The Finlanders have not forgot their Scandinavian origin, nor their brotherhood, in arms and religion, with the Swedes. Among their legendary tales they chiefly cherish the recollection of their share in the wars of the Reformation. Their forefathers were the pith and sinew of the armies of Gustavus Adolphus—and their hearts still leap with pride at the name of Lutzen (that sternest of all Europe's battlefields) where the blue and yellow regiments of Finland and Gothland secured, by their martyrdom, the triumph of liberty, and commanded the reluctant but resistless admiration of Piccolomini and Wallenstein! The Autocrat knows well how the Finns wince under his sway, and he confers superior honours and privileges on the Finnish life-guards to ensure their fidelity.

Any proof of the restiveness of Courland, Samogitia, Volhynia, and

the other western provinces wrenched from Poland at the three partitions, the alacrity with which they fraternised with the Poles during their last sanguinary struggle, renders superfluous.

The three provinces of the Ukraine, or Red or Malo-Russia, formed part of ancient Poland, and fell under the Russian yoke within the last two centuries. The Malo-Russians are not *adscripti glebæ*, like the serfs of Russia Proper; they still retain many privileges derived from the Polish kings and the Tartar khans of the Crimea. Indeed, their capital, Kiew, is rather Polish than Russian; and, from the greater liberty they enjoy, and freer communion with other nations, a spirit of independence is cherished, highly unfavourable to Russian ascendancy. They, in common with the Bessarabians and the Tartar tribes of the Crimea, Kasan, and Astrachan smart so severely under military and fiscal oppression, as to render them also impatient of Russian rule. And, with regard to the Lesghees, and the other warlike hordes of the Kuban, the Caucasus, and Georgia, the Autocrat is lord of no territory but what his armies cover. Had Buonaparte, in 1812, not sanctioned the severities of his soldiery in Lithuania and the Ukraine, it is now generally admitted that they and the other conquered provinces would have coalesced with him in the grand effort of annihilating their common foe.

II. The gross ignorance of the people is highly prejudicial to the empire. Of 50,000,000 inhabitants only 4,500,000 have received the benefit of education, and even of the latter, with the exception of the nobility and higher classes, very few have received more than the primary elements. The peasantry are slaves; and, until the death of Paul, were immersed in such barbarism, that generation followed generation to the grave without having imbibed a ray of additional light. The Czars knowing well that autocracy and intelligence could not co-exist; and the nobles perceiving that ignorance was the safeguard of villeinage, concurred in the truly aristocratic principle of striving to foster rather than dispel the clouds that overshadowed the people. The parochial schools throughout the empire are more nominal than real,—military ones alone are cherished. The clergy, who might have proved subsidiary to the promotion of intelligence, rather narrow than expand the little knowledge that abounds. All but the highest order are very ignorant even of their own theology; and if recent travellers can be relied on, the majority are barely competent to perform their customary rites. The six universities can boast of able men, but all except Dorpat are deplorably inefficient. A rigorous censorship, and the subtlest espionage in the world, destroy to a great extent their usefulness. The Physical sciences solely are cultivated. In astronomy, botany, and geology, the Russian universities may compare with any in Europe; but these are not the awakeners of man. The philosophy of mind is made a jest of. The sublime doctrine of duty, that links every human soul in that sympathetic chain which embraces the last hamlet on the confines of nature, is used only to subserve the ignoble end, that man is born to be the tool of a fellow man; to bend to his nod, and live upon his smile. Moral science is shorn of all that is valuable, and the *corpus mortuum* thrown to the pupils.

In the culture of theology like principles prevail. This department, too, labours under a double disadvantage. Religion in Russia, as in a few other lands, is not only under the controul of an establishment,

"That sacerdotal gain, but general loss,"

which either discourages investigation, or renders its ablest members the mere gladiators of state-sanctioned dogmas, instead of inciting them to carve out new fields of inquiry and grapple with error in all its tortuous forms; but even her own crude faith is inculcated in all its native barbarism. The theological professors being strictly prohibited from descanting on other systems, their lectures are confined to the narrow bounds of their own creed; and the student, instead of having the doctrines of enlightened theology unveiled to his vision, and led onward, from hill to hill, and Alp to Alp, is either flung back on the fantastic fancies of his forefathers, or plunged into a heartless scepticism.

Nor is the law department of the universities better administered. The Russian legislators having spurned the aid of other laws, their code is neither enriched by the admirable principles of the Roman, nor has it the steady consistency of the Feudal law. It is an indigested and indigestible collection of the ukases of the Czars; regulated by no settled axioms, but imbibing its colour from the moral complexion of the reigning sovereign. A legal chair in Russia is, therefore, a perilous position, besides being exposed to a stricter surveillance. Instead of a course of lectures comprising a clear development of the principles of universal law, and a rigid application of those principles to the peculiar laws of Russia, the professors must darken the field of discussion, and restrict themselves to definitions, elaborate classifications and common-places. Should they dare to follow out certain views, or touch, however lightly, on the imperishable rights of man, they venture upon quicksands; the eye of the police is arrested; they are hurled from their chairs, and exiled. This is no exaggeration. Two or three of the professors of Wilna and Dorpat are at this moment rusticating in the wilds of Siberia.

The University of Dorpat was remarked as an exception; Dorpat being a Livonian town, and the Lutheran and Catholic being the prevailing creeds in Livonia, Courland, and Samogitia, the government felt it prudent to relax the shackles of the censorship. In it alone, therefore, are professors of foreign creeds tolerated; and as Public Law and Philosophy could there be taught with comparative impunity, its influence on the surrounding districts has been correspondingly beneficial. It is, however, to be lamented that, since the insurrection in December, 1825, on the accession of Nicholas, the privileges enjoyed by Dorpat have been considerably trenched upon.

If this be a correct picture of the educational establishments of Russia,* who can wonder at the state of the people? The nobility may comprise among their number many of the most accomplished men in Europe, but they have proved themselves as indifferent to the mental illumination of their countrymen as the British merchant-lords of India, have of the Hindoos. Like them they seem merely encamped among the people, not of them.

Another effect of popular ignorance is the irresponsibility of the Crown. That bulwark of a free country, the all-controlling power of public opinion, has no existence here. In Russia there is no public mind; the serfs have no knowledge of public events, and even if they had, the police would stifle its expression. Knowledge is the precursor of civilization; civilization generates a love of liberty; and a state of liberty creates that grand tribunal which moulds to its will the sternest purposes of kings;

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* *Vide* Quarterly Journal of Education for January, 1832.

and which, when man shall have outgrown the garments of his present political boyhood, will alone make and unmake rulers.

With a penetration worthy of Machiavel, the Czars foresaw that if the administration of the empire were committed to Russian hands, such a step would involve the necessity of educating the people. In order, therefore, to avoid an alternative, which might make their stability tremble, they attracted foreigners to their Court. Talent was the stranger's passport, no matter what his country or his creed. The success of the device must have exceeded the expectations of the Czars, as the public boards of Russia, since Catherine's time, have exhibited a vigour of talent equal to and often surpassing every cabinet in Europe. Switzerland gave her for instructors such men as Euler, the Bernouillis, La Forte and La Harpe ; Scotland, General Gordon, to whom Peter entrusted the government of the empire during his absence at Haarlem, Marshal Keith and Admiral Greig, and the present chiefs of her three medical departments ; Italy and Greece, Pozzo di Borgo and Capo D'Istrias, and a serpent host of diplomatists ; and the proudest ribbons of the Orders of St. George and St. Vladimir decorate the breasts of German adventurers. From strangers the Czars apprehended no evil, the probability being so remote of their influencing the minds of the people ; while cultivated Russians, sprung not from the noblesse but from the popular ranks, by settling in the interior, might become centres of light and intelligence, and ultimately rouse the dormant spirits of their countrymen to a sense of their condition. The Czars, therefore, fearing the effect, extinguished the cause.

III. Mal-administration throughout every department of the state is also a main cause of weakness. In her relations with other states alone is Russia's superior policy displayed. In the civil and criminal courts justice is unknown, so universal have bribery and corruption become. The law itself, as has been noticed, being subject to perpetual fluctuation, renders the judges irresponsible, and furnishes a cloak to crime. For a serf to think of redress is idle ; he cannot leave his cabin without his lord's permission, and even if he could, he possesses not the sole means of influencing the courts. Money, or its equivalent, determines every case, and constant habit has banished the sense of shame. As bribery and favouritism thus pervade every public department, the morals of the people could not escape. The Russians are accordingly represented by travellers as being so familiar with deceit and sensuality, as to look upon neither as wicked or despicable. The flagitiousness of the mercantile classes has rendered them as proverbial for dishonesty as the Turk of Negropont, or the Jew of Salonica.

IV. The great extent, and widely scattered population of Russia, enfeeble her power. The strength of nations is measured by the relation which extent, fertility, and population, bear to one another. France and England, from the density of their population, and the facility of obtaining food, could bring a force to act on a given point with a promptitude and momentum impossible to Russia. From the wretched condition of the roads, (except the great line from Petersburg, by Moscow, to Odessa),—from the diffusion of her people over nearly a ninth part of the habitable globe,—and the dilapidated state of her treasury, Russia has never sent beyond her limits a force at all commensurate with her numerical strength. The best statistical tables extant, those of Adrian Balbi, published in 1828, make the revenue of Russia only a fourth of that of England, and little more than a third of that of France. This fact proves her compa-

rative poverty; and when it is remembered that her public debt is vast in proportion to her revenue, and that her paper currency passes in the provinces for only a fourth part of its nominal value, her consequent incapacity of moving and equipping huge armies, opens up a cheering prospect for the interests of civilization.

Another cause of poverty is the weight and bulk of her products. Such commodities as grain, iron, timber, and flax, cannot be brought from the interior with a remunerating profit, except by rivers or canals; and even when transported to the coast, the want of convenient outlets unavoidably restricts the amount of her exports. She has few canals---her Baltic rivers are of trifling volume; as the Baltic itself is frozen half the year, and the White Sea, so perilous to navigators, her exports from the north can never be considerable. Again, as her chief rivers run into the Black Sea, which, until the recent opening of the Hellespont, afforded her only an occasional exit, her export trade there was nearly confined to her Crimean and Asiatic provinces.

This indicates the cause of Russia's weakness as a naval power. Though she possesses the most abundant materials for constructing a fleet, she wants seas and effective sailors. The White Sea cannot be a naval station, and the Baltic and Black Sea are only large lakes commanded by Elsinore and Constantinople. For the reasons above assigned Russia never had a carrying trade; her trade is carried on with the capital, and by the vessels of foreigners; and, it is self-evident, that a ship of war to be formidable, must be nourished and sustained by merchant crews. The Russian fleet at Navarino, was chiefly manned by Greek seamen, the majority of whom, on discovering Russia's designs on their country, through her tool, Capo d'Istrias, forsook her, and returned to their islands. According to Balbi's tables, her ships of war, though so easily created, are, like her revenue, in the ratio of only one-fourth of the British, and rather more than a third of the French. Dupin and Abbé de Pradt, led away by her military glare, have much over-rated her power. They overlook the comparative impotence of her navy. Did she dare to contend alone with England, the English fleet, without an effort, could sweep her seas, blockade her harbours, and reduce her to perplexity, without employing a single soldier. And if, as would probably happen, she should combine with Prussia or Austria, is England, supported by a higher *morale*, and a command of capital, the sinew of war, not free as ever, if necessary, to subsidize any of the Continental powers, and limit Europe's bugbear to her own domain? Russia's success in concealing her weakness from the world has been admirable. Her unaided efforts have never kept pace with her pretensions; and Dupin and De Pradt seem to forget while trumpeting her resources, that her display of giant strength in repulsing the French, was achieved by English gold—yes, all would have been futile without the aid of her horrid climate; and had Napoleon not attempted in one season what should have occupied two, he would infallibly have broken her sceptre in pieces. The imperfect medium through which she has generally been viewed, has always conduced to her advantage, but when closely surveyed, apprehension will disappear, as the spectre of the twilight vanishes before the light of day.

These causes of debility suggest the peril to which Russia is exposed from the altered spirit of the times. Since the downfal of Buonaparte, the immense change in public sentiment must be apparent to the dullest observer. The triumph of Waterloo, and the loud execration of Napoleon,

beclouded for a time the public eye, but the fitful sparkles from the ashes of crushed nations, and the incessant increase of the current of opinion, betokened danger to "public order." The gangrened wounds of Genoa, Venice, and Germany's lesser states, became infectious; but the brutal severities of the tyrants, like the constant re-creation of the Lernæan hydra's heads, only multiplied their antagonists, till the truth flashed upon them, that Freedom had a sanctuary from which the powers of earth and hell could not expel her---the freeman's breast! The silent filtration of knowledge, abhorrence of the extinguishers of liberty in Piedmont, Spain, and the Netherlands, and the flagitious imprisonment of Professors Arndt and Jahn, the creators of the Landwehr of 1813, for demanding from the Prussian King the constitution impledged as the reward of their patriotism, were gradually rousing the public mind of Europe, when a blaze of glory broke upon the world in the shape of the French Revolution. Not a generous breast existing but throbbed with responsive joy—joy at the triumph of right and intelligence over the galling fetters of feudality. The triumph was not alone over the Bourbon, but over human passion: the moderation of the victors has no parallel in the history of our race, and, it is to be hoped, has put an eternal extinguisher on the maligners of popular morality. France, or embodied liberty, like a second Samson, burst asunder the withes with which a despot-conclave had bound her mighty limbs,—and her political deliverance, will prove the precursor of man's! The rebound of France's great act was instantly felt throughout Europe, and dormant masses of mind were heaved to and fro, as the crude elements of nature when warmed by the first sun's light. The Belgian, the Switzer, and the Pole, and some of the bold hearts that are nursed among the rocks of the Appenines, seemed to start from the sleep of the grave; and even now, when Poland's blood has gorged the Russian vulture, and her mangled limbs have been scattered over the earth, the elements of "all that is worthy in man's little day" are stirring the bosoms of the Lombard and the Venetian, the Hungarian and the German, and all whose hearts lie withering under the pestilent mildew of tyranny.

Russia, beyond all other powers, has evoked the execration of Europe. She is not only the champion of the crusade against liberty; but her perfidy to Greece and cruelty to Poland have gathered around her the wrath of the world.

Thrice has Greece been betrayed by her. In 1770 she seduced Riga and his followers into rebellion; but, after a shew of support, Count Orloff, the Russian leader basely withdrew, and left them to the tender mercies of the Ottoman. In 1809 she followed the same course, during the struggle of Ali Pacha; and, in 1820, after having stimulated the Moldavian and Roumeliot Greeks into resistance against Turkey, her army coolly looked on from the north bank of the Pruth, and beheld the last remnant of Ipsilanti's sacred band butchered by the Turkish cavalry. Although Russia has always fomented disaffection in Greece, her last wish was that the Greeks should achieve their own liberty. Her policy was to rest upon her arms, and patiently witness the exhaustion of their energies; and, when the cup of the Sultan's vengeance was full, to persuade them, by their affinity in creed, to claim her protection. It was in this dastard spirit that she concurred in Canning's Protocol of 6th July, 1826, and has ever since been insinuating her tools into the Greek councils; perceiving, if her scheme were successful, that Greece, though nominally free, would be virtually her's. For Greece she

entertained no noble sympathy ; she merely coveted her territory, as a fulcrum on which to rear naval power. She knew that the possession of Greece would give her at once 20,000 excellent seamen, and lift her aloft among the chief naval states ; but the dagger of Mavromichaelis, by opportunely removing Russia's subtlest agent, has rescued Christendom from a critical dilemma, and paved the way for John Coletti and his gallant Roumeliots assuming the reins of power. France and England, too, are now alive to Russia's designs, and find it their interest to regard her with a watchful eye.

In regard to Poland, the annals of the world contain nothing so atrocious as the tale of her partition. All Europe's interests were involved in her preservation. She might have been a wall of living fire against barbaric aggression ; but her attempt to plant her institutions on a republican basis set the seal to her doom. To avenge republican outrage despots simultaneously combine, though they are deaf as adders to wrongs inflicted by their own "order." But Europe has reaped her reward. By blotting Poland from the map of nations, she became a mere floodgate for Scythian irruption ; but the marvellous heroism of the Poles, in daring to the strife the champion of Despotism,—the mere sufferance of whom is a brand on manhood's brow,—and thereby offering themselves up as a sacrifice for their own and human liberty, has converted their name into a virtue, and though,

> "Not a stone on their turfs, nor a bone in their graves,
> They'll live in the fame that immortally saves ;"

and, as the remnant of the self-devoted Fabii were cherished by Rome, so will the wreck of the Poles be hereafter. In defiance of public treaties and solemnly plighted faith, the Autocrat has issued a manifesto, by which he obliterates the Polish name, and impiously invokes the sanction of the Almighty to his deeds of blood. Where slumber the fires of Gomorrha? Where the thunderbolts of Heaven? If the cabinets of Europe cower under this most scandalous of insults, their degradation is complete. But "Freedom's pulse in Poland's breast is not for ever quelled ;" her children are sweeping over Europe like an electric stream, firing the blood of every man of noble passion, and swelling the accumulating tide of centuries of wrong. While memory retains the print of Sobieski and Kosciusko's name, Poland shall never be forgotten. Their names will be spellwords till their country is upreared from the dust, and at the sound of which tens of thousands of swords shall leap from their scabbards when her morn of retribution dawns!

Besides the strong current of hostility against Russia, flowing from these sources, the elements at work on the Continent have diffused their influence beyond her borders. Her literature has made surprising advances, considering her recent escape from barbarism ; and the country that can boast of such men as Pouchkin, Derzhavin, and Karamsin, possesses a guarantee of future enlightenment. Her armies comprise no fewer than 50,000 officers, and, from their having mingled with those of Western Europe, liberal sentiments are by no means rare among them. So notorious is the liberalism of General Yermoloff, and the Georgian army, (many of whom served in the army of Observation of 1812-14,) that despite the difficulty of procuring reinforcements for Diebitsch, not a battalion of Yermoloff's troops was called into Poland. Other facts powerfully corroborate this view. So dissatisfied were the educated classes with the condition of their country, about the period of Alexander's death, that a

conspiracy was planned for his downfal, in which most of the influential officers concurred. It broke out at the accession of Nicholas; and he would assuredly have fallen its victim, had he not, with amazing presence of mind, instantly bearded the rebels. The surface of society seems smooth in St. Petersburg, but the ashes of discontent smoulder below; which the fact of the entire conduct of the Polish massacre having been entrusted to foreign soldiers of fortune, tends to confirm.

If that moral power, which, amid the most appalling vicissitudes, has erected its crest over the earth, advances in the ratio of the last fifteen years, the doom of Russia is easily foretold. That light which has broke in on a part will soon pervade her whole soldiery, and point out their true interest; and, as the elephants of Pyrrhus of Epirus scattered desolation, *not* through the army of Curius Dentatus, but through his own, so shall those stupendous armies so sedulously fostered, and so proudly confided in, become not the shield of her strength but the instrument of her destruction.

Every liberal heart in Europe is a citadel of freedom, and, however much apart, the rapid spread of knowledge telegraphs their sympathies and multiplies their number; and, when closer communion shall have riveted their units into battalions, and phalanxed them in might, let the houses of Hapsburg, Romanzow, and Brandenburg beware; let them start, like Sardanapalus, from their dream of repose, for the Mede will be then at the gate. The icy barriers of Russia will dissolve before the fiery wrath of awakened man—the tumultuous burst of irrepressible indignation will be the knell of despot-rule; and what mankind have to dread is, not the tyrants' power of resistance, but the risk of the fall of their colossal towers encumbering the earth with their ruins.

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## MY NATIVE ISLE.

Oh! tell not me of fairer lands,
Beneath a brighter sky;
Of streams that roll o'er golden sands,
And flowers that never die!

My native isle! my native isle!
Though bleak and bare thou be;
And scant and cold thy summer smile,
Thou'rt all the world to me!

The flower that on thy mountains' brow,
When wintry winds assail,
Securely sleeps beneath the snow,
Its cold and kindly veil,—

Transplanted to a richer soil,
Where genial breezes play,
In sickly bloom will droop awhile,
Then wither and decay.

Such, such, thy sheltering embrace,
When storms prevail, I feel,
My father's fathers' resting place,
Though cold, yet kindly still.

And ah! the floweret's fate were mine,
If doomed from thee to part—
To sink in sickening slow decline,
The canker of the heart.

Love's dearest bands, friendship's strong ties,
That round my bosom twine!
All past delight, all present joys,
My native isle, are thine!

If all were gone, like summer's dew,
Before the morning beams;
Still friends, that pass not, I should view,
In thy wild rocks and streams.

Oh! may they still, thy changeful skies,
Thy clouds, thy mists, be mine!
And the sun that saw my morning rise,
Gleam on my day's decline!

My native isle! my native isle!
Though bleak and bare thou be;
And scant and cold thy summer smile,
Thou'rt all the world to me!

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## JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.*

Jean Jacques Rousseau, his writings, and his character, may, by some, be deemed an obsolete topic, and belonging almost entirely to the province of history. Any discussion based on them, therefore, may be considered unnecessary by a generation so peculiarly absorbed by mere matters of the moment, as that of which we form a part. They, however, who scan events somewhat more closely, than do the ever-hurried and hasty purveyors who cater for the popular taste, see that the temper of the present times, the questions that are now being agitated by large classes of the community, are bringing into existence modes of thinking remarkably analogous to many of those so eloquently propounded by Rousseau. A spirit of questioning every institution, a habit of bringing back society to its first principles, as described by Machiaveli, are now becoming prevalent; and as this proceeding is particularly carried on by the labouring population, it is not remarkable that opinions so favourable as those held by Rousseau, to the apparent immediate interests of the poorer classes, should now be revived. In these opinions there is much truth, as well as great and signal error. This error, many no wwriting are combating, without being aware of the eloquent, powerful, and acute defence which it received during the last century. It will possibly, therefore, be interesting to all, and instructive to many, to know the circumstances which heretofore led to the adoption of fallacies so potent, and from thence to gather a means for their refutation. The truth which the opinions of Rousseau contain, it is also highly important

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* Histoire de la Vie, et des Ouvrages de J. J. Rousseau; composée de Documens Authentiques, et dont une Partie est restée inconnue jusqu' à ce jour: d'une Biographie de ses Contemporains considéres dans leur Rapports avec cet Homme célèbre; suivir de Lettres inédites.—(à Paris, 1821.)

to learn. Though of the last age, he may instruct the present. The great luminary of the eighteenth century, still shines bright, though placed by the side of the great lights of the present time.

The situation of France, *political, moral,* and *literary,* exhibited, at the time of Rousseau's appearance as a writer, a combination of phenomena never before witnessed, and which probably will never again occur. The government was a perfect despotism—but a despotism that feared no internal enemies;—it possessed a consciousness of security, that permitted it to view without alarm, and almost without interest, the promulgation of all the various and varying opinions of the swarms of literary men, who for more than a century, had flocked to the capital. After the disputes of the *Fronde* were completely settled, and the uncontrolled dominion of Louis XIV. was permanently established, there sprung up, from causes which need not here be examined, a large and enlightened literary class in France. Out of the disputes of religion, arose the art of popular exposition, from thence a refinement of the French language; and immediately consequent on this, was an improvement in literature itself.* This improvement became, alternately, cause and effect; every successful attempt raised the taste of the public, to whom the writers addressed themselves; and the public, in return, demanded yet more finished efforts on the part of the writers. The reading public became enlarged. The aristocracy began to take delight in literary discussions, and to indulge in the pleasure of protecting and patronizing literary men. Tired of, and disgusted with the crabbed questions of the school theology, which, in the previous century, had kept Europe in a continual combustion, men now turned their attention to the more pleasant paths of literature. Although mere literature appeared during the first years of this remarkable period to occupy the general attention, by degrees there arose discussions on the gravest and most important subjects. To Corneille, Boileau, Racine, succeeded Diderot, D'Alembert, and Voltaire. Writers, either powerful themselves by station, or protected by the powerful, began to hazard opinions (covertly indeed) on religion, morality, and government. The government, fearing not these attempts, not having learned, by experience, the wonderful influence of discussion, looked on with calm acquiescence. When, indeed, some peculiar interest, or some individual was attacked, its aid in persecution was sought, and generally granted. There was not, however, on the part of the government, any thing vindictive in this persecution; and as soon as the personal, or peculiar animosity was satisfied, the government relapsed into quiet indifference. This indifference was, in fact, in the lapse of time, changed for rather a favouring regard. The works of the literati produced their effect on the government itself.† The persons composing it, began themselves to be more humanized, and to take interest in this new species of amusement; for literature was considered little more, despots not having yet discovered the danger of the game. Literary men and philosophers became, like dancers, actors, and painters, a pro-

* "Bientôt les sciences suivirent les lettres; à l'art d'écrire se joignit l'art de penser; gradation qui paroît étrange, et qui n'est peut-être que trop naturelle; et l'on commença à sentir le principal avantage du commerce des muses, celui de rendre les hommes plus sociables, en leur inspirant le desir de se plaire les uns aux autres par des ouvrages dignes de leur approbation." (Rousseau: Discours sur la Question proposée par l'Académie de Dijon, 1749.)

† Malsherbes, for example, advised and permitted the publication of the "Emile."

tected, because an amusing class. The attacks of the philosophers on received opinions, were pleasant means of excitement; and as no danger was expected, even a hit at religion was thought highly amusing. The discussions on music were quite as vehemently carried on as discussions on religion or morality, and occupied the attention of the government exactly in the same manner, and to the same extent. The petulant disputants, in both cases, were sometimes sent to the Bastile, and subjected to momentary displeasure; but the views of the government were seldom carried farther than the individual. As the literary taste increased, the importance of the literary class increased also; but their importance was never considered, with reference to the people. The dread entertained by any person, was not that the nation would be roused to rebellion, but that an epigram, or a satire, or a lampoon might be composed, which, in the eyes of his refined associates, would render him ridiculous. The literary men, thus, in time, became the companions of the powerful, and served to instruct as well as to amuse them. By degrees, philosophy began to occupy attention. Society was now entertained by opinions on physics, metaphysics, politics, morality, and religion. A tragedy and a scientific article in the Encyclopedie became equally a subject of discussion. Women would argue about the motion of fluid bodies; the management of an argument on the nature of the soul; the merits of an actor; the exposition *d'un sentiment;* the vices of peculiar governments; an essay expounding the theory of Newton, or an epigram by Piron. Such was the fashion; and so long as no evil resulted to themselves in the shape of diminished power or profit, the powerful indulged heedlessly in this whim, as in any other.

The priesthood, generally, did not delight in the license conceded to the *philosophes;* but this was rather a personal than a general objection. The satire which was launched against religion in the abstract, not seldom struck its professors with greater force than they desired. The priesthood consequently opposed the *philosophes;* but this rendered the whole affair more *piquant* to the lookers-on, and many of the *noblesse* took peculiar delight in protecting the satirist against the persecution of the priest. Rivalry, personal pique, and oftentimes mere malicious pleasantry, induced this desire to protect. It was not that Mon. le Marquis de —— was an enemy to religion or despotism, or that he desired an overthrow of an established priesthood, or an established government, but he perhaps wished to wound Monseigneur l'Archevêque de this, the Abbe de that, or M. le Ministre of the other. Besides, to rail at religion or despotism was by the canon prohibited; to set at nought the rule created a pungent pleasure—making the old proverb true, "that stolen kisses are the sweetest." This state of things produced a curious phenomenon in the opposition of opinions and conduct, and showed how different is the effect produced by merely adopting opinions from that which follows when we link to them our affections. The vulgar have an expressive phrase to signify their estimation of the former proceeding in a particular case, calling it *lip religion.* The *lip* philosophy of the French *noblesse* was as extraordinary an exhibition as the world ever witnessed. They were in fact vehemently, and in the narrowest, most exclusive sense of the term, aristocratic. The opinions connected with their own peculiar worth, in consequence of their station and birth, were associated indissolubly with their affections. They were besides attached to the existing government; they desired—they thought of no other. Whatever they might say, whatever opinions they might enter-

tain, no matter on what subject, they and every one else felt, that these grand leading feelings could never be shaken or called in question. In the very hardihood of this feeling, they said and did things the most extravagant; adopting opinions of the widest democracy, venting the bitterest sarcasms against despotism, and superstition, and persecution. As in the case of what has been termed the healthy hardihood of a gentleman, the consciousness of a peculiar and unchallangeable standing leads to great carelessness and freedom; so in the case of the French noblesse, the confidence they felt that their talk would never be supposed capable of practical application, induced them to hazard any opinion, no matter how wise, how benevolent. This same hardihood made them protect the writers who amused them; and the writers, emboldened by protection, attacked every thing which offered a defenceless point. But various consequences arose from this proceeding that were not at first foreseen.*

Amongst the noblesse themselves, there was a thorough overturning of all established principles not immediately connected with their peculiar interests as a class. They were not less aristocrats in consequence of the prevailing philosophy; but they were in reality less devout, less moral. They lost their old principles, which led to private virtue but they obtained not new ones. They learned to despise their religion, but they adopted no moral principles which, without the aid of religion, might lead to virtue. All the old safeguards were broken down, and no new ones erected. Ties formerly the most sacred became despised. Marriage was a farce: honesty, as between man and man, was obsolete. The decencies as well as the virtues of life passed away, and every licentious desire had uncontrollable dominion.

Amongst the people the effect was widely different. A large portion of the bourgeoisie read and acquiesced in the opinions freely promulgated by and among their superiors. The liberality, which with the noblesse was the mere whim of the moment, and which never touched nor awakened their affections, sank deep in the minds of the excluded classes. With them they became ennobling feelings:—they were considered principles to be acted on—to be cherished, and never to be forgotten. The indignation that was pretended by the noblesse became a ruling passion with the people; they sighed for that freedom which the others merely talked of; and looked forward with impatience to the time of their liberation. This difference in expectations led, necessarily, to wide differences in

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* "The court itself had favoured the progress of the '*tiers état*,' and had contributed to the development of its chief assistant, an increase of knowledge. The most despotic of monarchs aided this general movement of the public mind, and created a public opinion without wishing it. By encouraging eulogy, he provided for blame; because the examination which was permitted in his favour necessarily compelled him to undergo another which was unfavourable. When poetry was exhausted, discussions commenced; and the philosophers of the eighteenth century succeeded to the *littérateurs* of the seventeenth. Every thing became an object of their research and reflection; governments, laws, religion, abuses. They discovered rights, they exposed the wants of the people, and signalized injustice. A strong and enlightened public opinion was formed, whose attacks the government was obliged to suffer, and whose voice it could not stifle. This opinion, moreover, converted those whom it attacked. The courtiers from fashion, power from necessity, submitted themselves to its discussions; and the age of reforms was prepared by the age of philosophy, as was the latter by the age of literature and the fine arts.—*Mignet Hist. de la Rev. Fran. Introd.*

point of morality. Putting aside the other discrepant circumstances in the position of the people and the noblesse, the single fact that the one class merely talked liberality—merely dwelt for purposes of amusement and display on the great discussions of philosophy; and that the other really and deeply felt as well as debated the great truths which those discussions elicited—this single fact was sufficient to make the ideas which, in the one case, led to every species of vice, as necessarily, in the other, conduce to the highest classes of virtue. To the *noblesse* the arguments of the philosophers afforded a ready refutation of all the old laws of morality, and thus furnished a serviceable justification of vice; but with them philosophy created no immediate motive—none which to minds such as the nobles necessarily possessed appeared worthy of consideration, to build up a new code of virtue, or to resist the many temptations to pleasant vices which their situation offered. They gleaned enough from the expositions of the philosophers to be ready with a superficial answer to any preachment which might be made to them; but they heard not, neither could they feel any lesson of wisdom based upon the general happiness of their race. They thus played with reasoning and philosophy, and quickly learned to despise them both. Adopting no opinion with affectionate conviction (if we may use such a phrase), they deemed all of equal value, or rather equally valueless. Selfish objects became paramount. They sought for, they felt no sympathy. Immediate enjoyment was their sole end, and contempt for everything which they had heard called virtue, their predominating conviction.*

The situation of the bourgeoisie being different, philosophy with them produced different fruits. While the reasonings of the philosopher shook the foundation of their old opinions, they raised up motives, strong and constant in their action, to create a new and ennobling moral code. The objects of desire which these new ideas created, were objects to be obtained by union among themselves, by a demonstration of force, and also of worthiness. It was requisite for them to show, that they not only desired their political and social liberation, but also that they deserved, and could attain it. This was one and a powerful stimulant to virtuous conduct. Moreover, being in the situation of despised subordinates, they were unable to permit themselves the indulgences which the aristocracy enjoyed. They had not wealth to command those which required great expenditure, nor could they obtain protection for such as were violations of the law. Inevitable ruin would have been the necessary consequence of dissolute profligacy to the *bourgeoisie*. Their

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* Rousseau saw this evil, and attributed it to its real cause. The conclusion he draws from thence is not correct; but seeing no more than he describes, he could legitimately draw no other. He says in the preface to "*Narcisse*:"—"Tout peuple qui a des mœurs, et qui par conséquent respecte ses lois et ne veut point raffiner sur ses anciens usages, doit se garantir avec soin des sciences, et surtout des savans, dont les maximes sentencieuses et dogmatiques lui apprendraient bientôt à mépriser ses usages et ses lois; ce qu'une nation ne peut jamais faire sans se corrompre. Le moindre changement dans les coutumes, fût-il même avantageux à certains égards, tourne toujours au préjudice des mœurs. *Car les coutumes sont la morale du peuple;* et dès qu'il cesse de les respecter, il n'a plus de règle que ses passions, ni de frein que les lois, qui peuvent quelquefois contenir les méchans mais jamais les rendre bons. D'ailleurs quand la philosophie a une fois appris à un peuple à mépriser ses coutumes, il trouve bientôt le secret d'éluder les lois. Je dis donc qu'il en est des mœurs d'un peuple comme de l'honneur d'un homme: c'est un trésor qu'il faut conserver, mais qu' onne recouvre plus quand on l'a perdu."

minds were thus turned to other pleasures; and those exalted enjoyments which literature and science afforded, being easy of access, became, in great measure, the portion of the despised class. Honesty with them was also indispensably requisite. They were happily not placed in that trying situation, in which to be a villain, is not to be degraded and punished. With them, in short, there was no impunity for vice; there was every inducement to virtue. The new philosophy therefore gave them a new morality,—gave them new rules for the guidance of their conduct; and the conduct thus prescribed, was more virtuous than that which their old principles had enjoined.*

The influence of the state we have been attempting to describe upon the writers themselves was equally marked, and exhibited a still more curious complication of phenomena. The license they enjoyed, and the carelessness they saw in the government and aristocracy regarding opinions, gave them a hardihood in inquiry that was eminently conducive to original conceptions, and to the thorough investigation, as far as depended on courage, of every important question which their curiosity led them to discuss. This investigation, however, was uniformly bold and ingenious rather than profound. Their object generally was to strike; by new views to acquire reputation for talent and ingenuity; to amuse and captivate rather than to instruct. Addressing themselves to the aristocracy who sought amusement, living by their favours, and dependent for enjoyments and pleasures on their protection, it was natural that they should adopt a tone, and pursue a method of investigation, that should please an idle set of inquirers. This state of things, while it was productive of good, in permitting a perfectly free discussion, and in leading the writers to cultivate the faculty of clear and forcible exposition, was no less productive of mischief, in inducing with many a carelessness respecting opinions, in leading to superficial rather than profound investigations, and in rendering the literary class the sycophants of the powerful.

One of the most striking circumstances in the philosophy of the day, and which circumstance was partly owing to the peculiar situation of the writers, was, that almost all the discussions then carried on were of a negative, and not a positive description; went to prove the insufficiency and the inaccuracy of existing theories and doctrines, and but seldom (and never to any important extent) to establish and build up new ones † The consequence of all the reigning disputes therefore was, to induce a general state of scepticism, on almost all the leading prin-

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* This is one of many proofs, past and existing, that the same opinion being adopted by persons in different states of mind, and different circumstances, will lead to widely different conduct. The reason is, that to action, the *will* is requisite; and the will is under the dominion, not merely of one feeling, but of the mass of feelings as compounded of our ideas, hopes, fears, and desires, and as guided and modified by our habits. Among other proofs of this, the prevalent state of feeling among the more enlightened of the young men of the day, is one fraught with interest to ourselves. It is needless to shut our eyes to the fact, that old feelings are now, in many cases, going out of fashion. Party morality, for example, has been completely exposed, and the interests of the aristocracy laid bare to even the least discerning mind. The more acute of our young men feel ashamed to acknowledge themselves dupes to old saws on this head. They see through the flimsy veil; but they have not acquired, in place of the old errors, any new ennobling feelings. Their selfishness is now absolutely blazoned; and they deem this perception of their own interests, and neglect of that of others, the deepest wisdom.

† We speak here of the moral sciences.

ciples of the moral sciences. It must be remembered that religion was exhibited to these men under one of its worst forms—one peculiarly liable to attack, leading, as it almost invariably has led, where free discussion has been allowed, to disbelief in religion generally. In the sixteenth century, the dominant idea (to use a modern and somewhat inaccurate expression,) was reformation in religion. In France, after years of dreadful confusion and misery, all expectations of reformation were crushed. Hopes of amendment departed; but not with them the perception of error in the existing dogmas and institutions. To amend being impossible, the next object was to abolish—to overturn religious feelings and opinions generally. Thus, one large section of the field of moral doctrine became unsettled: as regarded religion, the academie philosophy came into vogue. In Government the effect was nearly the same, the cause being nearly similar. The despotism of Louis XIV. was too firmly established to admit the most distant expectation of subversion, or even of amelioration. All that remained was quiet acquiescence in fact, and the indulgence of satire at its expense. Its evils and errors were, from time to time, exposed, and warmly commented on; but substitutes for the Government itself were seldom if ever thought of. Again a species of sceptical, or academie philosophy, was here in vogue.

Subjects which, like the science of jurisprudence, required exceedingly accurate and consecutive thinking, offered little to attract men impelled by the motives of the French philosophers. They contented themselves with signalizing the more crying evils of the laws, and the administration of justice, while they left the sterile path of jurisprudential science for more indefatigable inquirers. No attempt worthy of the slightest consideration was ever hazarded by them to unite philosophy with law, or to frame a set of means to obtain the end which, in their general declarations, they conceived to be possible. They left law to lawyers, and indulged in objections to the existing system—objections well conceived, and oftentimes singularly well enforced,—but here their vocation ended:—"Mépriser la science, et n'estimer que l'esprit, c'est le goût presque universel du siècle présent," was the statement of D'Aguesseau in the year 1709. He has eminently well characterized the intellectual character of his time, and its consequences, in another passage of the same paper;* to which we must refer the reader, since our limits will not allow us to extract it.

The above is necessarily a very general description, consisting entirely of assertions, which to be proved, would require a history of the period spoken of. That history cannot here be attempted. The reader therefore must himself make what farther inquiry is necessary; or disbelieve, or trust the statement here given, without additional evidence. The succeeding observations will take for granted the description as above attempted.

The immediately succeeding object proposed is, to bring before the reader a correct, and, if possible, a vivid conception of Rousseau's character, mental and moral. To this end a short sketch of his early life and education will be attempted; so much of his history being brought forward as will serve to illustrate the character of his mind, as well as

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* Treizième Mercuriale, prononcée à la St. Martin, 1709. La Science du Magistrat. Tom. 1. Œuvres Complètes, 1819, p. 168. See also Septieme Mercuriale, 1704. Ibid, p. 119, 127.

to show how that character was created. This, with a general description of the effect produced on him by the then existing society of France, will be all that can be accomplished within the space of the present article. The system he proposed as a substitute for the one he saw, with the application of that system to the present time, will be a subject of subsequent inquiry.

In the year 1749, the Academy of Dijon proposed the following question:—"Has the Renovation of the Arts and Sciences contributed to purify or corrupt Society?"* Rousseau answered this question: his essay received the prize, (was *couronné*); and he suddenly, at the age of forty, acquired a great and unexpected reputation.

The view he took of society was new and startling. He propounded many important truths; followed to their legitimate consequences opinions generally expressed; and by his consistency was led to enunciate a crowd of extravagant errors. If we consider the character of the man, however, and the society into which he was thrown, his conclusions, his feelings, his conduct, though strange, will appear the necessary consequence of his situation.

Rousseau was possessed of an exquisitely nervous temperament, a weak frame, unsettled and delicate health. The education he received was peculiarly calculated to heighten the sensitiveness he received from nature,—to raise to morbid acuteness what, for his own happiness, ought to have been checked and carefully regulated,—to make him, in fact, the slave of warm emotions. His station, his wayward fate, continually wrought upon this sensibility, and drove him eventually to madness. Had his infancy been differently passed; had his subsequent youth been happy and tranquil; or had he, when he appeared in the world, fallen upon different times, he would, perhaps, have been a less useful example and instructor of mankind, but he would inevitably have been far happier himself. They whom nature has gifted with an apathetic temperament, who have passed their infancy and youth in the calm evenness and carelesness which youth usually enjoys, cannot penetrate the deep mysteries of such a mind as Rousseau's. His feelings they cannot comprehend,—his views they cannot appreciate,—his joys and his sorrows they cannot measure. He is as to them a being of a different order, endowed with different senses, framed in a different mould. Things which they perceive not, strike him to the quick. When they begin to feel, he is overpowered by emotion. His joys are bright glories that never shed a radiance on their dull souls; his sorrow is an overwhelming despair, incomprehensible by their apathetic temperament. The hard and horny hand of the labourer will grasp a hot iron with impunity; strip that hand of its skin, and the very air will be intolerable. The differences in the moral sensitiveness of various men are equal in their extent.

The father of Jean Jacques married, early in life, a woman whom he passionately loved. She had been the companion of his infancy and youth; and after many trials, and much opposition on the part of her relations, she became his wife. Rousseau's father was an humble citizen of Geneva, poor, and a watchmaker,—his mother was the daughter of a clergyman of some fortune and pretensions.† "Fate, which seemed

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* Le Rétablissement des Sciences et des Arts a-t-il contribué à épurer ou à corrompre les Mœurs?

† Confessions L. 1. It is with pain that we attempt a translation of the exquisite language of Rousseau. The attempt is made, however, because thought necessary.

to oppose their passion, served only to increase it. The young lover being unable to obtain his mistress, gave himself up to grief. She advised him to travel in order that he might learn to forget her. He travelled, but without obtaining his object. He returned more in love than ever. He found her he loved still faithful—still kind. After this trial nothing remained but to love one another for their lives. They swore to do so,—and heaven blessed their oath. * * * * My father, after the birth of my only brother, departed for Constantinople, where he became clockmaker to the Seraglio. During his absence, the beauty of my mother, her wit, and her talents, attracted many admirers; amongst the warmest of these was M. de la Closure, the French Resident. His passion must have been warm, since, at the end of thirty years, I saw him weep when speaking of her. My mother had other safeguards, however, besides her virtue. She tenderly loved her husband. She pressed him to return. He quitted all, and came back. I was the sad fruit of this union. Ten months after, I was born infirm and ill. I cost my mother her life. My birth was the first of my misfortunes.

"I know not how my father supported this loss; but I do know that he was never consoled for it. He fancied that he saw her again in me, without being able to forget that I had taken her away. He never embraced me but I felt by his sighs and convulsive embraces, that a bitter regret was mixed with his caresses. They were but the more tender. When he said, 'Jean Jacques, let us speak of thy mother,' I was accustomed to answer, 'We are about, then, to weep, my father.' The words, themselves, drew tears from him. Ah! he exclaimed, render her to me again—console me for her loss—fill up the void she has left in my soul. Should I love thee thus, if you were only my child. Forty years after her loss, he died in the arms of a second wife; but the name of the first was on his lips—her image was at his heart."

"Tels furent les auteurs de mes jours," exclaims Rousseau. "De tous les dons que le ciel leur avoit departis, un cœur sensible est le seul qu'ils me laisserent; mais il avoit fait leur bonheur; et fit tous les malheurs de ma vie."

Educated in his infancy by one so accustomed to yield to, and give outward demonstration of his emotions,—being by his nature himself prone to the same state of feeling—it is not wonderful that he should have this tendency increased, till it became actually a morbid excitement. To add still more to this dangerous excitation, and to increase its evil consequences, his father pursued a yet more extraordinary course.

"I felt," says Rousseau, "before I thought. This is the common lot of humanity. It was mine more than that of most men. I am ignorant of what I did until five or six years of age: I know not how I learned to read. I recollect only the first things I read, and their effect upon me. From this I date an uninterrupted consciousness of myself. My mother had left behind her some romances. My father and myself were accustomed to read them after supper. The object, at first, was to exercise me in reading by the aid of amusing books; but the interest we took in them soon became so lively, that we read them by turns without interruption, and passed whole nights in this occupation. We could never leave off till we reached the end of the volume. Sometimes my father, hearing the swallows in the morning, would say, with shame, Let us go to bed; I am more a child than you."

On this Rousseau makes the following judicious observations:—

"In a short time I acquired by this dangerous method, not only an extreme facility in reading and understanding what I read, but also a knowledge of the passions singular at my age. I had yet no idea of things, when all the emotions were already known to me. I had conceived nothing, but had felt every thing. These confused emotions which I felt successively, had no effect upon the reason which I had not yet acquired; but they formed for me one of a different stamp, and gave me romantic and *bizarres* notions of human life, of which reflection and experience have never cured me."

They who have not felt in themselves, nor witnessed in others, the consequences of this too early excitation of the emotions, would hardly be prepared for the fatal effects which almost necessarily flow from it. As in the case of Rousseau, it is almost certain that views of life will be framed upon exceedingly erroneous data, will necessarily be utterly false, and the expectations consequent on those views will be doomed to inevitable disappointment. But a still greater evil will arise. To the due framing of the man, it is requisite that the child should grow up in a certain carelessness of spirit. The natural mobility of a child requires, for the full development of the mental as well as physical powers, to have complete play. To train his infant limbs constant action is requisite. Watch a child, and see how unceasing is the motion requisite to keep him in a state of comfort; confine him for a moment, and he is uncomfortable and unhappy. In the early days of his infancy, unable to move himself sufficiently, the nurse keeps him in constant motion; having acquired strength he swings about his arms, kicks with his little legs, crawls, and throws himself into every possible contortion. The boy runs, leaps, and keeps himself in one incessant turmoil. It is not requisite to explain, or to attempt to explain these facts; to state *why* this motion is needed; suffice it that it *is* needed. But the action of the child is never spontaneously a *continuous* action of one sort. Put him to turn a wheel, and you would ruin his health and stop his growth. His motion is all un-consecutive, (if we may use such an expression,) first of one kind, then of another; now he runs, now he walks, now he falls on the ground, now he climbs; he claps his hands, he throws a stone, he pulls, all in a rapid but irregular series. He is like a monkey under the dominion of an ever-active nervous excitement. His mind requires the same sort of treatment. He requires to have a constant, and, to a great degree, an irregular series of mental feelings. They must not be *consecutive* feelings. He should have no emotions which continue for any long period; and *no emotion should be raised which is not suggested by the present physical nature of the child.* Long consecutive trains of reasoning are, for the most part, a perfect mystery to him. His attention flags; his memory is incapable of keeping before him the various links of the chain: if he attempts it he becomes fatigued; and his mind, like his body, is, by such training, prevented from becoming vigorous or healthy.* Precocious emotions are yet worse than precocious reason-

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* Let it not be imagined that all mental exercise in childhood is condemned. What is desired is, that it should commence almost imperceptibly, should increase with the increasing powers; till, at length, the greatest labour may be attempted. But that in no case should the mental exercise be beyond the power of the mind. As in the case of the body, it is possible not only to give it too much, but also too *heavy* and too steady work; so, not only may you task the mind too long, but you may also task it too heavily and too steadily. To make a child of six years old work

ings. The one merely weakens the intellectual power, the other fits a man for misery. To accustom the child to emotions, is to rob him of the glad carelessness of infancy; to rob him of this, is to deprive his mind of that elastic spring which is in life the grand preserver of happiness; that elasticity which enables us to rise up after disappointment, and begin a new race—to keep before us bright prospects—to hope firmly and steadily. As life wears on with the best regulated and strongest minds, this elasticity becomes less and less, and eventually breaks down. To bring us into life without this springing hope, is to render life a blank and barren waste. A child who has passed his infancy in anxiety and care, is ever a melancholy man; and whether this anxiety arise from fictitious subjects, or from real causes of sorrow, is immaterial. To take the most assured way known to mar all hopes of happiness, would be, not only to create this anxiety in childhood, and thereby create a morbidly melancholy temperament, but also, at the same time, to heighten the sensibilities, and thereby render him more deeply affected by every passing cause of emotion. A mind thus framed, subjected to adversity, will ever render its unhappy possessor exquisitely miserable.

But the education of Rousseau's infancy was admirably adapted to these ends. He was in the constant habit of seeing a person whom he loved in deep distress: an affectionate and quick-feeling child, would by this be kept in a state of constant anxiousness; and, to heighten his sensibility, he was led to sympathize with the ideal sorrows of heroes and heroines of romances. That the child was deeply interested in their fortunes, is evident from the fact, that he spent whole nights in following their history. This of itself is sufficient to prove the exceeding sensitiveness of his original, or natural temperament.* It proves, moreover, that he was moved by passions not belonging to his age—that he acquired feelings at variance with his physical state. These, in fact, were his earliest recollected impressions. Now, if any one will for a moment recall to his recollection the enormous influence these earliest impressions always possess—the indelible traces they leave, he will quickly understand why these played so important a part in Rousseau's after life; he will understand how they increased his sensibilities; rendering him as quick to feel, as if his actual nerves had been laid physically bare by the scalpel. With an obtuse and apathetic child, there would probably have resulted but little mischief from such a treatment. He would possibly have sympathized but little in the distress of his parent; and he would not have understood or felt the ideal miseries and pleasures of the heroes and heroines who absorbed the attention of Rousseau. Instead of reading,

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a whole day, is to give it too much work; to make it turn a wheel for an hour, would be to give it too steady work; to make it lift a weight of ten pounds, would be to give it too heavy work. So to keep a child all day at his task, (as it is called,) to keep him an hour at one sort of task, to make him read Locke, are instances of the three mischievous proceedings in his mental training.

* Rousseau gives the following opinion of himself:—"J'avois donc de la religion tout ce qu' un enfant à l'âge où j'étois en pouvoit avoir. J'en avois même davantage, car pourquoi déguiser ici ma pensée? Mon enfance ne fut pas d'un enfant. Je sentis, je pensai, toujours en homme. Ce n'est qu'en grandissant que je suis rentré dans la classe ordinaire: en naissant j'en étoit sorti. L'on rira de me voir me donner modestement pour un prodige. Soit, mais quand on aura bien ri qu'on trouve un enfant qu' à six ans les romans attachent, intérressent, transportent au point d'en pleurer à chaudes larmes; alors je sentirai ma vanité ridicule et conviendrai que j'ai tort." Confessions, L. 11.

he would have slept; instead of weeping, he would have yawned. In a highly sensitive temperament, the constant object should be to moderate early emotions, to promote a careless joy in childhood, and to ward off the anxieties that will inevitably press upon the man. It must be remembered also, that the health of Rousseau was exceedingly delicate. That craving desire for action, which besets a robust child, must with him have been comparatively weak. He must by this time have been rendered more than commonly conscious of his thoughts. The sensations of vitality, all pleasant sensations, those joyous feelings of exuberant life and spirits, which run in a glad tide through the frame of an active, healthy child, must with him have been weak, perhaps unknown. His life began with thought and emotions, *(sentimens,)* rather than sensations.* They who have received this dangerous gift, have usually proved the great lights of humanity; but life too often has been to them a burthen and a misery.

The reading romances, says Rousseau, finished with the summer of 1719: he was then seven years old; and to them succeeded studies better adapted to his age. Amongst his grandfather's books, he found works containing much useful knowledge, and treating on subjects in which he could take an interest without opposing nature, or awakening a too painful excitement. "Plutarch, above all, became my favourite reading. The pleasure I took in reading him, again and again, cured me somewhat of my passion for romances; and I soon preferred Agesilaus, Brutus, Aristides, to Orondates, Artamenes, and Juba. By these interesting studies, and the conversations they occasioned between me and my father, were formed in me that republican and free spirit, that haughty and unconquerable character, impatient of restraint and of servitude, which, throughout my life, has tormented me in situations least proper to give a rein to my feelings. Unceasingly occupied with Rome, and with Athens, —living, if I may so express myself, with their great men,—born myself the citizen of a republic,—and the son of a father, whose strongest passion was the love of his country; I was inflamed by his example. I believed myself a Greek or a Roman: I became the person whose life I read; the story of such of their acts of constancy and intrepidity as struck me, made my eyes sparkle, and gave force and vigour to my voice. One day I related, at table, the history of Scevola, and startled the beholders who saw me stretch my hand over the fire to represent the action which he had performed."

He thus spent the early years of his childhood, indulging rather in intellectual than physical pleasures. His ideas were, even as a child, exalted and refined; and he was ever subjected to kind, to affectionate treatment. "The children of kings could not be more carefully tended than I was, during my early years; idolized by all who surrounded me; and, what is much more rare, always treated as a beloved, never as a spoiled child." This happy state continued but for a short time. While it lasted, however, it was eminently conducive to the creation of a gentle, refined, generous, and sensitive spirit. In his

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* This assertion is not opposed to what Rousseau himself says, when he says, "Je sentis avant de penser." He means by this, that his emotions came before his *reasonings*. All that the text means to assert, is, that the *ideas* of Rousseau were, in his youth, a much larger portion of his existence, than in ordinary cases. Boys usually have many sensations and few thoughts—Rousseau had many thoughts, and comparatively few sensations.

old age, he runs over, with a garrulous affection, the list of his earliest friends; and, at the distance of fifty long years, speaks of them with a love still fresh and ardent. He passes over the story of his happy infancy, with a lingering and devious step; dwells with doting fondness on each little incident; and paints, with inimitable grace and truth, this one of the few happy periods of his wayward life. They who have watched the progress of education, either in themselves or others, must have observed, that the times which have left on our recollections vivid impressions, whether of pleasure or of pain, have also tended greatly to the formation of our character. Affections and habit are ever stronger than the mere deductions of reason in guiding the conduct of every human being; but the affections (and under this term we include any habit of strong continuous emotion,) are, for the most part, created in those times of excitement, which leave behind them permanent traces of their past existence. In Rousseau, the earliest, and, consequently, the most fruitful in their consequences, the strongest impressions were all of a beneficent, gentle—almost femininely gentle description. The softness which these early impressions imparted to his character, was never afterwards destroyed.

Telles furent les premieres affections de mon entrée a la vie; ainsi commençoit à se former ou à se montrer en moi ce cœur à la fois si fier, et si tendre, ce caractere efféminé mais pourtant indomptable, qui flottant toujours entre la faiblesse et la courage, entre la mollesse et la vertu, m'a jusqu'au tout mis en contradiction avec moi-même, et a fait que l'abstinence et la jouissance, le plaisir et la sagesse m'ont également échappé."

Unfortunately this quiet life was destined to an early termination. His father quarrelled with an officer. The officer's nose bled, and he accused the father of Rousseau of drawing a sword in the city. This officer being allied to some of the council, had interest sufficient to determine the authorities to send his opponent to prison. The father of Jean Jacques refused to go unless according to law they sent his accuser there also. This was not done, and he therefore expatriated—leaving his son to the care of his maternal uncle. Rousseau was for some years still treated with great kindness, and grew up the same sensitive child he had commenced.* At length he was sent to the office of a "greffier," a species of law officer or register. His master, however, soon sent him home, saying that his uncle had promised to send him a clever boy, but had in reality given him "an ass." Jean Jacques was then apprenticed to an engraver; and here began his misery. By his education he had been imbued with romantic and elevated notions, had been tenderly treated, subjected to little discipline, and by no means prepared for drudgery, or application to mere mechanic labour. He was suddenly thrust into a shop, and all his old associations and feelings were rudely, not to say brutally, assailed. He who had been the cherished child of a fond father—the peton of his neighbours, and the little and favoured lover of pretty women—he who had indulged in high-flown love and patriotism—who dreamed of Brutus, and fancied himself a Roman—was at once made the apprentice-drudge of a watch engraver. The painful story of his degradation we need not follow. The brutality of his master

* Every parent would do well by carefully reading his description of his life, under the care of R. Lambercier.

drove him into vice, and eventually exiled him from his country. The poor boy ran away from his master; and at the age of sixteen commenced that wandering unsettled career which ended only with his life. The reflections of Rousseau upon this event should be present to the mind of every parent and every master. How seldom do men recollect, that the children they govern are but miniatures of themselves; that they feel, as men do,—that injustice, neglect, and contempt, sink deep into their minds; and that misery is as much misery, though it be the portion of a being not four feet in height, as if it had fallen to the lot of a full-grown man.

"Before I abandon myself to the fatality of my destiny, let me turn my eyes to that fate which awaited me, had I fallen into the hands of a better master. No situation was more suited to my temper, more fitted to render me happy, than the obscure and tranquil condition of a good artisan, particularly of certain classes, such, for example, as the engravers of Geneva. This condition, sufficiently lucrative to give me an easy subsistence, and not enough so to lead to a fortune, would have bounded my ambition for the remainder of my days; and leaving me leisure to cultivate honestly moderate tastes, would have retained me within my sphere, without offering me the means of passing beyond it. Endowed with an imagination rich enough to adorn with its chimeras my condition,—sufficiently powerful to transport me at will, in thought, from one to the other, it mattered little of what condition I really was.

"The distance between my own situation and that of the first castle in the air that I might build, was not so great but that I could easily arrive in idea at the point I imagined. From this single fact it followed, that the most simple condition—that most free from troubles and care—that which left my mind most at liberty, was that which would have suited me best, and which was, in fact, precisely my own. I should have passed in the bosom of my family, my country, my friends, and my religion, a peaceful and quiet life, one that agreed with my character, and spent in a uniformity of labour that accorded with my taste, and a society that accorded with my affections. I should have been a good Christian, a good citizen, a good father of a family, a good friend, a good artisan; in short, a good man. I should have loved my condition, and perhaps should have done it honour; and after having passed an obscure and simple but an equal, happy life, I should have died peacefully in the midst of my friends. Soon forgotten, doubtless, I should at least have been regretted as long as I was remembered. In place of this," he exclaims, "What a picture I am about to draw! Let me not, however, anticipate the miseries of my life. I shall but too much occupy my readers with this unhappy subject."

With a mind fitted for a quiet and peaceful state, full of sensibilities, which, under happy circumstances, would have prevented his passage through life from being the dull journey of a stolid traveller, but which, in an unsettled condition, would necessarily expose him defenceless to a host of miseries, poor Rousseau left his home, his friends and his country. Without money, and without the knowledge of any art by which he could earn it, a mere child in years, and more than all, in experience, he was thrown upon the wide world, to battle for himself. Is it wonderful that under such circumstances, he should have been guilty of many errors—that temptation should overbear virtuous resolves—that a suspicious and even misanthropic spirit should eventually arise in him?

Let not those judge him harshly who have not been subjected to the same perilous trials. He who has gone through the ordeal, and come out unscathed—*he* may be permitted to indulge in bitter rebuke, but assuredly will be the last to exercise his right. However faulty Rousseau may have been in particular cases, his mind was nevertheless saved from corruption by his accidental acquaintance with a very remarkable as well as a very amiable woman. Every reader who knows any thing of Rousseau will know that we allude to Madame de Warrens. There is here not the slightest intention either to apologize for, or to palliate, by a consideration of the manners of the time, the connexion that took place between her and Jean Jacques; all that is desired is, that the effect of that connexion on the mind of Rousseau should be understood. That mind has become a subject interesting to mankind at large; a subject connected with matters of the most minute, most extended import, involving now the destinies not merely of a nation but the whole European world, now the most minute regulation of our nurseries, now the most important questions in the business of education. Whatever tended to produce this powerful instrument deserves the deepest attention.

While under the care of his relations, the education of Rousseau was peculiarly pure, simple, and gentle. Living in a country famous for almost prudish manners, under the care for the most part of women in the middling ranks of life, it was natural that his mind should be kept free from all libertine ideas—that he should be accustomed to strict decency of thought and of language; a stranger as well to the profligacy of conduct, then prevalent in France, as to the moral debasement which that profligacy engendered. Happily for himself he was not *usé* by enjoyment; neither had he his capabilities for kind and exalting sympathies destroyed by the heartless intercourse then in vogue amidst the polite circles of Paris. Chance, after he left his home, kept him free from debasing connexions; and under the roof and guidance, and in the society of Madame de Warrens, he enjoyed in youth what few men are permitted to enjoy, the most perfect intercourse with an educated and delicate woman. There are few things which in the education of man, in what is called civilized life, have so powerful a tendency to "petrify the feelings," to degrade and brutalize their characters, as their early connexion with women dispossessed of modesty and never endowed with education. The link that binds man to woman should not be merely a physical passion. *That* can as well have for its object the base as the good—the lowest as well as the most exalted of her sex. *That* requires no delicacy of feeling, no generosity of sentiment, no tenderness, no benevolence. *That*, if it be single, destroys the necessity for these. A youth overflowing with sympathy, seeking, from the dictate of his nature, a soul warm with the same feelings, the same thoughts; looking for one on whom he may rest his floating visions of happiness, who may heighten by sharing, may extend, and render definite by participation, the host of vague yet noble imaginings which possess him; this youth, thus warm, thus sensitive, thus noble, who wants but one new emotion to render permanent the good that is yet unsettled, is let loose to his own guidance, and exposed to the worst temptations, and subjected to fatal and sickening disappointment. He meets not what he hopes. Where he sought refinement he meets with coarse vulgarity,—where sympathy, utter and degraded selfishness; no answering passion

meets his; his own elevated thoughts are not understood—his delicate emotions are mocked at; a revulsion takes place—disgust succeeds—he snatches the sole good, the sole enjoyment within his reach—he becomes careless as to any other. His sensibilities fade—his generous tendencies are destroyed; and the passion best fitted, if well directed, to render him benevolent and happy, being perverted in its course, brutalizes and hardens him. To this miserable ordeal Rousseau was never subjected. The most imaginative visionary, the most romantic lover, the most dreaming enthusiast that has ever communicated his secret thoughts to the world, he met with one, whatever were her failings, who could fully appreciate the wild and tumultuous crowd of emotions which possessed him—one with whom he had been accustomed deeply to sympathize—whose tastes, manners, thoughts and feelings were those of a highly educated and delicate woman.

After many wanderings and strange adventures, he was established quietly in her house, and continued to live with her for some years, passing his time almost wholly in her society, and employed in the assiduous cultivation of his mind. Music became a passion with him, and from it he hoped eventually to obtain his subsistence.

"Not finding himself sufficiently learned, and not believing that he was endowed with talents that would enable him to shine in the republic of letters, or to make his fortune by this means, he thought that he might obtain his end by music, which he particularly studied. Finding its signs defective, he conceived the project of simplifying them—believed that he had succeeded, and set off to Paris with his new system. This was in 1741. He was then twenty-nine. He was yet to remain ten years in obscurity.

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"Apprentice to a *greffier*, an engraver, lacquey, valet de chambre, seminariste, interpreter to an archimendrite, secretary *au cadastre*, music master, tutor—such were the professions he exercised, one after another; separating them by intervals consecrated to occupations of his own choice, to travels, to idleness, to *promenades*, to reading; he who was one day, without ceasing, to be the sport of fortune—to force mothers to fulfil the most holy of their duties—to teach men to depend on their own labour and industry—to hear a brave and generous nation request that he would compose for them a body of laws,—a nation which has become the victim, and has undergone the humiliating yoke of her more powerful enemies—he who was to give to morals a charm hitherto unknown—and who, in short, was to effect a revolution in education, in manners, in the arts, and in politics." (Memoires, vol. i. pp. 41, 42.)

If we now consider the temperament which Rousseau received from nature, and carefully consider his education, it will not be very difficult to understand the character he possessed. He says of himself, that, previous to his knowledge of M. Zain, who was the original of the Savoyard Vicar,—"Dans l'ordre successive de mes goûts et de mes idées, j'avois toujours été trop haut ou trop bas; Achille ou Thersite, tantôt héros, et tantôt vaurien." (Confessions, l. iii.) Of the romantic part of his character, at the period of his departure for Paris, he was not cured:—of the unworthy part little remained; still, at after periods of his life, the early depravation of some of his ideas was sometimes manifest. He was exceedingly sensitive, proud, hating the very appearance of subjection, timid, and, to use a French phrase peculiarly possessed *des mœurs honnêtes*. His virtues, and his ideas of virtue, had been gathered almost

entirely from books; and of authors he consequently had exceedingly exalted notions. Occupied intensely with his own thoughts and feelings, he had little quickness of observation, so that, although he had been placed in situations to obtain experience, he was, in truth, little acquainted with men,—he was a novice in the world. Fancy such a man thrown upon the brilliant society of Paris; living, for ten years, in that society, a person of little consideration, though inwardly conscious of the wonderful powers that belonged to him. It is easy to conceive the treatment he received, and to understand the effect produced by that treatment upon his proud, sensitive, and timid character. His views respecting the morality of the society he beheld, could, without difficulty, be foreseen, as well as the consequent opinions he entertained respecting the circumstances by which it was produced.

It has been above stated, that the society then existing, in spite of every outward shew of liberality, was, in essence, highly aristocratic. This was soon made manifest to Rousseau, by the most insulting conduct on the part of some of the persons with whom he came in contact. In 1744, he accepted the situation of secretary to the French Embassy to Venice. He was ill-treated by the ambassador; and insulted, on his return to Paris, by Madame de Bezenval, the mother of the ambassador.

"La seconde circonstance est relative à Madame de Bezenval qui voulut l'envoyer diner à l'office.* Il en avoit depuis trop long temps oublié le chemin pour le reprendre; et malgré la détresse dans laquelle il se trouvait, il allait sortir lorsque Madame de Broglie, fit expliquer sa mère. A son retour de Venice, il fût très mal reçu de Madame de Bezenval, qui ne fut jamais se mettre dans la tête qu' il fût possible qu' un ambassadeur eût tort avec son secrétaire. Jean Jacques fut tellement piqué de cet accueil, qu' en sortant de chez elle, il lui écrivit une des fortes et vives lettres qu'il ait peut-être écrites. C'eût été une pièce de comparaison fort curieuse; mais pour la conserver, il aurait fallu porter à notre littérature un intérêt que ne pouvait avoir une étrangère, qui ne trouvait rien de beau dans ce monde que des parchemins, et rien de méritoire que le mérite des aïeux." (Vol. i. p. 49, Memoires.)

These instances of marked and open insolence diminished necessarily, as Rousseau became known as a remarkable and powerful writer; still, wherever the leaven of aristocracy remains, no matter what may be the motives to conciliating, flattering, and careful conduct, there will there ever be an under current, expressive of insolent superiority. The mistress, even to her lover; the very bosom friend "who wears you in his

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* Rousseau was not the only person who was insulted after this fashion. Madame Roland has given a graphic account of a piece of similar insolence. One of the most remarkable things connected with this statement by Madame Roland, is an observation which will be found respecting it in a tale by Miss Edgeworth, called "The Good French Governess." Miss Edgeworth has taken upon herself to sneer at the indignation felt by Madame Roland on the occasion. Now, Miss Edgeworth is a woman of sense; and ought to have been able to conceive that such indignation was felt, not because there was any real degradation in being sent to dine with the servants, but because the person who sent her there thought it was so, and yet subjected her to the indignity. Let Miss Edgeworth fancy herself in an Irish nobleman's house, and commanded by the hostess to go and dine in the servants' hall; would she not deem this conduct a bitter affront? And in what can Miss Edgeworth claim superiority over Madame Roland? There are thousands, and ourselves among the number, who would place her infinitely below that remarkable woman.

heart of hearts;" he who will acknowledge the superiority of his friend in every moral and intellectual quality; who bestows on him his most unbounded confidence; who, in the hour of need, will trust to him; who, if he want aught done demanding courage, high feeling, talent, will seek first his plebeian friend,—this same man, if the spirit of aristocracy be in him, will not merely mark the superiority which he himself would enjoy, from his accidental distinctions, but will set over this, his bosom friend, men whom he himself despises, and that, too, merely because they also derive lustre from their station; will, ever and anon, draw a line between himself and his friend, in the very hour of confidence and sympathy; will, with apparent unconsciousness, but, in reality, with careful forethought, quietly let drop some pregnant hint—some allusive assertion destructive of all equality, and, consequently, destructive of all friendship. In the outset of life there are few "so learned in human dealings" as to possess a knowledge of this strange propensity. None, however, with one spark of honest pride, but must have acquired it, if he has been thrown into such discrepant station. Rousseau discovered it too late for his happiness. Besides the galling insults which such associations inevitably induce, there was another evil, which, to Rousseau, was equally intolerable. This was the dependance in which the writers of the day were placed on some powerful friend. This was every day becoming more necessary, since the opposition to the promulgation of opinions was becoming every day more warm and vindictive. Some of the consequences of perfect freedom were beginning to be plainly understood. The real power of the priesthood was already shaken to its foundation; and Voltaire, ever the most powerful of their adversaries, was obliged to truckle to the government and aristocracy, in order to escape the consequences of priestly rage and vindictiveness. There was beginning to be a very vehement cry of "religion is in danger;" and no one dared, while attacking superstition, to attack, at the same time, the aristocracy, lest they should be deprived of the old means of defence. This cry of the priesthood became, at length, so efficient, that Voltaire was content to purchase safety by expatriation; his friends being no longer able to defend him against the virulent hatred of his priestly enemies.

To this truckling Rousseau had a bitter repugnance.* Seeing the mischiefs resulting from the Government, from the reigning tone of manners, as well as from religion, he determined to expose the one evil as well as the other, and repulsed the idea of dependence upon a profligate society. There were others who entertained the same opinion, (Diderot for example;) but who, less imprudent than Rousseau, saw that it was more conducive to their purposes not to come to an open rupture with all evil doers in consequence. Diderot wisely withdrew, in great measure, from the society of the aristocracy, and, by his frugality, was ever independent of them. Rousseau, vehement and timid, feeling a burning indignation, made no scruple of openly avowing it; and consequently raised a host of enemies, before whom he fled into obscu-

* Montaigne had before felt the same disgust. "I love," he says, "to discourse and argue, but it is with few persons and for myself; for to serve as a spectacle to the great, and to make a parade of one's knowledge and talent, I deem a conduct and business unbecoming a man of honour." "Car de servir de spectacle aux grands, et faire à l'envi parade de son esprit, et de son caquet, je trouve que c'est un métier très-meséant à un homme d'honneur."

rity and exile. Diderot's was by far the wiser and more magnanimous course; but Diderot had been educated in the world, was not possessed of the vehement temperament that was the curse of Rousseau, and was a man of much more calm and equable fortitude. The virtue of Diderot equalled the simple grandeur of Socrates. Rousseau's mind was a most unfortunate compound; he had too much sensibility, or too little courage. Had he felt less warmly, he might easily have avoided the storm; had he been more courageous, he would have braved it. Byron, like Rousseau, was driven from society;* but Byron did not sink under the attack. He turned round upon his pursuers; and, by a spirit of vengeance, was buoyed up to a fierce and effectual resistance. He fought his way back to the world, and regained the favour he had perhaps deservedly forfeited. Had Rousseau possessed the vindictive spirit of Byron, with the steady perseverance and courage of Diderot, he might have read his enemies a lesson not easily forgotten. That lesson *was* read a few years afterwards; but it was written in blood.

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## THE FOURTH ESTATE.

Honour!—for ever honour and gratitude to the Fourth Estate! Whoever in the late final conflict and issue of our fate may have faltered or hung back, wherever may have lurked the wavering or the treacherous, the phalanx of the press have stood shoulder to shoulder. They have shewn the firmness of adamant with the rapidity and power of lightning, and have contributed more to the national triumph than any other cause, save the people themselves. The Tories are accordingly biting the dust with the words on their lips!—"The base press"—"The incendiary, the treasonable press!" They have no reason to love it.

When a true-hearted old Tory, of the time when Toryism was not yet completely debased and identified with unnational feeling, self-seeking corruption and jobbery, when Johnson founded the *Fourth Estate*, how little did his philosophy comprehend the nature of the stupendous power which, amidst poverty and difficulty, he was stealthily laying; or that he was forming a mighty focus into which the scattered rays of truth were to be gathered, and reflected back with increased brightness and intensity. *The Fourth Estate*, as the press is described in one of those pregnant jokes which sometimes turn out solemn earnest, must henceforth act as the alternate curb or spur of the other three, and as their corrector and counsellor. It already aids each in holding or adjusting that nice constitutional balance which determines the general welfare. Its advice, if attended to, would have saved Charles X. his crown, and secured to William IV. his popularity. It ought to be a Catholic King's

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* Byron, indeed, brought down on himself the clamour of society, by his own misconduct. Rousseau could accuse himself of no vicious act. These two men were alike only in the degree of their sensibilities. It cannot, however, but be acknowledged that the clamour raised against Lord Byron, was altogether beyond what the public were justified in raising on the evidence they did or do possess. Byron's crime, if crime there was, is still a mystery. There are few men that might not be ruined by dark insinuations. For the honour of human nature, it is to be hoped that his opponents have some reason for their accusation.

private confessor, and half the keeper of an English monarch's conscience. To the people it already gives a supplementary body of active representatives, over which they have the sole control. It is what the pulpit and the daily holdings-forth were, in former periods of trouble, but with power and activity immeasurably greater.

Had the infatuated intriguers of the Opposition, with the legal Achitophel now execrated by his own party, whose counsels have so signally been turned to foolishness, read, however imperfectly, the signs of the times, manifested from day to day in the newspapers, though they could not have redeemed their power, they might have saved their forfeited character, and escaped the stigma and brand which neither Copley's robes nor the Duke's laurels can now hide.

The direct and indirect influence of the newspaper press, from the tact, ability, and integrity with which it is at present conducted, and the astonishing facility and rapidity with which it reports the debates in Parliament and the proceedings of all public assemblies, and indicates every change in the public interest, is a stronger safeguard of freedom, and check against corruption, than all the statutory enactments that ever legislative wisdom devised. All that it requires is sufferance—to be let alone in the workings of its magnificent power. What a launch forward it has given the public mind within the last eighteen months! Let its enemies hear it—"hear the truth sublime"—*Mind* never retrogades. It may be crushed—annihilated; but it cannot recede. It would be as easy, in this country, to re-erect the worship of the Druids, as to raise again the old errors which the press has lately been so powerful an arm in levelling.

Since the Revolution of the Three Days, and the people's first general election in 1830, but especially since the declaration of Wellington, followed by Earl Grey's broad-based satisfactory measure, the newspaper press has been the consistent and powerful champion of Reform. That fractional part of it which, from interest and old habitudes, has clung to the Tory party, is hardly worth naming. Of the thirteen London daily papers, ten are instruments of Reform. The three on the other side, are of limited circulation, and would be almost insignificant save from the publicity given to them by their opponents. No Tory of common sense ever reads a Tory newspaper. He encourages, but leaves them to gull those who choose to be gulled. Of fifteen weekly papers in London, twelve steadily, boldly, and, like the daily prints, with astonishing power and talent, advocate popular rights, and defend the national honour. In the great manufacturing and commercial towns of Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin, Leeds, Newcastle, &c., the proportion of liberal prints is about equally great as in the metropolis. There is in Edinburgh, the late stronghold and high place of Toryism rampant and unmitigated, but one paper which respectable Tories acknowledge—the venerable *Advertiser*—which is so confirmed in the old use and wont of admiring, and absolutely adoring, the general system, and all the little minor systems, and their satellites, and every tatter and shred belonging to them, that it is an equal wager its type would, unless strongly constrained, "voluntary move into harmonious numbers," singing pæans to the days that we have seen.

In a few towns of England and Ireland, the clergy, and Tory squires, and Orangemen, have lately tried to stem the torrent—Dame Partington's mop to the Atlantic—by getting up joint-stock newspapers. These forced mushrooms of the dunghill of corruption have, in some instances,

died already, and must all perish, as soon as the subscription funds are exhausted. The actual state of public opinion, and the immense majority of Reformers among persons who buy and read newspapers, could not be referred to any surer test. A writer in Blackwood's Magazine lately adduced its sales as a proof of the popularity of its politics, forgetting, by the way, that it regularly claims superiority from literary talent. A good logician never brings forward two causes, where one is equal to the effect. But no matter; and, admitting that it is for Tory politics it is bought, and neither for talent, nor habit, nor the morbid curiosity of persons of opposite opinions, nor the natural consequences of time and chance perseveringly improved in the half lifetime that it has been before the public,—but solely politics. And what then does this prove? that the Tory driblets, however greedily swallowed, are but as a drop in the stream to the daily outpouring of the liberal press in London alone. This "magnificent power"—the Briareus-handed—the Argus-eyed—the myriad-voiced—the true "Orator of the human race"—never felt all its giant strength till now, and never used it to such noble purpose. For the use to which it has applied its influences, it is entitled alike to the thanks of the government and of the people. With shades of difference of opinion about men and modes, it has stuck stanchly to the main cause; dispelling error, detecting and exposing intrigue and falsehood, restraining popular violence, directing the heady current of opinion, rousing, stimulating, combining the living masses on which it acted so electrically; thinking, and watching, and feeling for all, with a generous self-devotion which is unparalleled, save by the patriotic exertions of the Parisian Journalists during the Three Days. From the highest to the lowest, every individual connected with the press, in whatever capacity, appeared animated by the same enthusiasm, and acted as if the cause depended on his single efforts. And in this mighty crisis much indeed depended on activity and combination in wielding the moral force of the Fourth Estate. We have fought and triumphed, but must never forget how much of the victory is owing to the prodigious efforts and zealous co-operation of the public prints. They deserve well of their country. Next time we shall be sending them public votes of thanks, and they deserve a monument now. In the meanwhile, a sheet of *Golden sentences*, selected from the newspapers published between the 8th and 17th of May, ought to be hung on the walls of every freeman's dwelling. The newspapers have their own grievances, and must have suffered disappointment at the failure of the Ministry to redeem a pledge in their behalf, implied if not expressed; but they have magnanimously deferred their individual interests to the public good, and uttered no murmur; though we may guess that to have bought over this powerful engine, or bribed it to neutrality, had such been possible, a Tory government would have granted it any pecuniary immunity.

Notwithstanding the coarse and incessant vituperation which the Tories direct against the whole press—for their own fractional part is not worth notice—it is certain that up to the hour when it was evident that the cause of the people was betrayed, its counsels were (together with firmness and unanimity) patience and submission to the law. Till the fondest hopes of the nation were contemned and baffled, no newspaper had sanctioned by its approval even the "passive resistance" of suffering goods to be distrained rather than pay taxes to the government of the oligarchy, the clubs, the coteries, and the sword. Few of them had even counselled the making of peers up to the infatuated vote of the 9th Oc-

tober, nor subsequently, but as a measure of dire necessity. Their Lordships have taken care to cure the press and the public of this squeamishness; they have taught us to admire unmaking fully as much as creating. The press has indeed latterly spoken out in a tone of justly-roused indignation, and with an effect which may afterwards draw more profound reflection to its oracles. Its suppression by gagging bills, fines, and imprisonments, would necessarily have been the first work of an administration of force. Persecution of the press has even now been impotently menaced by the baffled intriguers, but the *Times*, single-handed, laughs Lord Lyndhurst to scorn, and holds at nought Earl Winchilsea, and the strong-willed flinty Duke. The vipers bite the file.

The eloquence and literary talent displayed in the leading newspapers, is to us less remarkable than the clear-sighted, profound, and statesman-like views of their conductors. Night after night, day after day, what a torrent of forcible reasoning have they, at this juncture, thrown out; how many errors and blunders have they exposed and corrected, and in the egg crushed how much of incipient villany. The editor of a London daily paper acts continually and on the spur of the moment, as a judge in the highest resort; and summing up, and pronouncing upon every great interest agitated in Parliament and in the country, is but one of his duties. He stands in the situation of an influential and somewhat accredited agent, acting between the people and the government, and is, in some measure, expected to indicate the course to be taken by each. When the Government is in sympathy with the people, as, thank Heaven, it again is, his functions are superseded to a considerable degree, but the slightest revulsion restores the press to its fullest and most important uses, as the guide and enlightener of the governed, and a potent check on misrule. Even in times of its abridged influence, it is to the House of Commons what the people are to itself—the Mrs. Grundy, who helps to keep all right. The Lords' House, unfortunately for itself, is too closely enwrapped in its panoply of dignity, to regard Mrs. Grundy's opinions but as those of a vulgar character, quite unworthy its notice. It prefers the conservative wisdom and enlightened spirit of resistance, displayed by its emblem Dame Partington.

Our praise has been given to the moral sublime of the press, to its manly honesty, patriotism, and independence. It ought also to be liberally bestowed on its rapidity of movement, which, in thirty-six hours, apprised the northern capital of the ominous transactions in London; and, up to the 17th, laid on the breakfast-tables of the inhabitants of the metropolis, an exposure of the midnight intrigues and plottings in the recesses and purlieus of the palace, long before the actors were again awakened to perfect their mischief.

With such a power as the newspaper and periodical press, even in its present hampered condition, it is impossible to perpetuate misrule in Britain:—so again, we say,—Honour to THE FOURTH ESTATE! IT HAS DESERVED WELL OF ITS COUNTRY.

## THE CONTRAST.

SEE you this picture? Such the once bright look
  Of that worn aged woman, bending low
O'er the large pages of that Holiest Book,
  With dull fixed eye, and pale lips moving slow.

What earnest find you in that ruined shrine
  Of weary, wasted, poor humanity,
Of the full loveliness so like divine
  Of form and face, she wore in days gone by?

Is this the figure, wrought in truest mould,
  Whose natural graces owned such power to move?
Is this the brow—the glance—whose mirror told
  Nought dwelt within but joy, and truth, and love?

And more than all, is this the mind that drew
  Thought, fancy, feeling, from the meanest thing?
And its own mystery of enchantment threw
  O'er other hearts, till echoed every string!

This is strange contrast—but how such things are,
  Bewilder not thy watchful wondering heart;
For I will shew thee contrast deeper far,
  And more enduring—yet thou wilt not start.

Amid the spirits of departed worth,
  Who now in sainted glory lifted high,
Look down upon the busy fields of earth
  From their effulgent chambers in the sky;—

Methinks already, throned in light, I see
  That feeble matron's soul to heaven upborne—
A floating seraph, blessed, pure, and free,
  As golden cloudlet on a summer's morn!

And even when dazzling in her life's best hour,
  Bloom on her cheek, and beauty on her brow,
Oh! was she not a weak and worthless flower
  Compared with all she *is* in glory now!

That form, so peerless once, was but of clay;
  That heart, tho' warm, was mortal in its feeling;—
But radiant now in heaven's eternal day,
  Each moment as it flies is aye revealing

More and more clear the spirit's perfect mind;
  Whose holy eye our noblest darings *here*
Views but in sorrow, and compassion kind,
  And o'er their stain lets fall an Angel's tear!

Oh, endless mystery of Almighty Power!
  That from the acorn rears the giant tree,
And grants to Faith for a triumphant dower,
  The crown that never fades—of Immortality!

## NOTES ON THE CRISIS.

Our apprehensions have proved too well-founded. The waverers—or the traitors, to give them their true name, for the wavering was a pretence to cover their treacherous purpose—by conceding the second reading, drew the Ministry into the snare. The Bill carried over that point, and the principle finally admitted, the King would not recognise the necessity for a creation of Peers. The Tories, who throughout had been encouraged by a knowledge of the King's real dispositions, and at the critical moment had private intelligence of his resolution, tried their way in the attempt to put the Bill out of joint, by postponing the disfranchisement to the enfranchisement clauses; calculating, that if they were thus permitted to dislocate the limbs, the treatment of the crippled thing would pass into their hands; or that if Lord Grey unsuccessfully resisted, he might be represented to the King as a wilful, impracticable man, stickling for a point of mere form, against the opinion of a majority disposed to put the measure into a shape for success, and bringing defeat upon himself by his unreasonable pertinacity. They reckoned correctly on every circumstance but the event. They judged most accurately of the King;—no wonder, as the Court instructed them; they had a perfect understanding of the hidden effect of the amendment for reversing the order of the Bill, and merely putting it on its head instead of its feet; but they were not prepared for the readiness with which Lord Grey comprehended the design, or for the firmness with which he limited its operation to the one defeat. The Minister applied to the King for the aid of the prerogative, or the acceptance of his resignation. The choice was the choice of kings. It was no part of the plan to drive Lord Grey unblemished from office, and to pass him into opposition with all the honours of popularity. The design was, to put him through a series of concessions or defeats, to exhibit him in every posture of feebleness; to make him suspected of dishonesty, or derided for impotence; to show him as an incapable, powerless champion, or a betrayer of the cause to which he had pledged uncompromising devotion. They desired not to destroy the Minister with a blow dealt in open hostility, but to kick and cuff him, and make him an object of derision, contemptuous pity, or angry suspicion. They would have treated him as Mirabel is treated by the bravoes in "The Inconstant;" one changing snuff-boxes with him, horn for gold; another fancying his coat, and rendering his own thread-bare garment in return; another insisting on his wig, and substituting his own scratch;—from this, it comes to one treading on his toes, and a second tweaking his nose, and a third winding up all, by asking him by whose sword he would prefer to die, as that was an issue on which they were peremptorily fixed, notwithstanding all the previous agreeable trifling. Lord Grey has *suo marte* delivered himself from such toils; and instead of his disgrace, which was so ardently desired by the cut-throat party, another is disgraced, whose sense of the effect, when he arrives at it, will not conduce to the favour of those whose shabby intrigues have been the direct causes.

The explanations of Ministers have left considerable obscurity about the King's conduct towards them respecting the creation of Peers. There is, however, no doubt that his Majesty had promised them the aid of a creation; and there is as little doubt that a knowledge of that promise induced the Lords Harrowby and Wharncliffe to make a pre-

tence of yielding, by which they drew Lord Grey into the snare of owing the Second Reading to their treacherous adhesion, instead of to the reinforcement, which surely he should have insisted on as necessary to the safety of the Bill. From the facts and statements at present before us, we infer that an opportunity has been lost. Supposing that the performance of the King's promise could at no time have been had, yet, if the demand had been sooner made, the denial or evasion would have sooner closed the career of the Ministry. Is it not therefore clear that the call upon his Majesty for the fulfilment of his engagements could not have been made till after the defeat on the 7th ; and is it not possible that, if made at an earlier period, and before incessant intrigue and importunity had been allowed their full scope, compliance might have been had? To say the least, we fear, a chance has been thrown away ; and in war or monarchical politics, no leader, however skilled or fortunate, can afford to throw away a chance. It is not improbable that Lord Grey was the dupe of Lords Harrowby and Wharncliffe, and really gave them credit for the conversion they professed ; though, when he saw the denouement of the plot, he could with sufficient clearness perceive the absurdity of expecting that men would lose any opportunity of giving a death-blow to a measure which they professed to believe destructive of the state, and fraught with the ruin of society. We think, therefore, that there must have been an indiscretion, a failure of sagacity on the part of Lord Grey ; and without this supposition it is indeed impossible to understand the gratitude he and his colleagues express in their explanations for the conduct of his Majesty towards them. Lord Grey acknowledged *the support and confidence* that he had uniformly experienced; Lord Brougham the repeated proofs of confidence. Now the *support* and *confidence* so acknowledged were precisely the things which failed on the application on the 8th, and therefore we must infer that the same particular demand had never before been made on them.

It is very probable that Lord Grey had the wish to require the performance of the King's promise at an earlier period, but was thwarted by a difference of opinion in the cabinet. If the King's engagement was to make Peers, when the necessity should be apparent, and certain Lords in the administration had their doubts of the necessity, or their aversions to the expedient when the Premier was himself convinced of the necessity, we know not how he could make the application to his Majesty, without first (which perhaps he should have done,) remodelling the Cabinet, so as to bring it into accord with his views. The King would not have failed to have information of the difference of opinion, which would have caused him to ask the question, whether the Cabinet generally concurred as to the necessity, and the Premier would have been obliged to admit that he was in the minority. This may have been the hitch that caused a delay, in which the King's purpose was worked upon to yield. Here, therefore, was an indiscretion, —a fault of Lord Grey, at so critical a juncture, when any risk was to be preferred to the chance of losing the opportunity of obtaining the performance of the King's promise. It may be, however, that Lord Grey thought the promise he had so binding, that nothing but death could deprive him of the benefit of it in time of need. Even in that view, against death he should have been prepared

> "To make assurance doubly sure,
> And take a bond of Fate."

In this one particular, the prudence of Lord Grey's course may be questionable; but there is not a doubt, *there lies not now the shadow of a suspicion on his honesty of purpose, and unalterable devotion to the public cause.*

As little doubt, on the other hand, is there, as to the honour and the prudence of *another great actor* in this catastrophe. The honour and the prudence are both negative, beyond question. If a knowledge of the disease be half the cure, the world should not lament the insults and injuries which instruct it in the nature of vicious powers. Every page in the experience of mankind, teaches the same lesson; and almost every country in Europe presents the living examples in proof of it:—Portugal, Spain, France, Belgium, Poland, all attest the same truth, and shew the one cause always working the one effect.

Here the indignation boils over against the evil counsellors; and the reptiles are held up to scorn and execration, who have instigated the mischief. These things ever have, and ever will be at work; and in railing against them, we waste our wrath upon the branches, instead of going to the root of the evil. Kings will always have their creatures, and their creatures will possess them. In one reign, they will be of one sort; in another, of a different quality. On great occasions they signalize the malignity of their influence; but the misfortune is, that we should ever be liable to, or at the mercy of, such influence.

15th, In the House of Commons, last night, Sir Francis Burdett said "The Royal mind was open to reason—(stupendous compliment!) The King had no private views; he never had any. He had always said to his Ministers, Do that you think right, without considering me; do what is for the good of the country, and let that be your only guide." Did his Most Excellent Majesty, with a mind open to reason, say this when his Ministers applied to him for a creation? Oh, no! He gave them full liberty to act, according to the best of their judgment, for the public good; and only withdrew his permission and his confidence, when they asked that which was necessary to give effect to their plans. What a miracle of patriotism! He gave them full liberty to go out to battle, and only refused the succours requisite for victory when they were called for. And who is it that makes this discovery, that no blame attaches to the King for convulsing the country by withholding the promised support from his Ministers? Why Sir Francis Burdett! In the House, on the 14th, he contended for the King's prerogative to enfranchise or disfranchise places at pleasure; or, what is the same thing, on the ground of their flourishing or decaying; a fact which could not be disputed with the King, however notoriously against the truth his exercise of his prerogative might imply the case to be. The Constitution of the House of Representation would thus be subjected to the Crown.

16th, Madame Roland was right. The vocation of kings to reformation is always to be mistrusted. William, when Duke of Clarence, was a blusterer; he was often out of favour with the King, his brother; always abused and vilified by the Tories; and, on the other hand, petted at Holland House. The Duke of Wellington deprived him of his appointment of Lord High Admiral, which, we believe, he loved dearer than his life. Was it this act which carried a secret conviction of the Duke's judgment to the mind of the Prince, and has made his Grace of authority for wisdom? When his Royal Highness was called to the

throne, the Tories bewailed the event as a national calamity. They traduced him in every conceivable way, and brought against him a blacker charge than any that applies to the memory of Nero—they said he was *vulgar*. Stories were circulated of his conversation which would have disgraced a scavenger. His manners were described as not only offensive to taste, but to decency. All this by the Tories! In one of the Annuals especially devoted to the Aristocracy, "The Keepsake," Mr. Theodore Hook wrote an elaborate satire on him, under the title of "The New King." These affronts on the one hand, and the affectionate respect shown to him by the Whig party and the people, it might have been supposed, would have inclined him to a decided course against his aspersers; but it was observed throughout, with no small degree of suspicion, that his Majesty's associates were Tory. At the *fêtes* given to him, it was noted that there were very few Reformers present; sometimes not *one*. It is highly probable that the contempt in which he was held by the Tories was never known to the King; but be that as it may, a king is a Tory animal, and he will be kinder to the offences of his tribe, than to the good offices of those whose opinions inconvenience his exalted notions of Royal dignity.

The whole truth flashed upon the world, when the King, the patriot King, the Reformer, sent for Lord Lyndhurst, on the resignation of his Ministers. This showed indeed which way the wind blew. Not a word need be said here of Lord Lyndhurst's character. The name speaks every thing. And this was the King's choice of an adviser! The King knew that he could not renounce Reform, that he might as well renounce his Crown; Reform was therefore to be a condition of the new Ministry, an *extensive* Reform its *profession*. Lord Lyndhurst was pitched upon as the servant of all work, to assist in the organization of such an administration. There is a very expressive phrase which the Tories use to express what is plainly termed apostacy. They say, "Such a one has *listened to reason*;" or, "he will not refuse to *listen to reason*." Lord Lyndhurst, knowing himself, had also a pretty true conception of the character of his worthy confederate, the Duke of Wellington; and as he had *listened to reason* in the King's closet, so he judged, that the Duke would *listen to reason* in the same place. Reform had appeared to both a cureless mischief in Parliament, but a different view was to be had of it in his Majesty's chamber. There is a great deal in what is commonly called "putting one thing and another together." Reform, separately considered, seemed intolerable to these noble legislators, but, joined with office, it did not look so bad. At all events, be it what it might, there was no denying the King's wishes,—at least not when they pointed to office. They did not, indeed, withdraw their opposition in the House, to prevent the King's embarrassment, and signify their respect for his professed wishes, but they could not refuse compliance with his desire, that they should undertake office, though reform and revolution, and anarchy and destruction, should come of it. The Duke, in fine, *listened to reason*; and he and the other convert have suffered, in consequence, the common fate of listeners,—that of not hearing any good of themselves. Here ended the listening to reason. The Duke went into the market; but dog's meat was not to be had at any price he could offer. The very turn-spits reminded him, that they had a character; and declined his overtures, rejected his offers. It was most diverting, above all, to see

the prudery of Peel, the airs he put on when setting off his own scrupulousness against the Duke's backslidings. He was not boastful,—far from it; but he took care to impress the grounds of his resolutions in such a way, as to mark most distinctly where the frail one had fallen, and where *he* made his stand. Not that he blamed: oh no; he commended, extremely commended, the good-nature of his friend, and only feared lest his own particularity,—the nicety of his virtue,—the punctiliousness of his morality,—the different notion he had of saying black one moment and white the next, might be turned to the reproach of the more facile party. We are firmly convinced, that Cato himself could never have felt the pride of honesty to the same degree as Peel, when he found that there was a man in England who would do for office what he would not do. He bowed his head in humility, lest it should sweep the stars from the skies. He was oppressed with a sense of his own virtue. He had passed the mark of apostacy. He was made an honest man of. The Duke had the bottle-imp all to himself. The story goes, that as a certain person, not highly favoured by nature, was walking the streets, a stranger joyously accosted him, and tendering a very handsome snuff-box, said, "Sir,—I have the greatest happiness in handing you this box; it is your's."—"Mine! how do you mean?"—"Yes, Sir, it is your's; that box was presented to me as the ugliest man in England; and I was bound to keep it till I met with an uglier, and then to transfer it to him. I have travelled long and far; I have seen many; and yet the box has stuck by me; but now, at last, I see you, and recognise claims to it surpassing mine, as a Satyr to Hyperion. I rejoice in acquitting myself of my obligation, and think I may congratulate you, my good Sir, that the box is your's for ever." Something like this was the joy of Peel, when he saw the Duke in possession of the King's commission to organize a Reform Ministry.

17th. It was soon clear, that it was as easy for the Duke to raise the devil as a Ministry. The Thanes flew from him. He could not, like Matthews, play all the parts; and it was evident to the most greedy place-hunters, that he would play nothing but the devil. The Great Captain therefore flashed in the pan. He was "alone in his glory," and had the mortification of being obliged to tell the King, that the man of his choice could not patch up a Ministry. The King found himself in a false position. The country was without a Government, and never so well governed; its indignation intense—its spirit high—its resolves stern and fixed—its temper calm. The appearances left no choice, and Lord Grey was again sent for; but the time occupied in treating, denotes the difficulties that were yet to be overcome. Up to the close of this day, all was doubt; and it was feared that the Trimmers would find pretexts for coming in, at any sacrifice of consistency, "to protect his Majesty from being forced," as they term the coercion which saves a man from *felo de se.*

18th. Lord Grey declared in the House, that he had the assurance of adequate means for the success of the Bill, and that the Ministry was restored. The wrath of the Tory Lords was now changed to wailing. The night before, their insolence had seemed the intoxication of success. They now howled with rage. There was to be an end of the independence of the House, and the world was to go to wreck. They raved of the enormity of nominee peers—they, who saw nothing amiss in nominee members of the Representative Chamber!

Thus far things have worked well. The country has made a grand demonstration. The faction has made a signal exposure. The people have manifested what they *can* do. Their enemies have found out what they *cannot* do. They have taken nothing but contempt, by their abortive attempt. The Whigs are now reinstated; and surely with improved wisdom, if wisdom is to be had in the school of experience. The last fortnight has indeed teemed with instruction. Lord Grey has seen how vain have been all his endeavours to conciliate the adverse faction; how idle is the attempt to cajole the wolf, or buy off the rapacity of his nature. He must also observe that he has no strength but in the people,—by them he has been supported, by them borne on to his triumph. Let him not for a moment mistake the nature of his force—it is all derived. He is but as the pot of brass which floated down the stream with the earthen pot. The earthen pot came into collision with the brazen one, and was dashed to pieces. Let not the brazen pot misconceive the cause of this victory: it was undoubtedly of the better stuff, but the stream lent it the force which smashed the viler vessel; and if it steers out of the current, and runs itself on the shore, with the conceit of a capacity for tilting, it will soon find that, instead of being a potent conqueror, it is but an empty, armless, legless, motionless, lifeless thing, stuck fast in the mud.

21st, Nothing is as yet known of the terms on which Lord Grey has returned to office, and some are doubtful whether he has the power of creating peers. We think it utterly impossible that he can have again charged himself with his grave responsibilities without this condition. For what did he resign? Not surely to sulk for a week, and succumb. Nothing but the assurance that the tuning-key is in his hands will induce the faction to withdraw their opposition; and Lord Grey must perfectly well know that any prospect of the success of the Bill without a creation, must include the certainty of his having the power to carry it by one. The doubt, unreasonable as we think it, on this head indicates the poor opinion which is entertained of the sagacity of the Ministry. As an addition is absolutely necessary in one quarter, so a clearance is as indispensable in others. There must be a complete fumigation. The country is overrun with troublesome insects, which must be driven from their nests and holds. A thorough sweeping is necessary, and the broom should first be employed about the Court. Having been so near an extremity as we have been this eventful week, every one sees how necessary to safety it is that the enemies of the people should be dislodged from the various "coins of vantage" they have been so blameably permitted to occupy.

# MONTHLY REGISTER.

## POLITICAL HISTORY.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

THE month of May, 1832, will be a land-mark in the history of this island. The whole country had been in a ferment during the Easter recess, with meetings assembled for the purpose of expressing their satisfaction with the second reading of the Reform Bill, and their earnest adjuration to have it speedily passed into a law. These assemblies of the people were more in number, and attended by more dense multitudes than had ever previously been witnessed. At all of them, it was unequivocally declared that nothing would satisfy the nation short of the full measure introduced by Earl Grey in its three great provisions, enfranchisement of large towns, disfranchisement of close and nomination boroughs, and the extension of the franchise to the 10*l.* renters. The quiet, steady ardour of the reformers of all classes, shewed that their resolution had been screwed to the sticking place. The national mood was silent, not exactly irritated, but such as not safely to be tampered with. On Monday the 7th of May, Parliament reassembled, and the anti-reformers immediately unmasked their battery in the House of Lords. Earl Grey, on moving in Committe, the adoption of the disfranchising clause relating to schedule A. proposed that the number 56 be not specified, but that their Lordships do come to a successive vote on each individual borough as part of the clause. Lord Lyndhurst rose next, and reminding "no le Lords," that although by voting for the Second Reading they had pledged themselves to "the three principles of disfranchisement, enfranchisement, and extension of suffrage," they were not tied down to the exact amount specified in the Bill. His Lordship maintained that it was necessary to ascertain, in the first place, the number of places to which the franchise was to be extended, as that must be the limit of disfranchisement; and, on that ground, moved as an amendment the postponement of the first and second clauses. The amendment was supported by Lords Harrowby, Bexley, Wellington, Winchilsea, Wharncliffe, Ellenborough, Harewood, and Carnarvon, on the ground that the object of the amendment was not to defeat Schedules A and B. These noble orators instituted several most suspicious defences of their integrity and fair dealing—no person having, at that moment, called either in question. The Duke of Newcastle, with the high feeling of an English gentleman, honestly avowed he supported the amendment, as he would do any thing likely to frustrate the bill. Lords Grey and Brougham explicitly declared that they would regard the success of the amendment as fatal to the Bill. Lords Radnor and Holland held the same opinion: the latter most felicitously shewing that the priority of disfranchisement was a principle of the Bill. Lord Manvers felt himself tied down by his vote, on the Second Reading. Lord Clifford, a supporter of the Ministry, who addressed the House, for the first time, after an ill-timed and ineffective speech, left his party exactly where they were. The result of the discussion was:—

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| Contents (for the amendment) | 151 |
| Non-contents - - | 116 |
| Majority against Ministers | 35 |

Immediately after the vote was taken, Earl Grey moved, that the further consideration of the Bill be postponed till Thursday. Lord Ellenborough seized the opportunity of narrating the mutilations of the measure which he and his friends contemplated:—113 members were to be taken from the close and nomination boroughs, and distributed among the places to which the franchise was to be extended. It was not proposed to raise the 10*l.* qualification, but, on the contrary, to retain, in some places, that of scot and lot. His Lordship expressed great anxiety to hasten the settlement of the Reform question. Lord Grey treated the empty hypocrite with the most dignified scorn, and insisted upon postponement of further proceedings for the present. With the result of this first discussion in Committee, the country was rather pleased than

otherwise. The object of the opposition was transparent. They vainly hoped, that, by postponing the question of disfranchisement until they had allayed the clamours of Manchester, and other large places, they might adventure upon the rescue of some of their pet boroughs. They also expected to win the Huntites, by the prospect of scot and lot voting. The country, instead of being divided by such paltry shuffling, only felt its contempt for a faction increased, which could have recourse to such mean subterfuges. Lord Grey likewise had embraced the opportunity of stating more strongly than he had ever done before, his resolution to abide by the 10*l.* qualification. The most implicit reliance was placed on the firmness of the king; and the general feeling was, satisfaction that the enemy had shewn his teeth where he had no power of harming. An immediate creation of Peers was looked for as a matter of course. On the 8th, Lord Grey and his colleagues came unanimously to the resolution of instantly soliciting from the King a creation of Peers, sufficient to ensure the success of the Reform Bill. Immediately after the breaking up of the Cabinet, the Premier and the Chancellor proceeded to Windsor. The King affected to hesitate, on account of the great number requisite. The Ministers begged, in the event of his Majesty's not resolving to adopt their advice, to tender their resignation. The King desired till next day to deliberate. On the morning of Wednesday it was intimated that the resignation had been accepted. The affectation of delay was a mere farce. It has since been ascertained that the King had five days previously come to terms with the opposition. This breaking of kingly faith—for Earl Grey had at one time the royal pledge to create pears—was effected by the working of a most contemptible knot of intriguers upon the facility of a well-meaning weak old man. The Queen had been from the first inimical to reform. Her sentiments were shared by the royal brothers Gloucester and Cumberland. There had from the first existed betwixt the Queen and the Fitz-Clarences that civil dislike which legitimate spouses and illegitimate children are wont reciprocally to cherish. Circumstances had occurred yet more to embitter their mutual feelings of animosity. It happened, however, that the unreasonable ambition of the eldest bastard and the greed of the others were not sufficiently yielded to by Ministers, and the result was, that the two factions of court-flies joined in the end, like Highlanders of old, "against all honest men who had purses in their pockets and breeches on their hinder ends." With such instruments, an ambitious oligarchy, ready to creep into office even at the expense of granting reform, which they had denounced as unnecessary or dangerous, or passing the Bill which they had called revolutionary, did not disdain to work. The King was now besieged incessantly, wearied nature at length gave way, and he falsified his word to Earl Grey. In this back-stair's intrigue, the Earl of Munster played the leading conspirator, thereby justly earning the title bestowed upon him by the Quarterly Review—"a good Tory," which in common English means a bad citizen. It is but justice to Col. Fox and Lord Errol, the King's sons-in-law, to add that they stood aloof from the whole of this miserable petticoat diplomacy, and have acted throughout honourable and consistent parts. The unlooked-for intelligence was received by the nation in a manner that makes us yet more proud of our country. The proceedings of the House of Lords were only looked to in order to ascertain from Earl Grey himself that he really had resigned. Not another thought was wasted upon those who had insulted us; but every man in every district of the country proceeded at once to act. In the House of Commons, Lord Althorp had no sooner announced the Ministerial resignation, than Lord Ebrington rose to give notice of his intention to move an address to the King, on the state of public affairs next evening. The motion which he subsequently laid before the House for its adoption, was as follows:—

"That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, humbly to represent to his Majesty the deep regret felt by this House at the change which has been announced in his Majesty's councils, by the retirement of those Ministers, in whom this House continues to repose unabated confidence.

"That this House, in conformity with the recommendation contained in his Majesty's most gracious speech from the throne, has framed, and sent up to the House of Lords, a Bill for a reform in the representation of the people, by which they are convinced, that the prerogatives of the Crown, the authorities of both Houses of Parliament, and the rights and liberties of the people are equally secured.

"That, to the progress of this measure, this House considers itself bound in duty to state to his Majesty, that his subjects are looking with the most intense anxiety; and they cannot disguise from his Majesty their apprehension, that any successful

attempt to mutilate, or impair its efficiency, would be productive of the greatest disappointment and dismay.

"This House is, therefore, compelled, by warm attachment to his Majesty's person and government, humbly, but most earnestly, to implore his Majesty to call to his councils, such persons only, as will carry into effect, unimpaired in all its essential provisions, that Bill for the Reform of the representation of the people, which has recently passed this House."

The debate which ensued is characterized by those who were present, as partaking of the solemnity and the interest of the occasion. "We have seldom," says the *Times*, "attended a discussion in which the House showed greater attention to the sentiments addressed to it by the different speakers, or in which the speakers seemed more impressed with the momentous nature of the crisis which their words and their votes were destined to effect." When the gallery was cleared for division, the numbers were :—

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| For Lord Ebrington's motion, | 288 |
| Against - - - - - | 208 |
| Majority in favour of the motion, | 80 |

Of the members who usually vote with Lord Grey's Administration seventy-eight were absent chiefly out of London ; eight paired off ; twelve left the House without voting ; and three voted against Lord Ebrington's motion. The whole nation was up acting simultaneously, and in co-operation with the House of Commons. There was no cold hesitating pause : every man was ready for action. In London, the National Union met on Wednesday evening, the evening of the resignation. The Union received an accession of one thousand two hundred members that night. It was resolved—That the betrayal of the people's cause was not attributable to Lord Grey or his Administration, but to the base and foul treachery of others ; that meetings ought to be held in every county, town, and parish, for the purpose of concerting measures for averting the national danger ; that a petition be presented to the House of Commons to vest the supplies in commissioners until such time as the Reform Bill pass into a law. Several of the speakers declared that they had not, and would not, pay taxes until the Bill was passed. Preparations were made the same evening for holding meetings in every ward and parish of the metropolis. On Thursday the Court of Common Council met in Guildhall, resolved to petition the Commons to stop the supplies, and nominated a committee of fifty members to watch the progress of Reform. On Friday the Livery met at Guildhall, and the electors of Westminster at the Crown and Anchor Tavern. The resolutions adopted at both these meetings were substantially the same with those passed by the Common Council. At the Crown and Anchor Mr. O'Connell was loudly called for, and addressed the meeting in a strain of overwhelming eloquence. The inhabitants of the borough of Southwark met on Saturday in such numbers, that an adjournment to St. Margaret's Hill was necessary. Here also the Supplies were attacked. A strong symptom of the public feeling was called forth by the speech of Mr. Ellis. "He could not bring his mind to believe that his most gracious Majesty, King William IV. had given up his people. (The speaker paused slightly here, as if expecting a cheer, but the silence of the meeting was most marked, perfect silence having succeeded to the hum which generally prevails in large assemblies.) He could not bring his mind to believe but that his Majesty wished well to the country. (The same silence.) It was to the base advisers who had altered his Majesty's mind that they must attribute the frustration of their hopes. (A solitary hear!)" The Parliamentary district of St. Mary-le-bone, St. Pancras, and Paddington, met on Monday, to the number of 20,000 and upwards, Joseph Hume, Esq. in the chair. A true English address to the King was agreed to. Whilst these larger meetings were convened in the metropolis, the inhabitants of every parish and ward were assembling for the same purposes, and the National Union sat every night. The whole of London was up. The intelligence of Earl Grey's resignation reached Birmingham on Thursday morning. By eleven o'clock a printed placard was frequent in the windows : "Notice! No taxes paid here until the Reform Bill is passed!" In the course of the day, upwards of five hundred gentlemen who had hitherto held aloof, enrolled themselves as members of the Union. At four in the afternoon, the inhabitants of Birmingham and the surrounding towns met at Newhall-Hill. No placards, no regular citation had been issued, but their numbers could not possibly be less than 100,000. The space they occupied is six acres, and was densely filled. A petition was addressed to the House of Commons which, in addition to the usual prayer to stop the Supplies, contains the following remarkable sentence :—"That your petitioners find it declared in the Bill of Rights,

that the people of England may have arms for their defence—(here the speaker was interrupted by tremendous cheering, which lasted for several minutes,) suitable to their condition, and as allowed by law; and your petitioners apprehend, that this great right will be put in force generally, and that the whole of the people of England will think it necessary to have arms for their defence, in order that they may be prepared for any circumstances that may arise." (Renewed cheers.) The Union afterwards declared its sittings permanent, and named a deputation to take the petition express to London, and communicate to the Common Council and the City of Westminster the determination of the people of Warwickshire and Staffordshire, to aid them in the common cause. The delegates, Messrs. Scholefield, Parkes, and Green, were followed to the verge of the town by the cheering of assembled multitudes; at Coventry they were enthusiastically welcomed; at the meetings of the Common Hall, of the electors of Westminster, and of the parliamentary district of Mary-le-bone, they were warmly assured of respect and fellow-feeling. By the inconceivable exertions of the rival *Suns*, the news spread like wildfire through the country. Manchester received the intelligence on Thursday forenoon. At 12 o'clock, a meeting was held in the Town Hall, at which it was agreed to petition the Commons to stop the Supplies. In the course of four hours, the petition had received upwards of 25,000 signatures. A public meeting has since been held at Manchester, at which there could not be fewer than 40,000 persons present. The Parliamentary Reform Union of Liverpool passed resolutions on the tenth, declaratory of their intention to lend their aid, to give effect to the town meeting. On Monday the 14th, 15,000 inhabitants assembled to declare their confidence in Earl Grey, and to petition for withholding the Supplies. Sheffield, Wakefield, and Leeds, each rose, in succession, as the doleful messenger passed through. The Northern Union was at its post. Glasgow and Paisley mustered extempore meetings, of 60,000 each. A second meeting was held at the former city, at which there could not be less than 140,000 persons present—as solemnly determined as ever were their Whiggamore forefathers, and as sure to succeed. At Edinburgh, the Political Union, and the Trades' Union published declarations on Saturday, that, uncertain where to attribute blame, they looked for the safety of the nation alone in the simultaneous exertions of the House of Commons, and the whole nation; and that they were ready, under existing circumstances, to co-operate with the rest of the inhabitants in petitioning the House of Commons to stop the supplies, referring to each man's private judgment what further steps might be advisable, in the event of failure. On Tuesday the 15th, the Reformers of Edinburgh met in the King's Park, in number from 40,000 to 50,000 strong. A multitude of sable banners, with most intelligible devices, were on the field. A more orderly, intelligent, and resolute meeting, we never witnessed. We have attempted to give a faint sketch of the progress of the fiery cross northward, (borne by a good-humoured *young* editor in a chaise and four); but the excitement was the same, and radiated with the same electricity in every direction round London. Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, Devon, Gloucestershire, were bustling for the fray. England cried aloud as with one voice; and from the other side of the channel was heard a kind of Irish echo, declaring that Pat was ready for a tussle. The account of the temper stirred up in the country by late occurrences rolled back upon London, and added to the feverish agitation of the inhabitants. Despite of all these signs, the mad attempt to form a ministry out of the enemies of the Bill was attempted. All the crooked machinations set at work are not, perhaps never may be, unravelled. It is, however, certain that the Duke of Wellington undertook to collect a ministry, and if there be any meaning in words, hints, and mysterious phrases, Mr. Baring was at first willing to accept office under him. It would be too much to accuse the Duke of all that has been laid to his charge; but he stands accused—and hitherto without contradiction—of having been prepared to come into office resolved to pass the Bill, could he have found enough of coadjutors ready to brave the national indignation in furtherance of such a nefarious scheme. The suspicion of such an arrangement added fuel to the flame already so fiercely burning. It was known that many of the Scotch Greys wore the badge of the Birmingham Union. The troops stationed at Newcastle had openly declared their resolution not to fire upon the people. A similar declaration was understood to have been made by those marched to Glasgow about the time the Bill was first thrown out. A lieutenant in a yeomanry regiment was subjected to a court martial for questioning the law laid down by Chief Justice Tindal at Bristol, declaring that under the circumstances described by the learned judge he would

neither draw his sword nor allow those under his command to do so. The consternation of the mercantile world increased. The funds—that most mysterious of all juggles—kept pretty equable throughout the ferment, though latterly even they gave symptoms of depression. A great number of the small fundholders sold out, and in many instances the price was carried directly to the Bank to be exchanged for gold. Orders for remittances of gold began to pour in from the country bankers. During three days, upwards of a million and a half was paid in gold at the Bank—a large proportion in sums of from 20*l.* to 100*l.* A deputation from the Bank is understood to have waited upon the King, for the purpose of requesting an order in Council to suspend cash payments, and grant an amnesty. Meanwhile, the House of Commons did its duty manfully. Messrs. Duncombe, Hume, O'Connell, Gillon, Macaulay, defended the cause of the people with eloquence unsurpassed in the best days of our history. The accounts of the temper and demonstrations of the people, which poured in unintermittingly, from every quarter, backed their efforts. The truth was at last forced on the unwilling intriguers—THE SPIRIT OF THE NATION WAS ROUSED, AND, STRONG IN THE JUSTICE OF THE CAUSE, ALL OPPOSITION WAS BOOTLESS. Mr. Baring dropped a pretty intelligible hint, that no member of the House of Commons would take office under the Duke—Sir. G. Murray, Messrs. Peel and Goulburn assented, by their silence. Mr. Hume, seconded by Lord Morpeth, suggested conciliation. The consequence was, that Earl Grey received a communication from the King on Tuesday, although the Earl of Munster had, the day before, been going about everywhere, saying, his father "would rather go to Hanover, than take back Lord Grey." Thus, by the orderly determination of a people knowing its rights, has one of the basest intrigues upon record been frustrated; and thus through the purblind conduct of those who would trample down every spark of public spirit has the flame of democracy been kindled more fiercely in the land. Enough is known to shew the baseness of THE FACTION; but edifying disclosures still await us.

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### CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

FRANCE.—Since the prorogation of the Chambers, nothing of importance has occurred. M. Perier is no more; but up to the moment of our writing, the new Ministerial arrangements are unknown. The Carlists continue their impotent efforts. The Duchess de Berri has been hovering round the proscribed territory like a pretty little butterfly, endeavouring to enact the wasp. Her first blow was an attempt to excite attention, by a remittance of 12,000 franks for the benefit of cholera patients. The government of a wealthy nation (very naturally and humanely too, we think,) refused so extravagant a present from a wandering gaberlunzie wife; and M. Chateaubriand embraced the opportunity of writing a pamphlet on the subject, which, of course, nobody read. This happened about the end of April, was forgot before the 1st of May, nor seriously thought of till the second act of the pantomime recalled it to people's memories. On the 30th of April, about 8 in the morning, the Carlist party, who had, for some time, been cackling about, like hens about to lay, set themselves in motion. Several armed men forced the Curé of St. Laurent, to open the door of the tower, and hoisted a white flag on the top. A mob of from 2000 to 3000 persons proceeded to the haven to look out for a steamboat, in which they expected the Duchess and M. Bourmont. They repeatedly shouted "Vive Henry V. Several smaller bodies dispersed themselves through the narrow streets of the old town. An attempt was made to attack the guard at the Palais du Justice." By half-past eight every man of the National Guard was at his post. Shortly after, the white flag was torn down from the tower of St. Laurent, and replaced by the tricolor. By midday tranquillity was restored, and one or two of the leaders were arrested. All this time there was no appearance of the steamboat or the Duchess. On the third of May a French cruiser captured an Italian steam-boat with a lady on board, who was at first mistaken for the Duchess, but proved eventually only one of her suite. And thus closed the last crusade of the lady, who, after the Three Days, walked in boots and breeches from St. Cloud to the place of embarkation. What comes next? The news of the defeat of Lord Grey occasioned more alarm than ten thousand such squibs. The Parisian funds fell immediately. On the other hand, cholera has abated, a much more formidable invader than the Duchess.

HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.—Preparations for an appeal to arms have not been interrupted by either of these nations, notwithstanding the ratification of the Treaty of London. A scandalous infringement upon the rights of nations was perpetrated by the governor of Luxemburg on the 16th of April. A band of ruffians in his

pay seized upon M. Thorn, a Belgian senator, on the Belgian territory. He is still detained in the fortress. The inhabitants of the town are indignant, but held in check by the Prussian garrison which occupies the fortress in the name of the German Confederation, and by the Dutch maré chausse. The matter is still unsettled.

GERMANY.—A Congress of ministers, from the different German states, was held at Berlin about the end of April. The subjects submitted to its consideration were arrangements for improving the organization of the army of the Confederation;—overtures, on the part of Prussia, to induce the Southern, and such Northern states as have not yet acceded, to adopt her protecting system; the object of which is, to encourage the internal manufactures of Germany, by the imposition of heavy duties on French and English goods;—and proposals for placing the periodical press under stricter control throughout the territories of the Confederation. The government of Bavaria, baffled in all its attempt to put down a liberal journal, and the association formed to support it, is at present projecting improvements in education. Since it cannot drive newspapers from the country, it is determined they shall be read. This is spirited. An advertisement appeared lately in one of the journals of Rhine-Bavaria, advising the inhabitants to be on their guard against spies. The chief magistrate of Speier has since published an official announcement that the paternal government of the country disdains to use spies—it only uses means to acquire intelligence of the grumblings of the people. The Chambers of Hanover opened their session on the 30th April. More than any country in Germany, that kingdom is cursed with a poor, self-willed, arrogant aristocracy. They have no monarch to keep them in order. In addition to this, Count Munster, in 1819, of his own sovereign pleasure, introduced the system of two Chambers previously unknown in Hanover, prohibited the publication of the debates, and forbade both Chambers to send an address to the King separately. A more effectual gag to the public voice could not easily be invented. The nation groans for reform.

GREECE.—About the commencement of the present year a majority of the Assembly collected at Nauplia, seceded to Megara, where it established a provisional government. The President Notaras issued a decree on the 18th of January, accusing Augustin Capo d'Istrias of having caused the election of deputies under the terror of an armed force; of having drawn lines of troops, and erected batteries around the seat of the National Assembly, and of having by these means destroyed the legitimate government. For these offences he is declared a usurper, and every person in office and authority is called upon to subvert his power; he is consigned to the proper tribunal, and all authorities, civil and military, are enjoined to aid in carrying the decree into effect. On his part, the Count addressed a proclamation to the Greeks, announcing that the Allied Sovereigns had recognized the National Assembly; and, in their infinite bounty, promised them a Sovereign (not yet out of the nursery, but this fact is passed over in silence.) The same document promises an amnesty to all who claim its benefit within ten days after publication, with the exception of the assassins of the late President; and warns all Ottomans to quit the territories of Greece within a fortnight. On the 8th of April the Congress at Megara met in extraordinary session, sent a protest to the three protecting powers, against the imposition of a foreign sovereign, a child, and ignorant of the language and customs of the country, upon liberated Greece. It was, at the same time decreed that all the troops at the command of the Assembly should march against Capo d'Istrias. By the latest accounts, the self-constituted President had been forced to take refuge in the Ionian Islands.

## STATE OF COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.
### MAY, 1832.

THE history of our trade during the past month is found in the history of our politics. One subject of intense and all-absorbing interest has filled the public mind; and the hopes and fears, the alarm and exultation, which have alternately prevailed with regard to the rights and liberties of the people, as involved in the principles of the rulers and the success of the Reform Bill, have acted as the *regulator* of commercial operations. For a considerable part of the month all has been agitation—a constant and rapid fluctuation between joy and grief. The counting-house, the shop, and the loom, have been deserted, to attend public meetings, or to converse in the news-room and the club. The temporary interests of individuals were postponed to the highest interests of the state. As a necessary consequence of the perilous excitement which prevailed, not only the disposition to attend to business was wanting, but employment itself failed. When merchants and dealers are deterred from *buying*, the manufacturer must cease *making*. Commerce can no more flourish in the midst of political agitation and alarms, than vegetation can appear in the crater of a volcano.

In the three weeks which elapsed between the Second Reading of the Reform Bill in the House of Lords, on the 13th of April, and the defeat of Ministers in the Committee, on the 7th of May, a decided though gradual improvement took place in all the great branches of trade and manufactures, which had previously suffered from the suspense of the public mind as to the fate of that measure. It had been universally felt that the people would not endure the destruction or mutilation of the ministerial plan of reform, and the peace of the country could not therefore be regarded as secure, until the Bill was secure. The majority in favour of the Second Reading, though small, relieved the public from a load of anxiety, and was considered as affording promise that Ministers would be able to carry the Bill either by a creation of peers or by the effect of their success on those lords who have the well-known instinct of the animal which forsakes a falling house.

This political cause combining with the ordinary revival of trade in spring, the effects were highly favourable. Confidence began to be established; a general feeling prevailed that public tranquillity would be preserved; and, as a natural consequence, buyers purchased more freely, and manufacturers were encouraged to extend their operations. The London dealers, who for some time past had scarcely been seen in the markets of Lancashire and Yorkshire, again made their appearance; and, for about three weeks, a gradual improvement in trade was realized. The restoration of confidence was proved by the rising of the funds.

Our trade with the continent of Europe improved at the same time, and *from the same cause*. The Second Reading of the Reform Bill, being regarded as a proof of the stability of the Grey Administration, and as excluding all immediate *hopes* of the Wellington and Aberdeen policy resuming its sway in the English cabinet, the plenipotentiaries of Prussia, Austria, and Russia, hastened to ratify the treaty of Belgian independence. All Germany, as well as Belgium, experienced the beneficial effects. The apprehensions of war were laid aside, and German orders flowed in upon the English manufacturers.

The defeat of Ministers on the Reform Bill, their resignation consequent on the refusal of the King to create Peers, and the communication opened by his Majesty with Lord Lyndhurst and the Duke of Wellington, produced an explosion of popular indignation, and a manifestation of resistance, such as this country had never before witnessed. All England, Scotland, and Ireland was up in the attitude of constitutional opposition. Where meetings were never held before, they were held now. The House of Commons was on all sides petitioned to stop the supplies. The people themselves threatened effectually to stop them, by refusing to pay taxes.

The effect on trade was that of a stroke of the palsy. Disturbance, if not revolution, being dreaded, confidence and credit shrunk up like the sensitive plant; speculation was at an end; no more business was done than was absolutely needful to supply the wants of the nation; half completed bargains were broken off by the purchasing party; markets which were proceeding when the news arrived, were suddenly stopped; manufacturers declined buying the raw material of their goods, and many closed manufacturing; retail dealers bought only as much as they needed for the supply of their pressing wants.

In London, mercantile transactions were brought to an absolute stand. If an earthquake had shattered the city, there could not have been a more general suspension of business. The funds fell, notwithstanding great exertions to keep

them up. Money became scarce and very valuable. The stream of cash which usually flows in upon the banks was at once checked, every body being anxious to keep as much as he could. On the Saturday and Monday, whilst the Duke of Wellington was endeavouring to construct an administration, a run took place on the Bank of England for gold, and in those two days not less than 600,000*l.* was drawn out. At the Savings' Banks, notices to withdraw investments were given to an immense amount. The breaking out of the Cholera did not so completely paralyze trade, as the resignation of Earl Grey.

At Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Leeds, and all the great manufacturing and commercial towns, nearly the same effects took place as in London. Orders both for manufactured goods and raw materials were countermanded to a great extent. The buyers who had gone down from London to lay in stocks of cottons, woollens, or worsted stuffs, returned without purchasing. The banks received little or no money.

The foreign trade was equally affected. German buyers suspended their purchases, auguring that the return of the Duke of Wellington to power would encourage the members of the Holy Alliance to attack France, and to restore Belgium to the King of the Netherlands. The momentary elevation of the military statesman to office will not only have its effect on all the great courts of Europe, but will be distinctly felt by the shopkeeper of the remotest towns of Silesia and Poland.

Had the *cause* continued, the effects would doubtless have been dreadful, even if no sudden revolt had brought matters to the decision of the sword. Happily, the political circumstances which produced the stagnation of trade, were of short continuance. On Tuesday the 15th, seven days after his Majesty had accepted the resignation of his Ministers, and six after the Duke of Wellington had been entrusted with a commission to form a new Government, the Duke found himself compelled to resign his presumptuous undertaking, and Earl Grey was recalled to the Councils of his Sovereign. Never perhaps did such universal exultation burst from all classes of the people as when this intelligence became known. The nation felt that it had by its own energy saved the Reform Bill and the Ministry, and averted the evil of a Wellington Administration. Even the Tories rejoiced—at least those engaged in trade—that the only Ministry in which the nation placed confidence was restored, and that the frightful consequences of strangling or mutilating the Reform Bill, were averted. Confidence now took the place of alarm. The run upon the Bank for gold immediately ceased. The Funds rose. Money began to flow again in its usual channels. The bargains which had been broken off were now resumed and completed; and the operations of buying and selling went on as before.

The hesitation of his Majesty to comply with the demands of his Ministers, and the necessity of the case, by giving them power to create Peers, arrested the tide of joyful exultation in the country. But at length the patriotic firmness of the Cabinet prevailed; the required promise was given; and it was no sooner announced in the House of Peers, than the declaration of the Earl of Harewood showed that Ministers had completely triumphed, and that no efficient opposition could now be offered to the passing of the Bill.

This perilous crisis having passed, and tranquillity and confidence being restored, there is every reason to expect that trade will now become regularly good. For many months past, the stocks of the merchant, the retailer, and the manufacturer, have been kept at the lowest possible amount, and speculation has been nipped in the very bud. An impulse will now be given to every branch of trade. Both domestic and foreign buyers will come freely into the market. Money will be more plentiful. The spring demand will have its full effect on the manufacturer. Exportation and importation will increase. The Cholera having ceased in London, and clean bills of health being now given from that port, the shipping interest and the exporting merchant will feel the most sensible benefit. The retailers from the country will also again visit the metropolis, to buy in their assortments of goods.

Having noticed at so much length the great political causes which have affected trade in all its branches, little remains to be said on the minor causes which have been in operation, seeing that all shrink into insignificance compared with those already mentioned.

There seems good reason to hope that, when the Reform Bill shall have passed, trade will become steady, and perhaps brisk. Speculation, even of the most ordinary and legitimate kind, having been so long repressed; stocks of goods being now universally low among both retail and wholesale dealers, and nothing having occurred to limit the resources of the country, it may be confidently anticipated that the return of tranquillity will be followed by a revival of trade.

In LONDON, the disappearance of the cholera will cause a favourable reaction.

Country buyers were beginning to frequent the London market, when the resignation of Earl Grey threw all into confusion. They will now return with confidence. The Import Trade from the Baltic, the North Sea, and the Mediterranean, has been in the most depressed state; nor can any better representation be made of the demand for Colonial Produce for exportation. The prices of Sugar and Coffee have suffered a slight decline during the past month.

In the COTTON MARKET there has been a decline of prices, owing to the large arrivals from the United States; but an improvement was realized after the recall of Earl Grey. The demand of the manufacturers was extensive until the political agitation began.

The SHIPPING INTEREST, especially at Liverpool, is in an improved state; ships are now paying better than they have done for some time. The great number of emigrants from England, Scotland, and Ireland, has afforded profitable employment for a considerable quantity of shipping; and this is likely to be the case every spring for many years.

The WOOLLEN MANUFACTURE has sympathized with all other trades. It revived after the Second Reading of the Bill, and became nearly stagnant after the hostile vote in the House of Lords. The Blanket Manufacture, and that of low woollens, which had been greatly depressed, were considerably more active during that interval; as was also the Worsted Stuff Manufacture. The improvement in the manufactures caused a slight advance in the price of combing and low English wools.

The IRON TRADE is as dull as ever; no improvement in prices, and not so much doing. Lead is selling very freely at an advance of 20s. per ton.

The Finance Accounts, published by order of the House of Commons, contain, as usual, the details of the Imports and Exports for the last year, and the two preceding years; and also several returns of Shipping. As they cast much light on the improving or declining state of many branches of trade, we shall extract the principal articles:—

## EXPORTS.

*Value of the Produce and Manufactures of the United Kingdom, Exported from Great Britain to Foreign Parts, calculated at the Official Rates of Valuation.*

THE PRINCIPAL ARTICLES.

| SPECIES OF EXPORTS. | Years ending 5th January | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | 1830. £ | 1831. £ | 1832. £ |
| Apparel, Slops, and Negro Clothing, . | 387,694 | 384,213 | 368,545 |
| Arms and Ammunition, . . . . . | 278,637 | 245,497 | 459,579 |
| Brass and Copper Manufactures, . . | 860,315 | 997,379 | 959,971 |
| Coals and Culm, . . . . . | 312,854 | 435,590 | 435,008 |
| Cotton Manufactures, . . . . . | 31,810,468 | 35,395,400 | 33,682,475 |
| —— Yarn, . . . . . | 5,458,958 | 5,655,569 | 5,674,600 |
| Earthenware, . . . . . | 96,928 | 93,188 | 97,409 |
| Fish, . . . . . | 184,136 | 276,958 | 190,685 |
| Glass, . . . . . | 128,206 | 125,179 | 116,726 |
| Hardwares and Cutlery, . . . . . | 765,757 | 802,021 | 967,793 |
| Hats, Beavers, and Felt, . . . . . | 165,974 | 171,869 | 135,910 |
| Iron and Steel, wrought and unwrought, | 1,745,245 | 1,867,062 | 1,979,415 |
| Linen Manufactures, . . . . . | 2,856,564 | 3,101,031 | 3,662,945 |
| Machinery and Mill Works, . . . . | 250,061 | 208,736 | 105,505 |
| Plate, Plated Ware, Jewellery, and Watches, . . . . . | 175,615 | 194,401 | 188,245 |
| Salt, . . . . . | 349,543 | 345,414 | 328,048 |
| Silk Manufactures, . . . . . | 220,436 | 435,045 | 469,076 |
| Soap and Candles, . . . . . | 199,378 | 237,522 | 229,618 |
| Stationery, . . . . . | 187,438 | 167,679 | 177,698 |
| Sugar, refined, . . . . . | 1,294,773 | 1,652,210 | 1,638,677 |
| Tin unwrought, . . . . . | 121,261 | 111,052 | 79,457 |
| —— and Pewter Wares, and Tin Plates, | 232,241 | 247,617 | 228,115 |
| Woollen Manufactures, . . . . . | 5,361,997 | 5,551,644 | 6,187,979 |
| TOTAL. Official Value of the EXPORTS of the Produce and Manufacture of the United Kingdom, . | 55,465,723 | 60,492,637 | 60,090,123 |

## IMPORTS.

*Value of Imports into Great Britain from Foreign Ports, calculated at the Official Rates of Valuation.*

THE PRINCIPAL ARTICLES.

| SPECIES OF IMPORTS. | Years ending 5th January. | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | 1830. | 1831. | 1832. |
| | £ | £ | £ |
| Ashes, Pearl and Pot, | 197,623 | 286,122 | 279,838 |
| Cochineal and Granilla, | 231,837 | 255,380 | 180,747 |
| Coffee | 2,372,650 | 2,543,852 | 2,649,008 |
| Corn, Grain, Meal, and Flour, | 3,500,432 | 3,270,744 | 4,671,353 |
| Flax and Tow, or Codilla of Hemp and Flax, | 1,845,582 | 1,892,748 | 1,879,043 |
| Hemp undressed, | 287,864 | 378,325 | 434,398 |
| Hides raw and tanned, | 829,436 | 983,496 | 792,665 |
| Indigo, | 876,425 | 1,121,061 | 983,343 |
| Iron, in bars, | 147,971 | 148,154 | 170,162 |
| Madder, and Madder Roots, | 412,826 | 375,153 | 542,200 |
| Molasses, | 261,574 | 158,373 | 218,439 |
| Oil of Olives, | 152,117 | 365,045 | 551,092 |
| —— Palm, | 179,945 | 213,458 | 164,760 |
| —— Train, Spermacetti, and Blubber, | 430,039 | 368,404 | 480,164 |
| Rice, | 215,144 | 132,661 | 165,449 |
| Saltpetre, | 109,166 | 88,595 | 107,864 |
| Seeds—Flax and Linseed, | 223,737 | 205,999 | 315,798 |
| —— Rape, | 48,864 | 68,426 | 52,060 |
| Silk, Raw, and Waste, | 1,545,363 | 1,647,194 | 1,557,018 |
| —— Thrown, | 254,165 | 496,977 | 757,712 |
| —— Manufactures of India, | 170,415 | 124,599 | 159,421 |
| —— of Europe, | 424,689 | 409,724 | 446,402 |
| Skins, not being Furs, | 205,877 | 186,828 | 238,103 |
| Spelter, | 210,952 | 221,379 | 191,032 |
| Spirits, Brandy, | 269,663 | 224,827 | 198,581 |
| —— Geneva, | 11,860 | 14,192 | 15,189 |
| —— Rum, | 597,843 | 593,101 | 675,599 |
| Sugar, | 6,279,555 | 6,382,129 | 6,935,985 |
| Tallow, | 1,145,488 | 1,076,967 | 1,062,234 |
| Tar, | 57,340 | 122,084 | 108,180 |
| Tea, | 3,054,439 | 3,189,774 | 3,164,892 |
| Timber, | 657,534 | 578,169 | 674,747 |
| Tobacco and snuff, | 204,963 | 278,186 | 305,247 |
| Turpentine, Common, | 130,163 | 119,744 | 158,539 |
| Wines, | 789,679 | 719,421 | 752,283 |
| Wool, Cotton, | 7,289,145 | 8,720,270 | 9,516,087 |
| ——, Sheep's, | 678,195 | 881,354 | 929,855 |
| Yarn, Linen, raw, | 165,580 | 100,247 | 95,046 |
| TOTAL Official value of IMPORTS into Great Britain, | 42,311,648 | 44,815,397 | 48,161,661 |

The table of Exports exhibits the rapid increase in the exports of Silk Manufactures, whilst there is scarcely any increase in the quantity of Foreign Silks imported into Great Britain. These facts illustrate the wisdom of the modification of the duties on raw silk and silk goods, effected by Mr. Huskisson.

The Manufacture of Linen, and that of Hardwares and Cutlery, are rapidly on the increase.

The constant extension of the Cotton Manufacture is evidenced by the rapid increase in the importation of Cotton Wool.

The Woollen Manufacture also appears to be flourishing, both from the increased importation of Foreign Wool, and the increased exportation of Woollen Manufactured goods.

# NEW PUBLICATIONS.

It strikes us, on looking back to our two former numbers, that, considering the space we are able to afford to this topic, there is an appearance of pedantry in the formal arrangement of a series of reviews. On the present occasion, therefore, we propose to run over with the reader, in a rambling, gossiping, chit-chatty sort of an article, the books which have accumulated on our table in the lapse of last month. They are not so numerous as they would be in less stirring times, when men need the stimulus of romantic tales, and rumbling poetry, to stimulate them amid the tedium of life's routine. Nowadays, good, decent books, over which one can nod of an evening, after the fatigues of the day—works which, with all the dulness of science, have none of its attention, filtering accuracy, and profundity —sermons, in short, and* "Sketches of the Edinburgh Clergy," are more in request. We have here slipped out the name of a book, which we proposed hoarding to the end of our article, in order to serve as a sedative, should any of its neighbours stir up our bile. Since we have, however, let the cat out of the bag—discovered, in other words, that we are possessed of such a treasure, we may as well say, now that it is a sort of "Traveller's Guide" to the General Assembly, adorned with handsome cuts; and, like its landlouping prototypes, useful as describing, not only what is, but what has been. Unluckily, in the present case, the latter is the more pleasing object of contemplation.

The next volume† upon which we lay our hands, is a much more serious matter; it is, indeed, the most valuable work we have seen for many a day. We do not believe that any man ever existed with such qualifications for compiling a Dictionary of Commerce, as Mr. M'Culloch. To do justice to his work, it would be necessary to have a separate review for every article in it. He has brought into active use, the stores he has accumulated during the labours of a life dedicated to the study of the abstract doctrines of value and exchange, and the patient investigation of every fact that might elucidate, modify, or correct his conclusions. The work will be of unspeakable use to—the merchant who will here find a store of valuable information respecting every article of merchandize, and their depots, and at the same time such views of the principles which regulate trade, as will teach him to conduct his operations like rational adventurers, not blind hazards; the man of general information, who knows the advantage of having beside him a book of reference when questions are publicly agitated, which interest all, but with which his peculiar habits of life have not made him conversant; the lawyer, whose notions of the law-merchant will be confused enough without a general idea of commerce; the statesman, one half of whose business it now is to discuss mercantile questions. It is the fashion to clamour against Mr. M'Culloch as a theorist. He is, it is true, a man who having got hold of a great leading principle, takes care not to let it go again But we have known few who so carefully check their inferences by a constant appeal to facts.

Klosterheim!‡ what a leap from the veriest world of prose to the romantic and high-fantastical, and yet the name is all: for in form Klosterheim is only a tedious though somewhat extravagant history, and in essence as somniferous as opium itself. The Masque is but a poor copy of Abellino, although a remarkably close one. They stand almost in the relation of substance and shadow. The author has evidently no acquaintance with the writings of the age and country in which he lays his scene; there is a want of stirring life in his characters. From the names and allusions, it is evident that his principal sources have been Wallenstein, Schiller's, and Thirty Years' War —two works of genius, but the very last to be relied upon by any author who wished to assume the tone of any age but that in which they were composed. Every thing that passed through Schiller's mind became assimilated to himself. We are not astonished at finding Mr. D. Quincy at fault in his attempt to write a novel. He is essentially deficient in imagination. Fine, clear, logical intellect is the quality of his mind. When he attempts to soar, he becomes vague and cloudy. It is not genuine enthusiasm, but the fumes of opium which

* Sketches of the Edinburgh Clergy, &c. Edinburgh: John Anderson.

† A Dictionary, Practical, Theoretical, and Historical, of Commerce and Commercial Navigation; illustrated with maps. By J. R. M'Culloch, Esq. London: Longman & Co.

‡ Klosterheim; or the Masque. By the English Opium-Eater. Edinburgh: Blackwood.

excite the Pythoness within him. Impressive and bewildering, we have known him; but in proportion as his mind becomes sufficiently clear to attempt the delineation of character, the mystic clouds disperse, and as far as poetical feeling is concerned, he is shorn of his beams. In endeavouring to indicate our opinion of this book, and the cause of its failure, we have been reluctantly forced to touch upon a subject; painful at the best, but which must have been more so, had not Mr. D. Quincey insisted upon blazoning it in his title-page.

Robert Chambers* is the most indefatigable man of his day. Not having the honour of his acquaintance, we should be loth to venture upon a rash assertion; but we suspect that he has sixteen hands, is polydexter, and constantly employed writing with them all at once. There is a charm too about every thing he writes, for his style is original, decidedly his own. It has a familiarity, and bonhommie, unaffected graphic power, and a vein of sentiment winding at times through the most grotesque forms. Those who know Chambers merely as a pleasing, gossiping narrator of old legends, know but half his worth. He has a quaint eye to the world about him; we would advise no one who indulges in hobby-horse equitation, and cannot "bide a good-humoured gird," to affect his society. The book to which these remarks are utterly inapplicable, videlicet, that of which we ought to have been speaking, his history of our most distinguished countrymen, is published by an enterprising Glasgow bookseller, who has of late been in the habit of dispensing an immense quantity of good matter through the country, in monthly portions, by the hands of industrious flying stationers. Many are the lone, bright-blazing fire-sides, from John o'Groats to Gretna Green, (we intend, some day, to publish a dissertation on the temperature of Scotland, taking this most southerly and marrying station for the oiling point,) who have been gladdened by his works. And better he cannot send them than these records of what has been achieved by the intellectual worthies of their native land. The book is worthy to occupy a place on the dusty window-broad between "Wallace Wight" and the Bible. Newspapers wear out in their peregrinations round the parish, and are ephemerides in every sense of the word.

Here,† we calculate, are two importations from beyond the broad Atlantic. The Annual Register contains the history of the first year of General Jackson's Presidency. It is not remarkable for elegance of composition; and is evidently the work of what was once called a Federalist—we know not what new name they have adopted. With all his biasses, however, the author presents us with a pretty fair sketch of the state of parties at the last presidential election, and of the first formation of the two which have struggled for ascendancy beneath the hero of New Orleans. Their watch-words are the different constructions put by each upon the powers awarded to the general government, by the Act of Union, in the matters of internal improvement and regulation of commerce. As we are expecting some arrivals from America, we do not enter at present, even cursorily, into the merits of the question. It seems to us that the greater proportion of men of education and debating tact are ranged in support of commercial restrictions; but that beneath powerful leaders, a band of sturdy right-thinking, though rather rambling advocates, fight the battle of free-trade. America seems, of late, to have been importing the diplomatic and economical notions of Germany, to a greater extent than is altogether beneficial. The American Almanac is the most valuable statistical register with which we are acquainted in any country.

Laying aside these useful tomes,‡ our hand rests accidentally upon an ornamental importation from the same country. The binding (to begin at the beginning) is all that could be wished, and so is the paper and typography. We are sorry we cannot say so much of the engravings. One and all of them evince a want of the true feeling of an artist. They are the productions of a strong-minded, clever people, determined to rise in the pictorial art, without having any very definite idea wherein its beauty consists—resolved to take heaven by storm. Our friends over the water need not bristle up at this dictum; for, with a few exceptions, (and these themselves artists) we hold the same harsh opinion of our loving countrymen. Many of the lyrics are

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* Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Scotsmen. By R. Chambers. With Portraits. Glasgow: Blackie and Son.

† American Annual Register for 1829-30 Boston: Gray & Bowen: Glasgow, John Reid, & Co.

The American Almanac; and Repository of Useful Knowledge for the year 1832. Boston Gray & Bowen: Glasgow, John Reid.

‡ The Token: A Christmas' and New-Year's Present. Edited by S. G. Goodrich: Boston, Gray & Bowen, 1832. Glasgow, John Reid, & Co.

pretty; but, somehow, none of them seem native to the soil. They are an echo, repeating what has been heard from this side of the Atlantic. The prose sketches are equal to any thing we have seen in our own annuals. The lines we are about to quote are pleasing and profitable reading for an autumnal evening.

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## FROST.

By F. T. Gould.

The frost looked forth, one still, clear night,
And he said, "now shall I be out of sight,
So through the valley and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way;
"I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow—and the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle, and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they.

Then he went to the mountain, and powdered its crest,
He climbed up the trees, and their boughs he dressed,
With diamonds and pearls, and over the breast
Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward points of many a spear,
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept;
Wherever he breath'd, wherever he stept,
By the light of the moon was seen
Most beautiful things. There were flowers and trees,
There were bevies of birds, and swarms of bees—
There were cities, thrones, temples, and towers! and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair,—
He went to the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare:
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This bloated pitcher I'll break in three!
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall tchick to tell them I'm drinking!"

In short, the volume is well deserving the pleasant fate of being deposited as a native offering in the boudoirs of the fairies of New-York, whose charms set, at first sight, the bard of Tucuman in such ferocious raptures:

At first half-maddened in the blaze of charms,
I wished to clasp all Broadway in my arms.*

What next? A subject well worthy our attention, especially when returning from our excursion, real or imaginary, to America—our mercantile navy.† It is rather an awkward confession for a reviewer to make, and, therefore, we tell it to the public in the strictest confidence; but, in good sooth, although we can steer, reef, and tack (a wherry) with tolerable success, we know little of ship-building, scarcely more than is necessary to enable us to distinguish between a clinker and a caravel built vessel. We are, therefore, exactly the sort of person (or persons) to whom Mr. Ballingall tells us he makes his appeal—those who have no practical knowledge of the question. With all the decorous gravity of a Sir Roger de Coverley, therefore, do we adjudge, "that much may be said on both sides." We highly approve of some of his suggestions; but we doubt that vessels so solidly and compactly built as he proposes, would yield less, and consequently suffer more from the strain produced by pitching in a heavy sea than those constructed after the present fashion. Seriously, however, we recommend to the attention of all interested in the matter, a work evidently the fruit of painful and continued experiment, reminding them that Britain has been reproached, and justly, for want of due attention to the improvement of ship-building.

A history of the progress of steam-carriages, by an enthusiast,* and, consequently, an honest man, follows most appropriately in the wake of the seventy-four we have just been speaking about. This book we can honestly recommend to any one who wishes to make himself acquainted with the precise stage of perfection to which these inventions have been brought, and the means by which they have attained it. We fear, however, that we cannot altogether sympathize with his sanguine expectations of the result of the adoption of steam-carriages; neither do we lay so much weight upon the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons as he does. The gentlemen who composed it seem to have been utterly destitute of the faculty of putting cross questions.

Back to the world of poetry and romance. Here comes Sheridan Knowles, with a play† worthy of the wild old days of Shakspeare. He is the only man of our day who seems to have any notion of dramatic dialogue. The reader may take, as a specimen, the following between the Hunchbank and a young gentleman who has taken his part in a quarrel. It solves the most difficult problem of dramatic art,

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* "A tale of Tucuman," a poem hurriedly dashed off, full of inequalities and ruggedness; yet evincing refined and generous feeling, a clear head, much information, and that nervous vivacity which always "makes a spoon or spoils a horn."

† The Mercantile Navy Improved, &c. &c. By James Ballingall. London: W. Morrison.

* A Historical and Practical Treatise upon Elemental Locomotion, by means of Steam-Carriages on Common Roads, &c. By Alexander Gordon, Civil Engineer. London: B. Stewart.

† The Hunchback. By James Sheridan Knowles. London: Moxon.

at once spirited and interesting in itself, and serving to forward the action.

WALTER.

I'll follow him!
Why do you hold me? 'Tis not courteous of you!
Think'st thou I fear them? Fear! I rate them but
As dust! dross! offals! Let me at them!—Nay,
Call you this kind? then kindness know I not;
Nor do I thank you for't! Let go, I say!

CLIFFORD.

Nay, Master Walter, they're not worth your wrath.

WALTER.

How know you me for Master Walter? By
My Hunchback, Eh!—my stilts of legs and arms,
The fashion more of ape's, than man's? Aha!
So you have heard them too—their savage gibes
As I pass on,—"There goes my Lord!" Aha!
God made me, Sir, as well as them and you.
'Sdeath! I demand of you, unhand me, Sir.

CLIFFORD.

There, Sir, you're free to follow them! Go forth
And I'll go too: so on your wilfulness
Shall fall whate'er of evil may ensue.
Is't fit you waste your choler on a burr?
The nothings of the town; whose sport it is
To break their villain jests on worthy men,
The graver still the fitter! Fie for shame!
Regard what such would say? So would not I,
No more than heed a cur.

WALTER.

You're right, Sir; right,
For twenty crowns! So there's my rapier up!
You've done me a good turn against my will;
Which, like a wayward child, whose pet is off,
That made him restive under wholesome check,
I now right humbly own, and thank you for.

CLIFFORD.

No thanks, good Master Walter, owe you me!
I'm glad to know you, Sir.

WALTER.

I pray you, now,
How did you learn my name? Guess'd I not right?
Was't not my comely hunch that taught it you?

CLIFFORD.

I own it.

WALTER.

Right, I know it; you tell truth.
I like you for't

CLIFFORD.

But when I heard it said
That Master Walter was a worthy man,
Whose word would pass on 'change, soon as his bond;
A liberal man—for schemes of public good
That sets down tens, where others units write;
A charitable man—the good he does,
That's told of, not the half; I never more
Could see the hunch on Master Walter's back.

WALTER.

You would not flatter a poor citizen?

CLIFFORD.

Indeed, I flatter not!

WALTER.

I like your face:
A frank and honest one! Your frame's well knit,
Proportioned, shap'd!

CLIFFORD.

Good Sir!

WALTER.

Your name is Clifford—
Sir Thomas Clifford. Humph! You're not the heir
Direct, to the fair baronetcy? He
That was—was drown'd abroad. Am I not right?
Your cousin was't not? so, succeeded you
To rank and wealth, your birth ne'er promised you.

CLIFFORD.

I see you know my history.

WALTER.

I do.
You're lucky who conjoin the benefits
Of penury and abundance; for I know
Your father was a man of slender means.
You do not blush I see. That's right! Why should you?
What merit to be dropp'd on fortune's hill?
The honour is to mount it. You'd have done it;
For, you were trained to knowledge, industry,
Frugality, and honesty,—the sinews
That surest help the climber to the top,
And keep him there. I have a clerk, Sir Thomas,
Once serv'd your father; there's the riddle for you.
Humph! I may thank you for my life to-day.

CLIFFORD.

I pray you say not so.

WALTER.

But I will say so!
Because I think so, know so, feel so, sir!
Your fortune, I have heard, I think, is ample;
And, doubtless, you live up to't?

CLIFFORD.

'Twas my rule,
And is so still, to keep my outlay, sir,
A span within my means.

WALTER.

A prudent rule.
The turf is a seductive pastime!

CLIFFORD.

Yes.

WALTER.

You keep a racing stud? You bet?

CLIFFORD.

No, neither.
'Twas still my father's precept—"Better owe
A yard of land to labour, than to chance
Be debtor for a rood!"

WALTER.

'Twas a wise precept.
You've a fair house—you'll get a mistress for it?

CLIFFORD.

In time.

WALTER.

In time! 'Tis time thy choice were made.
I'st not so yet? Or is thy lady love
The newest still thou see'st?

CLIFFORD

Nay, not so.
I'd marry, Master Walter, but old use—
For, since the age of thirteen, I have lived
In the world,—has made me jealous of the thing
That flatter'd me with hope of profit. Bargains
Another would snap up, might be for me
'Till I had turn'd and turn'd them! Speculations,
That promis'd twenty, thirty, forty, fifty,
Ay, cent. per cent. returns, I would not launch in
When others were afloat, and out at sea!
Whereby I made small gains, but miss'd great losses:
As ever then I look'd before I leap'd,
So do I now.

WALTER.

Thou'rt all the better for it!
Let's see! Hand free—heart whole—well favour'd—so!
Rich,—titled! Let that pass!—kind, valiant, prudent—

Sir Thomas, I can help thee to a wife,
Hast thou the luck to win her?

CLIFFORD.

Master Walter!
You jest!

WALTER.

I do not jest.—I like you! mark—
I like you, and I like not every one!
I say a wife, Sir, can I help you to,
The pearly texture of whose dainty skin
Alone were worth thy baronetcy! Form
And feature has she, wherein move and glow
The charms, that in the marble cold and still
Cull'd by the sculptor's jealous skill, and join'd there,
Inspire us! Sir, a maid, before whose feet
A duke—a duke might lay his coronet,
To lift her to his state, and partner her!
A fresh heart too! A young fresh heart, Sir, one,
That Cupid has not toy'd with, and a warm one.
Fresh, young, and warm! mark that! a mind to boot.
Wit, Sir; sense, taste; a garden strictly tended—
Where nought but what is costly flourishes.
A consort for a king, Sir! Thou shalt see her.

CLIFFORD.

I thank you, Master Walter! As you speak,
Methinks I see me at the altar foot,
Her hand fast lock'd in mine—the ring put on.
My wedding bell rings merry in my ear;
And round me throng glad tongues that give me joy
To be the bridegroom of so fair a bride!

WALTER.

What! sparks so thick? We'll have a blaze anon!

SERVANT *(entering.)*

The chariot's at the door.

WALTER.

It waits in time!
Sir Thomas, it shall bear thee to the bower
Where dwells this fair, for she's no city belle,
But e'en a Sylvan Goddess.

CLIFFORD.

Have with you.

WALTER.

You'll bless the day you serv'd the Hunchback, Sir! *(Exeunt.)*

Mr. Knowles tells us that he was spurred on to try this comedy by the failure of "The Beggar of Bethnal-Green." This is true spirit, and as was to be expected, has commanded success. We will not say a word more about the play, but insist upon all our readers perusing it.

What next? "An Anglo-Saxon Grammar, &c. &c. &c.," (a title as long as a preface), by William Hunter. Pshaw trash!

* A translation from the French; and a work after our own heart. In a series of unpretending letters, we obtain as complete a notion of the rude peninsula of Calabria, and its ruder inhabitants; of the classical associations which haunt its shores; of the organization of the district under Murat; of the brigand haunts and their savage reprisals, as if we had travelled through the land, and been an actor in the scenes described.

Professor Rossetti's Treatise on the Anti-Papal Spirit of the Italian Classics,† is as fair a candidate for the black list of the Vatican as we have met with. It is startling enough to find such bold expressions in the best and earliest writers of Catholicism's own land. How could the Papal power stand such home attacks? The truth is, that the origin of the storm in Germany saved it at home. It became a point of honour with the Italians to support a church of whose supremacy their proudest city was the seat. Had it not been for external pressure, the Old Lady who sitteth upon seven hills might have been paddling about in a steam-boat like the Duchess de Berri, to get a distant peep at her loved land, and stir up six tailors and an ex-colonel to revolutionize the country.

We know not what tricking spirit has arranged our books in such a manner that there should remain nothing but "Flowers of Fable"‡ to bear up the Pope's skirts. Nevertheless so it is; this elegant and well-selected little book is the last we shall mention for a month to come. It is worthy of all praise.

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* Calabria during a Military Residence of Three Years, in a Series of Letters. By a General Officer of the French Army, from the original MS. London: Effingham Wilson.

† Sullo Spirito Anti-Papale che produsse la Riforma, e sulla segreto Influenza ch' esercito nella letteratura d'Europa, e specialmente d'Italia. Disquizioni di Gabriele Rossetti. Londra: Treuttel, Wurtz, e Richter.

‡ Flowers of Fable, &c. Embellished with one hundred and fifty engravings on wood. London: Vizetelly, Branston, & Co.

## MUSIC.

THE foreign and home journals are alike barren of any information at all interesting to our musical readers. The convulsions of political strife, and the horrors of pestilence are yet too active to permit the unalloyed enjoyment of music; for not turbulence and excitation, but

> Soft stillness and the night,
> Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Among the recent publications, the *Songs of the Ocean*, the words by SMITH, and the music by MULLER, deserve notice. Sentiments congenial to the sons of the deep are here united to nervous and inspiriting strains. The work, which consists of ten pieces, is well entitled to the popularity which its designation alone will be a passport to. *O Domine Deus*, the prayer of Mary Queen of Scots, by MARIELLI, is a solemn and effective composition. The accompaniment of the solo part is ingenious, and skilfully sustained. An *Introduction Rondino* for piano-forte and flute, by the same author, is pleasing, and of easy execution. A new edition of the *Vocal Music of the late C. W. Bannister*, in the course of publication, and of which several numbers are before us, contains chiefly sacred pieces adapted for two, three, and four voices. They are well calculated for choirs in dissenting congregations, and also for practice in private circles. The style of composition is that of the best English church writers.

J. Johnstone, Printer, 19, St. James's Square.